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June 17, 1967

THE NEW YORKER

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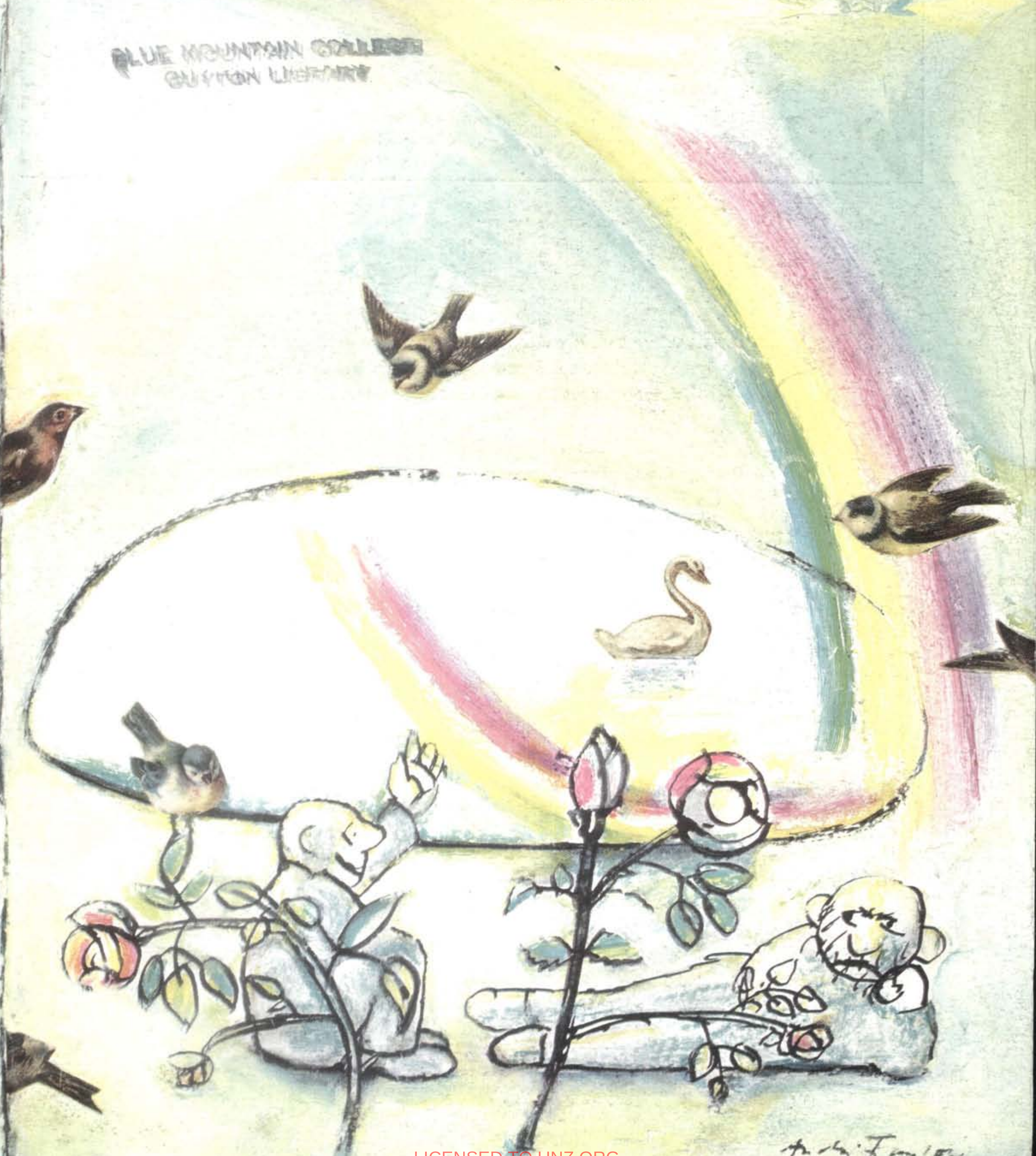

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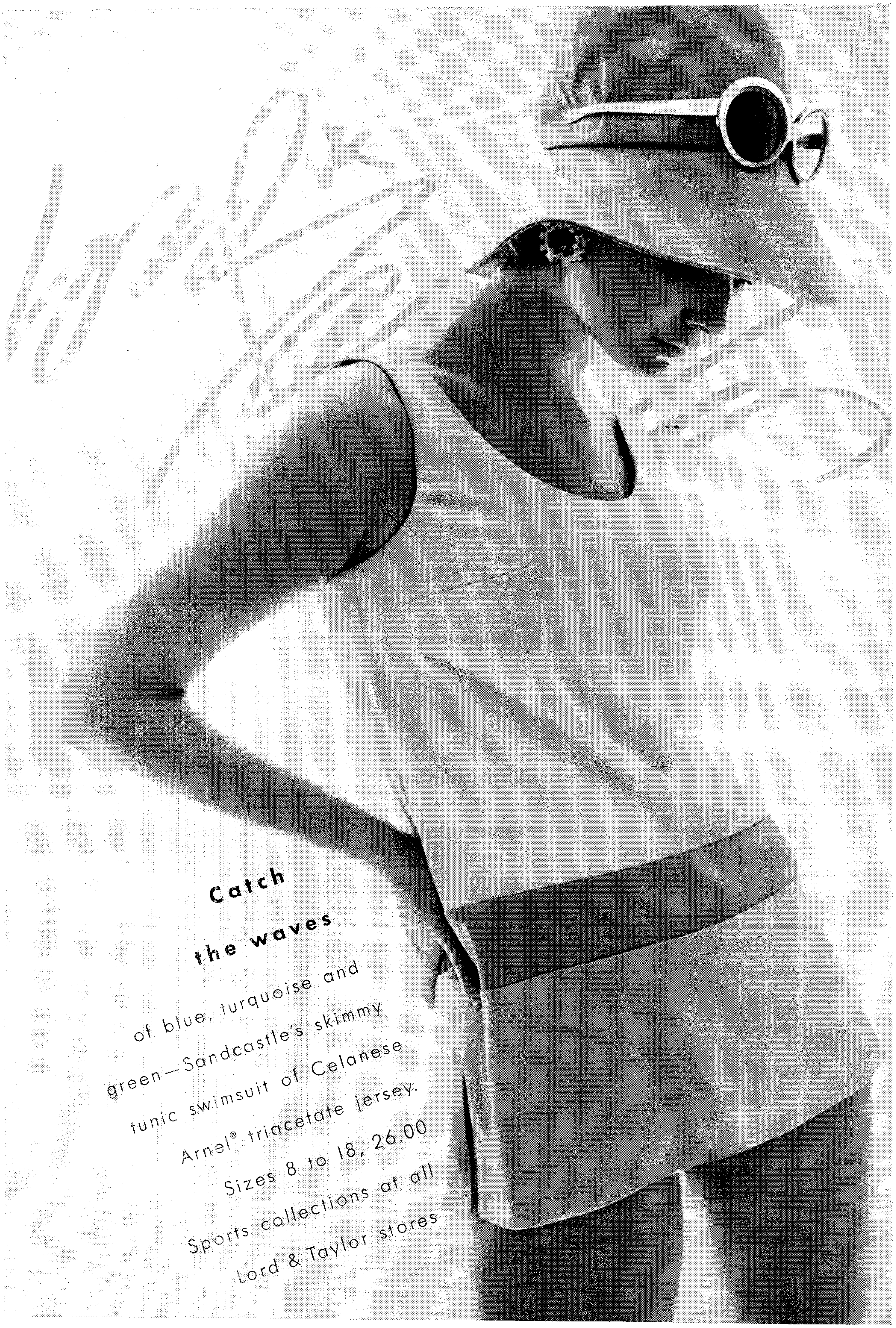

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Robert Randall

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

APA-Phoenix—Final performances of **war and peace** will close out the season. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877. Thursday and Friday, June 15-16, at 8:30, and Saturday, June 17, at 2:30 and 8:30.)

Black Comedy—Odd doings during an electrical blackout in South Kensington. A funny invention of Peter Shaffer, which is preceded, alack, by a curtain-raiser called "White Lies" that isn't up to Mr. Shaffer's par. As directed by John Dexter, the cast in "Black Comedy" cannot be faulted. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Don't Drink the Water—Fun and games in an American embassy behind the Iron Curtain that is unexpectedly invaded by a Jewish family from Newark. A fairly droll business, put together by Woody Allen and featuring Lou Jacobi, Anthony Roberts, Kay Medford, and Dick Libertini. Starting Monday, June 19, Peggy Cass will replace Miss Medford. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Homecoming—Harold Pinter casting a cold eye at some odd doings in a North London slum. Although the play hasn't much coherence, the Royal Shakespeare Company, which enacts it, is worth watching. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Star-Spangled Girl—Neil Simon is not at the top of his game in this account of a triangle made up of a young publisher, a writer, and a girl from Arkansas, who live in an apartment house in San Francisco. The writer loves the girl, the girl has a yen for the publisher, and the publisher just wants to get out his magazine. This is a hard plot to thicken. Anthony Perkins, Richard Benjamin, and Sheilah Wells make up the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

You Know I Can't Hear You When the Water's Running—Four plays by Robert Anderson that concentrate determinedly on sex. Mr. Anderson's creations are sometimes funny but not overly original. However, there is not a thing wrong with the cast—Martin Balsam, Eileen Heckart, George Grizzard, Joe Silver, and Melinda Dillon—and the direction, by Alan Schneider, is entirely satisfactory. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-2533. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**barefoot in the park:** Neil Simon's comedy about a young couple's difficulties in a walkup apartment. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **cactus flower:** A divertissement by Abe Burrows, in which such people as Lauren Bacall, Barry Nelson, and Burt Brinckerhoff disport themselves. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **the odd couple:** Another Neil Simon comedy, concerning a couple of male marital misfits trying to survive without their spouses in the lonely expanses of a West Side apartment. Eddie Bracken and Mike Kellin lead the cast. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2; Saturdays at 2:40; and Sundays at 3.)

MUSICALS

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24

The Apple Tree—A musical, composed of three playlets, that is always bouncy and frequently funny. Directed by Mike Nichols, with book, music, and lyrics by Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick, the episodes are based on short stories by Mark Twain, Frank R. Stockton, and Jules Feiffer, the most effective being a reworking of Twain's "The Diary of Adam and Eve." Barbara Harris is wonderfully versatile in all three, and Hal Holbrook and Larry Blyden give her good support. Phyllis Newman substitutes for Miss Harris at the matinée performances. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Cabaret—A large, lush musical version of John van Druten's "I Am a Camera," showing us how things went in Germany shortly before the Nazis took over. Not the most amusing theme for a musical, but one in which Jack Gilford, Lotte Lenya, and Joel Grey do what they can to make things entertaining. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hallelujah, Baby!—Leslie Uggams makes a commendable first appearance on Broadway in this show. The libretto (weak) is offset to some extent by the amiable lyrics of Betty Comden and Adolph Green and the easygoing music of Jule Styne. Miss Uggams has the help of a sprightly cast that includes Robert Hooks, Allen Case, and Lillian Hayman. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Do! I Do!—Mary Martin and Robert Preston are the entire cast of this adaptation by Tom Jones of Jan de Hartog's "The Fourposter," and they do well by the enterprise, which is a highly sentimental account of a half century of marriage. Harvey Schmidt and Mr. Jones wrote the music and lyrics for this one, Oliver Smith provided the bright settings, and Gower Champion gave it ingenious direction. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35.)

Illya Darling—Melina Mercouri as one of those lovable prostitutes, in an adaptation of the movie "Never on Sunday." Pleasant music and plenty of manly jigging, but not much real substance. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**fiddler on the roof:** Herschel Bernardi in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **funny girl:** Fanny Brice as portrayed by Mimi Hines. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **hello, dolly!:** Betty Grable now has the role of Marie Antoinette. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **mame:** Angela Lansbury in an adaptation of the Patrick Dennis novel. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **sweet charity:** A musical about a wistful dance-hall hostess (Gwen Verdon) who wants to be honestly loved. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Music Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of **south pacific**, with Florence Henderson and Giorgio Tozzi. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of Bertolt Brecht's **galileo**, with Anthony Quayle in the title role. The final production of the season. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, June 17.)

Absolutely Freeee—A rock-'n'-roll concert by the Mothers of Invention, an all-male group. The music is exciting, but the question of decibel tolerance does arise, for some of the electronic monkeyshines are deafening. (Garrick Theatre, 152 Bleecker St. 777-4530. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30 and 10:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 12:30.)

Amato Opera Company—Presentations of **madame butterfly.** (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

America Hurrah—A trio of plays by Jean-Claude van Itallie. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Coach with the Six Insides—A return engagement, after an absence of four years, of Jean Erdman's lively adaptation of portions of "Finnegans Wake." The five members of the company, who act and pantomime and dance and recite, do quite well. Teiji Ito's music sounds just as delightful as it did the first time around, and Joyce's words sound just as wonderful. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. May close Sunday, June 18.)

Drums in the Night—It is doubtful whether this very early play by Bertolt Brecht would mean much even if the acting and translation were good. They are not. The action takes place during a Communist uprising in Berlin immediately after the First World War. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—A man who thinks he can make it in par. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes—A play by John Herbert. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave.

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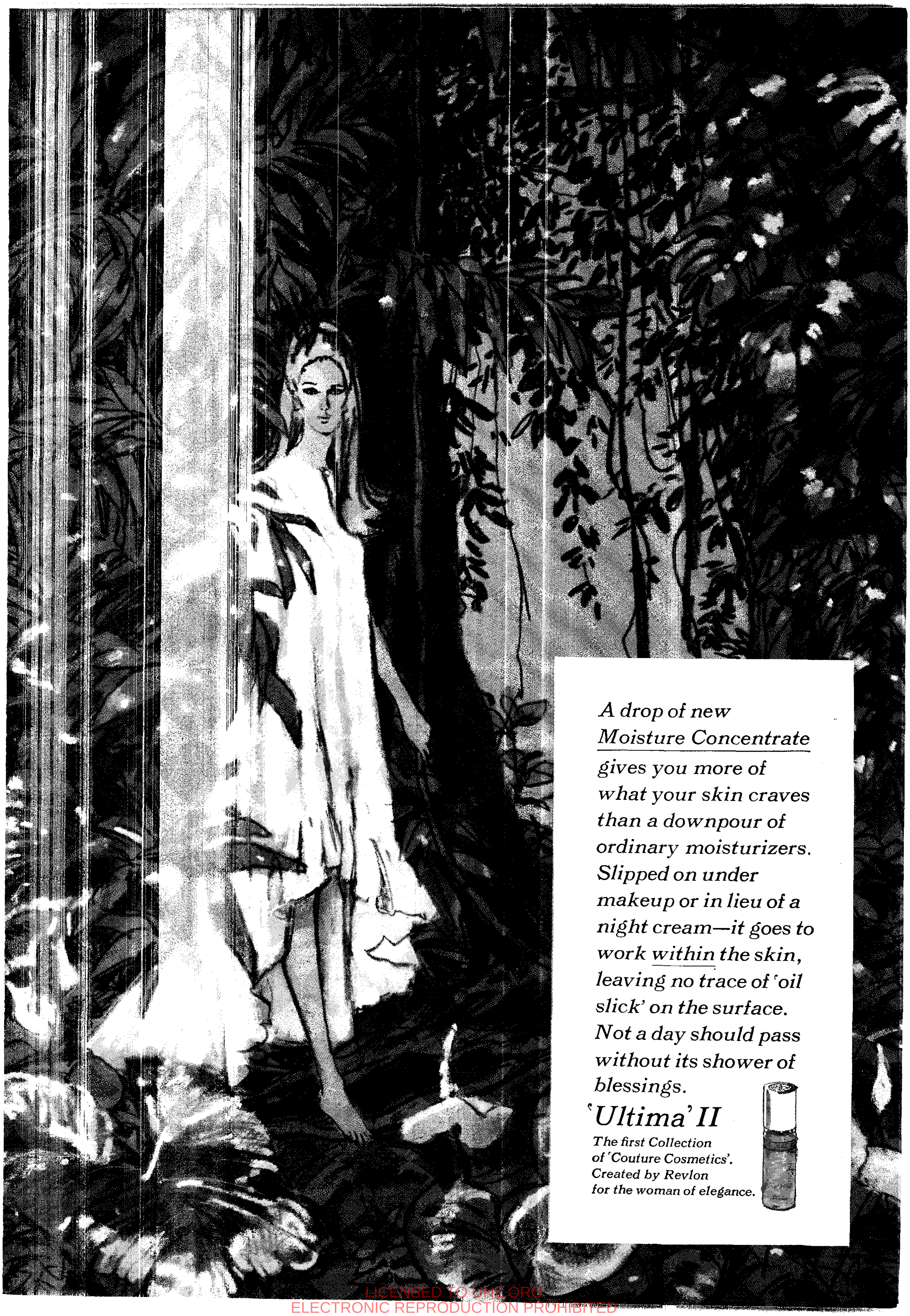

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Gorilla Queen—This effeminate and very obscene lampoon of old jungle movies all but drowns in its own whimsey and complacency, but it is quite lively, all the same. *Caveat emptor*. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

In the Nick of Time—An evening of light entertainment by a pair of young performers named Sue Lawless and Ted Pugh. They are, at this point in their careers, somewhat stronger on appeal than on technique, but some of their ideas are fresh and amusing, and several of the ideas really work. Andrew Orestes Lesko is at the piano. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Mad Show—The satire in this musical revue hasn't too sharp a cutting edge but the cast is young and bouncy. Mary Rodgers wrote the music. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—Dale Wasserman's interpretation of "Don Quixote" is only fitfully interesting, even though the music, by Mitch Leigh, that accompanies it is admirable. José Ferrer plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator, and Robert Rounseville and Irving Jacobson support him handsomely. The play has been cleverly staged by Albert Marre. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

People Is the Thing That the World Is Fullest of—A cheerful puppet show in the form of a topical revue for adults. Children would probably enjoy it, too. (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30.)

The Pocket Watch—A comedy by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown—This delightful little musical and the six actors who play in it manage to capture the elusive humor and charm of Charles M. Schulz's "Peanuts," on which, of course, it is based. Joseph Hardy was the director, Clark Gesner wrote the songs, and John Gordon wrote the libretto. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET

Igor Youskevitch—With his company. (Village Theatre, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 475-8400. Monday, June 19, at 8:30.)

OUTDOORS

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **THE COMEDY OF ERRORS**, with Joe Bova, Julienne Marie, John Call, and Charles Durning. The first in a series of three plays by the company. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Saturday, July 1. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Paul Anka, an experienced teacher of the upper grades in high school, is likewise an agile gym instructor and master of revels for prom-trotters. His commands, available at dinner and supper in the Royal Box, are set almost entirely to words and music. The orchestra of Lee Evans is the dance instructor. Closed Sundays.

Barberry, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—Acting on the assumption that there is a need for studying the New Yorker in his nocturnal pursuits, the management has kindly arranged an authentic exhibit, with wining, dining, and dancing until two in the morning—acting on the assumption that there is still a need for *that*. Ernie Warren's band is the catalyst. No music Sundays.

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Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—A life of ease is the sole objective of the couples who inhabit the floor of the restaurant. The music comes from a Cliff Hall band, which carries on from eight until one or two every evening but Sunday.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The celebrated sightseeing bus, upholstered, it is true, like a veritable limousine. Lester Lanin (not a stand-in) and his orchestra take turns with George Anaya's Latinos until the early hours. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Café Pierre is not yet an institution accredited by the Ivy League, but it's hard to tell the differences in the curriculums. Ben Cutler's Yale boys are on the bandstand seven nights a week. Lest Homer and the other old-school metropolitans nod between sets, a guitarist of Brazilian fervor turns himself on.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Jack Jones, a wandering minstrel with an exemplary profile and a considerable projection of limpid lyrics, is master of all that he surveys in the Persian Room during dinner and supper, and uses his mastery well. The jaunty bands of Burt Farber and Mark Monte occupy the remainder of the evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Fiddle and piano (these are the weaponry of Leo LeFleur's duo) speak with bated breath from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, which is the nineteenth century at the pinnacle of perfection, and again from seven to nine (except on Sundays) in the Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes the most beautiful of all Manhattan's architectural follies when lavender light begins to suffuse the statuary and Gunnar Hansen's fiddle begins its sentimental journey down the Danube. No music Sunday nights.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—In the main room of what might well be called the Empyrean State Building, the baton beside the dance floor is the clarinet of Benny Goodman, hardy perennial, whose band can be heard as late as two in the morning. Music by other hands begins as early as seven. Closed Sundays.

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (PL 9-2444)—The *Harry Jamesian canon, and cannon,* are presented on the promenade deck every night but Sunday. The glee and gusto run from eight until two.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette (living, breathing proof that the grand manner can still survive) goes its regal course to the accompaniment of George Cort's up-and-at-them band and Quintero's waltz-and-rumba crew. Closes for the summer after Saturday, June 17. . . . ¶ On Friday, June 23, the Roof, which is the St. Regis-Sheraton summer palace, reopens to house the Corts and Marco Rizo's band. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ In La Boite, two early settlers—Walter Kay at the piano and Jani Sarkozi at the violin—are at play from six to one-thirty. Closes for the summer after Saturday, June 17.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200)—Allotments from the Fresh Air Fund are disbursed among the trees and fireflies of the outdoor terrace, along with *nourishment and music, on whatever nights* the weather behaves like a gentleman. Phil Wayne's mob and a Latin contingent do music from, say, seven until one or more.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In Peacock Alley, Sonny Kendis and his little dance band carry on with enthusiasm—Tuesdays through Thursdays from eight to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from eight-thirty to one-thirty.

Note—**ROSELAND DANCE CITY,** 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—Nice (in every way) is the going here, for the floor is huge and unnecessary violence in choreography is forbidden. The setting is plain but painstaking; the menu is token. Two ceaseless bands, one Norte and one Sud, tee off at about seven-thirty during the week and stay put until around one; Sundays they begin at three-thirty. For insatiables, there is a floor show at eleven every Tuesday. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The off-campus campus for a whole bunch of people who knew each other when and seem rather glad about it. The music for the reunion is piano, piano, piano the whole night through—by Goldie Hawkins and his valiant aides, Wayne Sanders and Sam Hamilton. Closed Sundays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): A snug, shipshape West Indie, visited every night from dinnertime until after the theatre by a troubadour who sings in the choicest broken-Jamaica dialect. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): You're only young a thousand times—this is the attitude of the boy and girl workers in the communications arts who gather here. The threesome of Chuck Wayne, a deft abstractionist, does the holding forth with great glee. No music Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Hubble-bubble happens in the busy-bee corner-saloon lounge of the Hotel Earle, where Laurie Brewis conducts, from his piano, a sort of sing-along that begins at nine-thirty every evening but Monday, and goes on and on into the night. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Beneath the garb of office of every waiter, busboy, and chef beats the heart of a Caruso, a Gigli. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Imaginary deviltry in an imaginary Paris—that's the attitude of Rita Dimitri, whose offhand songs occur during dinner through the week and during dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. Slow-and-easy dance music commences at eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The way it was in Budapest ever so long ago, with quantities of that ambivalent Hungarian music (is it grave or is it gay?) to go with dinner and supper. Tibor Rakossy's tenor counts the world well lost for love; Béla Babai's band makes the dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . **TAMBURLAINE,** 148 E. 48th St. (PL 1-0033): The setting is Outer, or Upper, Mongolia, with touches of Upper Montclair; the dance music is (most of the time) insistent. Mondays, though, it it both subtle and succulent, for then Billy Rubenstein's piano embellishes it. Another improvement, operating from six to eight, Monday through Friday, is a threesome in which Allan Haig is concerned. Closed Sundays. . . . **KIPPYS,** 240 W. 52nd St. (581-4773): A higher standard for the Broadway way of life, with (in the abovestairs annex) George Taylor contributing his lush-life piano and song from nine until two every evening but Sunday.

Note—Anyone who still doesn't mind that the discothèque is the Decibel's Disciple should at least wend (or rend) his way to an enterprise that offers a minimum standard of comfort and politesse—to wit: **ARTHUR,** 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): Practically a closed circuit to anyone without a promissory note from the booking office. The eye of the booked beholder grows dizzy as it follows the free-form footwork of the often enchanted young champions. The blare is both mechanical and human, and rarely humane. Nine until four is the rule; a slight bill of fare is offered. Closed Mondays. . . . **YELLOWFINGER'S,** 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980): 'Mid pleasures and palaces, mostly Roman Mod—in both décor and dress. It must be looked for behind an un-

[illegible] to the cricket match with Mary and Bill. We [illegible] them dancing the night before.” That’s Bermuda!

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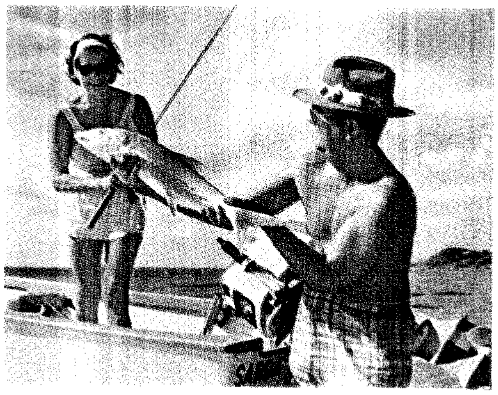
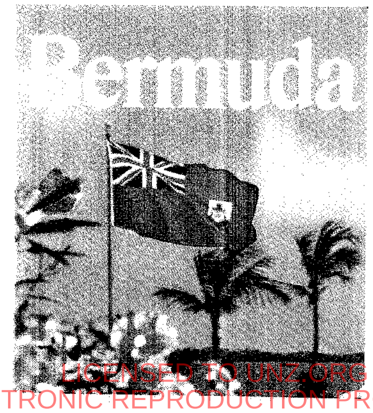
Sightsee with us, down lanes where frangipani and oleanders grow. Climb lighthouses and look down on white-roofed houses, green bays and blue Atlantic. Wander through underground caves, antique-filled mansions, bright Botanical Gardens.

Play with us, on famous golf courses or tennis courts. Join us at soft beaches to swim, water ski, snorkel or sail. Watch our local sports—cricket matches and yacht races. Fish with us, from shore, reef, or charter boat.

Dance with us to the intoxicating rhythms of steel bands and calypso—wild and sweet. Hotel-hop after dark for the exciting entertainment that keeps the island swinging into the small hours of morning.

Be our guest. Ask your travel agent or write Bermuda, 610 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 10020 • 6 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 60602.





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

marked door. The eclectic music is from the grooves of Academe. It is open every night, from nine-thirty to three-thirty. . . . **L'INTERDIT,** in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): Certain formalities are to be gone through, such as dressing like little ladies and little gentlemen, but the music (nine until early morn) is as vibrant as any, though not at the top of any lungs. Supper, too. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie when Cy Walter addresses himself to the piano that, from a gentle slope, surveys this lordly manor. This act of beneficence takes place from the cocktail hour until one every night but Sunday, when Allan Haig serves instead. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): This castle is a put-on, all right, but a merry, gregarious, and comfortable one. The master of revels is Norbert Faconi, dean of the faculty of nighttime violinists. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The same king's second retreat, likewise in a put-on mood, and circumnavigated by the fiddle of George Cardini, an incurable romanticist. He stays away Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A long-range, considered, but still extremely fond view of an eternal city from a terraced villa in Frascati. Musicians whose term of duty is seven-thirty until two take part. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The guitar of Rogelio Reguera covers in noble fashion the whole range of Iberian music, from the plains to the palaces, the mountains to the Moors. The dining room is one of our most splendid antique shops, and the music runs from eight to one. No sound effects Sundays. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Grand is the manner of the Regency Room, where there is piano between five-thirty and twelve-thirty. Supper but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The Elegant Eighties and the Gay Nineties have more than a bowing acquaintance in a town house that makes no concessions to the ravages of modern time. In the bar, a leisurely piano dwells. No music Sundays. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (only by appointment with a secret agent at UN 1-9494): A Byzantine bazaar, or bizarre, that happens to be a hideaway, up-one-flight restaurant. In one alcove, dinner is intermingled with modest piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): In the bar-restaurant, the hot buttered rum is the guitar of Enzio Lembo, who is on the prowl from nine-thirty until one every night but Monday and Wednesday. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): My Lord, My Lady. The undercurrent in this fashionable spa is the piano, done in pastels, of George Feyer, which carries on from eight-thirty until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A Rome that was built in a latter day, but a Rome that is by no means sans-serif. The noblest Roman is Herman Honigsberg, leader of a troupe of peripatetic violinists. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR,** Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): The piano of Conrad Monjoy wanders calmly o'er the well-cropped lea of the Westbury's restaurant. Nine to one is his range. No music Sundays or Mondays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the reasonably grand concourse known as the Casino-on-the-Park, Steven Weltner plays calm but nevertheless top-of-the-evening piano from six-thirty until midnight. Saturdays and Sundays are his holidays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The young idea, 1967 version (wistful, wishful, willful thinking), is translated into song by Johnny Tillotson, a serviceable explicator. Humor (of a sort) and ballet (of a sort) are offered up, too. Dancing for the guests as well, and no idle nights. . . . ¶ In the bar-lounge, music starts whooping and dooping at ten, and is not likely to stop. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): The beauty around here is not just in the eye of the beholder; it is actual, and onstage. The name: Susan Clemm. She and her comrades, mostly comely, female, and feral, have a big old romp a couple of times a night. Among the few intrusions upon this earthly paradise are the Spanish balletomanes under the guidance of Ramon Cadiz, plus the arias of Ronnie Dove, a recent graduate of the recording studios. On Wednesday, June 21, Mr. D. and the Cadiz ballet will be replaced by Frankie Avalon, an Apollo (j.g.) whose arias have a certain effect upon the dream life of the very young. Dancing, and no nights off. . . . **CHEETAH,** 1680 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): The Devil finds mischief for the busy feet of boy and girl in the mystic and semi-detached rites of the New Terpsichore. It is done at the insistence of two maddened drafts of musicians. Eight until three is the usual schedule, but Sundays begin at three in the afternoon. No dining. Closed Mondays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): The main event is Trini Lopez, the Latin Lochinvar, who cuts a fine, if slight, figure as he whisks through his songs of sixpence and six centavos. Closed Sundays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Political science is an inexact one, and the Cantabrigian Nic Ullett and Tony Hendra make the most of its turns and involutions; Jeanne Arnold, a Circe not content with just sitting around on some old rock, has siren songs for all occasions. Julius Monk is the enterpreneur and *conférencier* of this cultural-exchange program, and the pianos of Otis Clements and Robert Colston are the orchestra. The ceremonies commence at nine-thirty. Closes for a three-week vacation after Saturday, June 17. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): A fine body of men known as Los Chavales de España applies a great deal of jubilant body Spanish to its stamping, cavorting, and flirting songs; a brace of bands urge the guests into quite a spate of exhibition dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ After ten, in the happy alcove just off the bar, there is the guitar of Emilo Prados, which will have you marching through Iberia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): That old French wit Déjà Vu wrote some of the sketches in "Mixed Doubles," but the others were composed by newer, more original authors. Judy Graubart's performance (still waters running deep) is the best; Richard Blair and Larry Moss are her most successful aides. They appear in public at nine-thirty and midnight except on Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Joan Rivers, who cheerily tells her audiences what she would never dream of confiding to an analyst, will take her leave after Thursday, June 22. On Friday and Saturday, June 23-24, humor, rampant and rugged, will be done by Flip Wilson. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE IMPROVISATION,** 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): A busman's holiday after the theatre for this or that Broadway player who feels he hasn't yet done a full night's work. Earlier, there is potluck entertainment by the staff of this quite casual bar.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Second Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Thelonious Monk's piano engages in secret practice right out in the open. He and his quartet are supplemented by the foursome of Gary Burton. Friday, June 16, and Monday, June 19, will de devoted to uprisings by the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Jazz Band. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The roster is sometimes subject to rapid change, but these bookings for the lower deck of this operation have an air of probability: Symphony Sid and his Latin-American bandsmen every Monday; the rest of the time, John Handy's most-recent-developments quintet and Chad Mitchell, who imparts to American song a quality that has been in poor supply since Richard Dyer-Bennet. . . . ¶ On the upper deck, Mose Allison's

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

plangent, puissant piano embellishes the trio that works out from, say, ten o'clock on. Patty Bowen, a newly hatched pianist-comedienne, is also on hand. The Allisons withdraw after Sunday, June 18. Mondays afford the trio of Daphne Hellman, which gives chamber music its pleasant and pastoral due. . . . **SHEPHEARD'S**, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The Sphinxes that decorate the walls of this *echt* emporium maintain a discreet silence, but nothing else does, particularly the tapes that wind crisply through the local victrola, and, even more particularly, the piano of Rubin Mitchell (four-octave and high-octane), who runs a trio. A menu of reasonable richness is the continual accompaniment. Closed Sundays. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Clark Terry, who manages to get along with a quartet during the week, likes to expand into a seventeen-man band Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays. Closed Mondays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor's trio, whose dissertations are occasionally couched in the Romance languages, tees off at ten. Eddie Thompson, the intermission keyboard man, arrives a bit earlier. Mondays, everybody stays home. Dining. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The venerable powerhouse is getting along, and with power to burn, under the guidance of such as Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown. Closed Sundays. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Cannon to the left of us, cannon to the right. The noise, which dates back a lot of years, comes from Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, Cliff Leeman, Bob Wilber, and Mr. Condon, or else exact duplicates of these traditionalists. Dining and dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): Straw hats, blazers, and banjos on the rostrum; beer and peanuts on the table—a current eternal-youth formula. From nine to three or four every night, the musicians give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Here, as well, the banjo fills the air, aided in this instance by washboard, tuba, and trombone. Likewise, the population is ardent youth reliving a past it is too young to know. Light-brown sawdust, dark-brown peanuts, and nut-brown ale are the concomitants. Nine until two or three all week long is the program. . . . **RED GARTER**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270): Museum pieces. The largest is the 1906 truck chassis in which the rataplan band plays, the next largest is Ruth Crews, the bombastic singer. Chaplin and Laurel & Hardy movies occur at times; beer, peanuts, and pretzels happen continually. . . . **SLUGS'**, 242 E. 3rd St. (WA 4-8400): The address is in the center of one of the new youth-for-joy-and-health cantons, and the slacks tide is in full flow among the customers. Tradition is likewise forsworn by the musicians. Right now, they are the quintet of Cecil Taylor, whose Sanskrit piano loses everything in translation (every night but Monday) and Sun Ra's outerspacemen (Monday). On Tuesday, June 20, the quartet of Yusef Lateef, also sometimes shrouded in mystery, will displace the Taylors. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Tony Scott's quintet is doing the thinking. Sundays, the Jazz Interactions have the place to themselves from five to ten; discothèque music thereafter. . . . **POOKIE'S PUB**, 282 Hudson St., near Spring St. (924-1945): A novelty-and-notions shop has been set up here by the foursome of Elvin Jones. Ten to three is the curriculum they offer, every night but Sunday and Monday. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): A clearing house for admirers of folk music, about which no one knows more than Josh White. Tuesdays are assigned to visiting scholars.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

William Accorsi—A group of playground sculptures utilizing motion; through June 30. (Union Square Park, Broadway at E. 14th St.)

George Bireline—Abstract color-field paintings; through June 30. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Faber Birren—Studies in color by a color technician and his students; through July 1. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Juan Gris—An anniversary exhibition of drawings and gouaches, many never shown here before, by a leading Cubist who died forty years ago; through June 30. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Raymond Hendler—Ideographic paintings; through Saturday, June 17. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St.)

Jim Houser—Compositions of simplified everyday images by a former Abstract Expressionist; through Saturday, June 17. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St.)

Jules Moigniez—Bird and animal sculptures by a nineteenth-century French artist; through June 30. (Pietrantonio, 26 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Giorgio Morandi—Paintings, drawings, and engravings; through Saturday, June 17. (Loeb & Krugier, 12 E. 57th St.)

Giora Novak—One gallery-filling piece of sculpture; through Friday, June 23. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Nathan Oliveira—Figurative watercolors and drawings; through June 30. (Landau-Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Mondays and Saturdays.)

Jules Pascin (1885-1930)—An exhibition of drawings that is running simultaneously with his show at the Whitney Museum; through June 30. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

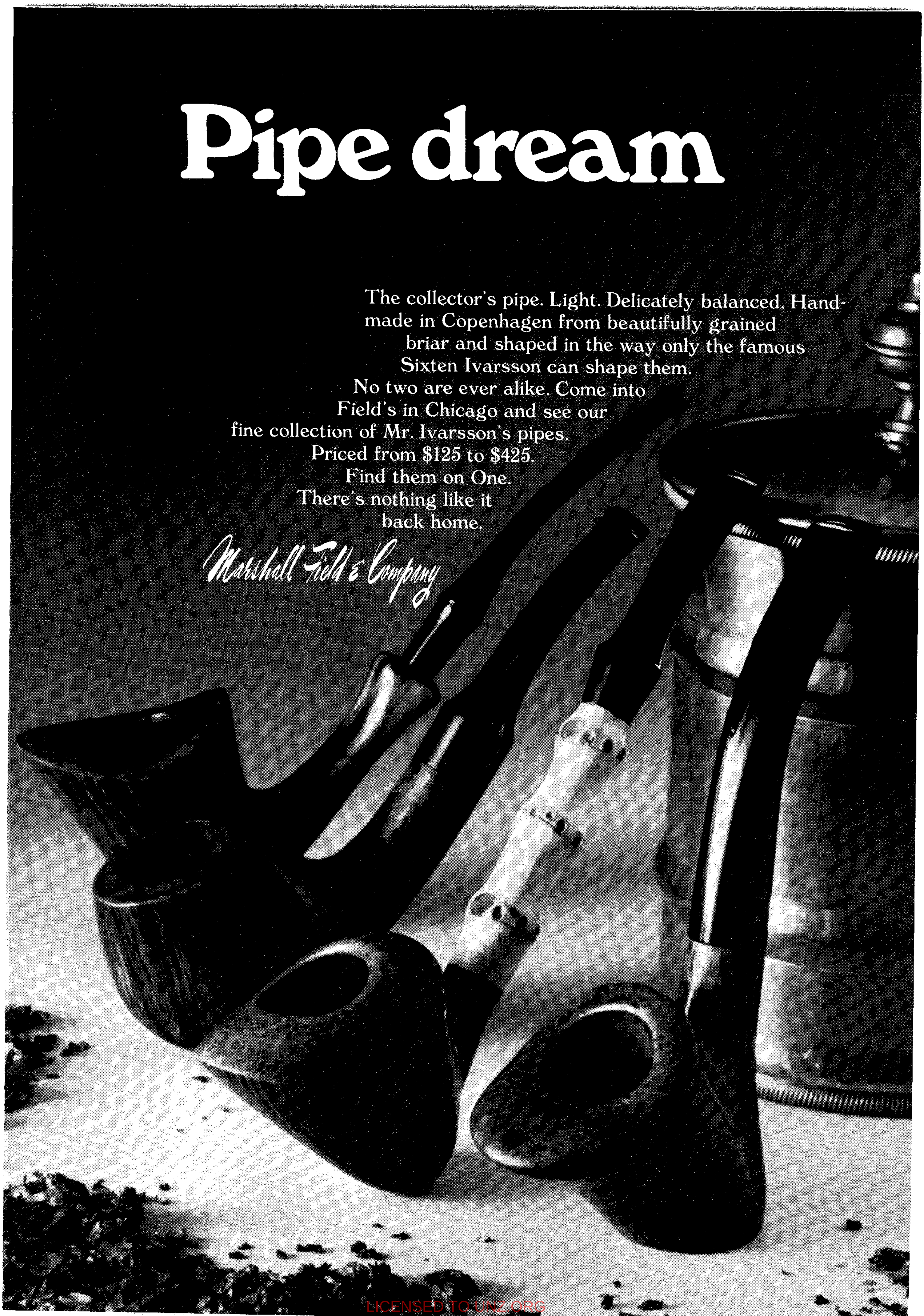
George Rickey—Recent kinetic sculptures; through Saturday, June 17. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Harry Soviak and Leo Rabkin—Collages by the former and Plexiglas light-boxes by the latter; through Saturday, June 24. (Feigen, 24 E. 81st St.)

The Italian Heritage (1300-1650)—A benefit show of paintings and sculptures by, among others, Titian, Rubens, Holbein, and Donatello, lent by American museums and private collectors; through Aug. 25. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Sculptures: Group Shows—At the **FORUM**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Outdoor/indoor pieces by Bruno Lucchesi, Laura Ziegler, Chaim Gross, Elliot Offner, and Hugo Robus; through Friday, June 23. (Closed Mondays and Saturdays.). . . **GOLDOWSKY**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Sculpture by Arp, Nakian, Chamberlain, Westermann, Morris, and others; through Sept. 30. (Closed Mondays.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **BLACK**, 1062 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Oils, watercolors, and drawings by nineteenth-century artists, among them Kensett, Weir, and Currier; through July 8. . . . **DE NAGY**, 29 W. 57th St.: Works by Freilicher, Goodnough, Grooms, Porter, and others associated with the gallery; through June 30. (Closed Mondays.). . . **JACKSON**, 32 E. 69th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and constructions by newcomers working in a variety of advanced modes; through Friday, June 23. (Closed Mondays.). . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings by, for example, Isabel Bishop, Roy Moyer, and Waldo Peirce; through June 30. (Closed Saturdays.). . . **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Works by such painters as Childe Hassam, Stephen Etnier, and John Twachtman; through July 28. (Closed Saturdays.). . . **PARK PLACE GALLERY**, 542 West Broadway, at Bleecker St.: Paintings by a large group of minimal artists; through Wednesday, June 21. (Closed Mondays; open Sundays, noon to 5.). . . **PERIDOT**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings and a sprinkling of sculptures by members of the gallery, including Rosemarie Beck, Stanley Bleifeld, and Reginald Pollack; through Saturday, June 17. . . . **PHOENIX**, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: Lithographs, etchings, and other prints by an extensive list of contemporaries; through June 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.). . . **SACHS**, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Howard Mehring and



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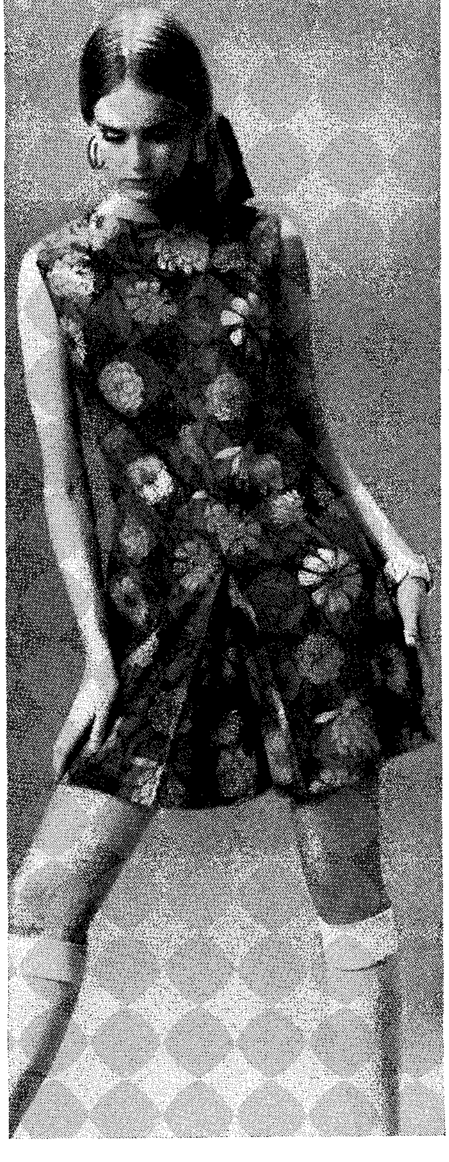

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Warren Brandt are two of the five participants in a show of paintings; through Friday, June 23. (Closed Mondays.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **BORGENICHT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Drawings by Avery, Cuevas, Santomaso, and others; through June 30. (Closed Mondays and Saturdays.)... **CORDIER & EKSTROM**, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: A painting or sculpture apiece by each of the gallery artists; through Friday, June 16.... **DWAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: Language to be looked at, things to be read, by well-known contemporaries, from Duchamp to Flavin; through June 28. (Closed Mondays.)... **EGAN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Sculptures and paintings by Hague, Nakian, Goldberg, Klein, Moynihan, and Golsinopoulos; through June 30. (Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.)... **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Figurative paintings and sculptures by Philip Pearlstein, Peter Saul, and Jean Ipousteguy (to mention a few); through June 30. (Closed Saturday mornings.)... **WISE**, 50 W. 57th St.: A recap of the gallery's exhibitions of the past season, mainly light and kinetic displays, including works by LeParc, Maddox, and Takis; through July 28. (Closed Saturdays.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **ADRIA ART GALLERY**, 635 Madison Ave., at 59th St.: Paintings, sculptures, graphics, and tapestries by present-day artists make up the opening show of the first Yugoslavian art gallery here; through June 30.... **BIANCHINI**, 50 W. 57th St.: Master drawings (sixteenth century through the nineteenth) by Daubigny, Lorrain, Bernini, Guardi, and others of the French and Italian schools; through June 27. (Closed Saturdays.)... **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Paintings and sculptures by (for instance) Pierre Alechinsky, Pol Bury, and Kurt Sonderborg; through July 28. (Closed Saturdays.)... **MATISSE**, 41 E. 57th St.: Works by such gallery artists as Giacometti, Dubuffet, and Miró; through June 30.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Royal treasures assembled from the Museum's collections of objects given to or made for a hundred rulers over five thousand years, from Queen Hatshepsut to Queen Victoria; through Sept. 4.... ¶ Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century prints of St. Petersburg and its environs; through Sept. 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Fifty-two prints representing artists and their artist friends, from 1890 to today; through Sept. 30.... ¶ Whimsical pieces by Alexander Calder, presented to the Museum by the artist: a whale, a snow flurry, a spider, an elephant chair, a cat lamp, wire portraits, and jewelry; through Sept. 4. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Eighty-eight boxes and collages by Joseph Cornell, an American well known in the art world since the thirties; through June 25. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A retrospective of over a hundred oils, watercolors, and drawings by Jules Pascin; through June 25.... Paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints acquired during the past year; a few of the artists are David Weinrib, Barnett Newman, Franz Kline, and John Singer Sargent. Through Sunday, June 18. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.) ... ¶ Complementing the Pascin exhibit is his show at the Frumkin Gallery, 41 E. 57th St.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The first showing here of Japanese ink paintings and calligraphy from the Tokiwayama Foundation, in Japan; through June 25. (An admission charge of fifty cents goes to the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.)... ¶ Prints and posters by Toulouse-Lautrec, Bonnard, Cassatt, and other artists who lived and worked in Montmartre between 1890 and 1915; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Indians of the Plains," an amalgam of paintings, recorded songs and chants, and lifelike models in settings representing their activities in the nineteenth century. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Works by newly elected members and recipients of this year's honors and awards. Manuscripts, books, and scores by, among others, Katherine Anne Porter, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., John Hall Wheelock, and Gunther Schuller. Also paintings, drawings, and sculptures by David Burliuk, John Heliker, Dennis Leon, William Thon, and others. Through June 25. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Environmental sculptures by Will Insley, Michael Kirby, Les Levine, Ursula Meyer, Brian O'Doherty, Charles Ross, and Tony Smith; through Sunday, June 18.... ¶ French masters of the seventeenth century, Vouet to Rigaud; through Sunday, June 18. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"The Lower East Side: Portal to American Life," a display of photographs, posters, and films, and a group of paintings and drawings (by George Bellows, John Sloan, and Joseph Stella, to name a few), documenting a chapter of American-Jewish cultural and social history from 1870 to 1924; also included is a mixed-medium environmental effect by John Brockman Associates and USCO. Through July 2.... ¶ Four bronze sculptures on Biblical themes by Jacques Lipchitz; through Sunday, June 18. (Mondays, noon to 9; Tuesdays through Thursdays, except June 15, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—"Illustrations of the Dance Before Our Time" in prints, librettos, and books, from the fifteenth century to the nineteenth; through Aug. 23. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Autograph manuscripts, letters, documents, first editions, and original illustrations commemorating the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Harpers; through July 28.... ¶ Eighteenth-century French watercolors of flowers, many enlivened by the presence of insects, along with an assortment of books and manuscripts, all highlighted with pictures of flowers; through July 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Recent acquisitions, comprising about a hundred works from Africa, the Pacific Islands, and the pre-Columbian Americas; through Sept. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Presentations of Nature in Contemporary Prints" by American, European, and Japanese artists such as Sue Fuller, Gerhard Marcks, and Shigeru Kimura; through June 30. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420 and for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424.)

Metropolitan Opera—The last in a series of non-subscription performances. Thursday, June 15: "La Gioconda," with Renata Tebaldi, Rosalind Elias, Belén Amparán, Richard Tucker, Cornell MacNeil, and Bonaldo Giaiotti.... ¶ Friday, June 16: "Die Zauberflöte," with Judith Raskin, Roberta Peters, George Shirley, Theodor Uppman, and John Macurdy.... ¶ Saturday, June 17: "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, John Alexander, and Robert Merrill.... ¶ Monday, June 19: "Lohengrin," with Ingrid Bjoner, Irene Dalis, Sándor Kónya, Walter Cassel, John Macurdy, and William Walker.... ¶ Tuesday, June 20: "La Gioconda," with Renata Tebaldi, Rosalind Elias, Belén Amparán, Richard Tucker, Cornell MacNeil, and Bonaldo Giaiotti.... ¶ Wednesday, June 21: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Leontyne Price, Joy Clements, Ruza Pospinov, Bruno Prevedi, and Sherrill Milnes.... ¶ Thursday, June 22: "Die Zauberflöte," with Pilar Lorengar, Lu-

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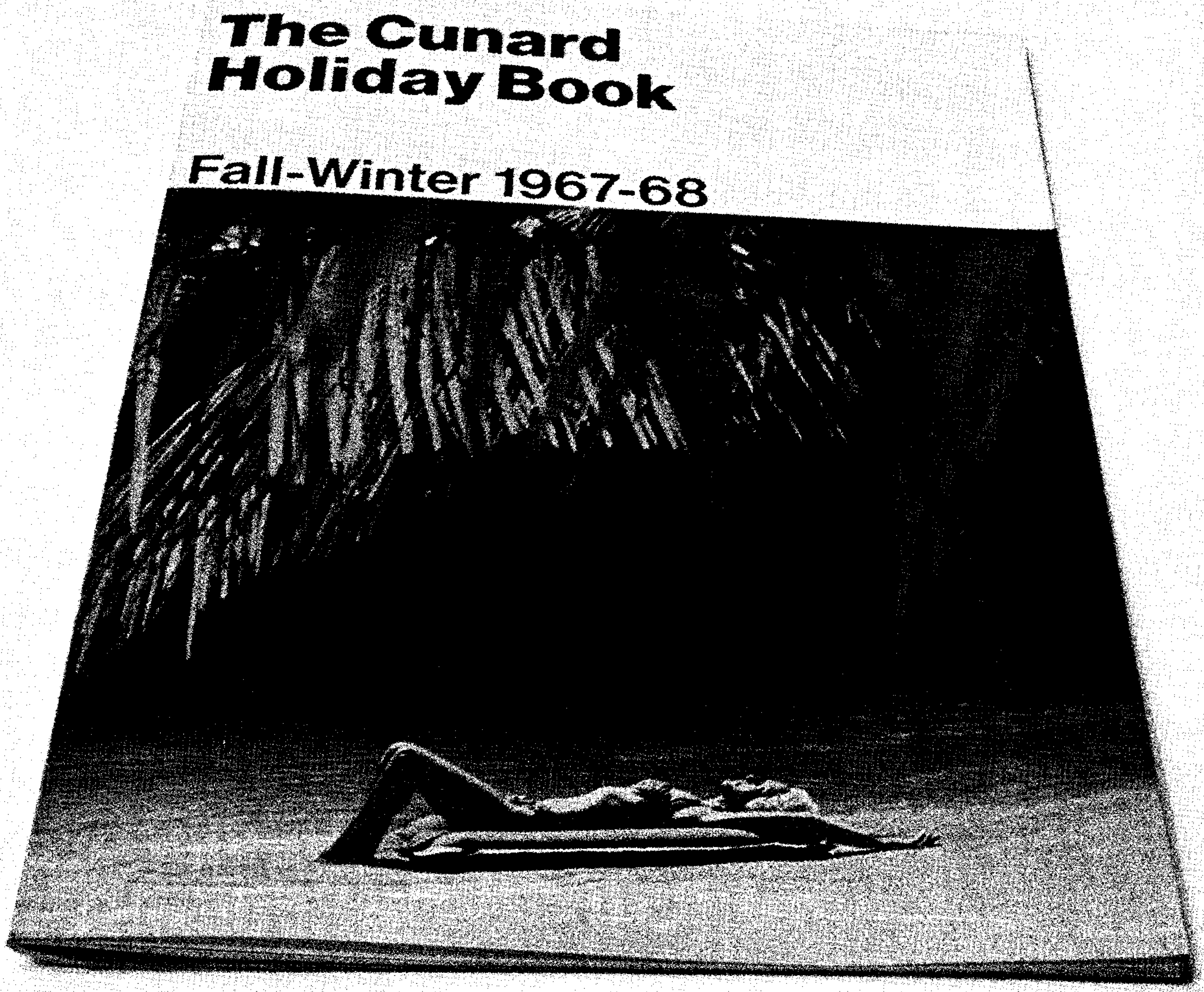

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

cia Popp, George Shirley, John Reardon, and Jerome Hines. (Evenings at 8.)

Hamburg State Opera—Appearing here for the first time, in the first two in a series of ten performances at the Metropolitan Opera House. Through Sunday, July 2. Friday, June 23, at 8: The New York première of Hindemith's "Mathis der Maler," with Enriqueta Tarres, Edith Mathis, Hubert Hofmann, and Richard Cassilly. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 24, at 8: The New York première of Berg's "Lulu," with Anneliese Rothenberger, Kerstin Meyer, Erwin Wohlfahrt, Toni Blankenheim, and Gerhard Unger.

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—Andre Kostelanetz conducting the final performances of the "Promenades" season. Thursday, June 15, at 8:30 (with Anne Draper and E. G. Marshall, narrators); and Friday and Saturday, June 16-17, at 8:30 (with Phyllis Curtin, soprano). . . . ¶ Leonard Bernstein directing the first two in a series of eight non-subscription concerts that will continue through Saturday, July 8. Performances of Mahler's Second Symphony on Thursday, June 22, and Saturday, June 24, both at 8:30 (with Veronica Tyler, soprano; Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano; and the Schola Cantorum of New York).

Kohon String Quartet—Chamber music. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Thursday, June 15, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

Stern-Istomin-Rose Trio—Chamber music. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, June 20, at 8:30.)

Music Outdoors—(In the event of threatening weather, call 999-1234 for news)—CENTRAL PARK'S SHEEP MEADOW: Barbra Streisand, in a solo concert, sponsored by the Rheingold people. (Saturday, June 17, at 9. In the event of rain, the concert will be given the following night.) . . . CENTRAL PARK MALL: Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Wednesdays and Sundays at 8:30, and on Fridays at 7, for picnickers; first concert Wednesday, June 21—in the event of rain, next evening—when everyone is invited to attend in old-summertimey costume.) . . . RIVERSIDE PARK: Frederique Petrides conducting the Festival Symphony Orchestra in the first in a series of three concerts, this one with Harold Kohon, violin. (Saturday, June 17, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be given in Public School No. 75, West End Ave. at 95th St.)

Jazz—Freddie Hubbard's sextet. (Museum of Modern Art Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900; starting Monday, June 19, call 245-3200. Thursday, June 22, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be cancelled.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Baseball—At SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. Chicago, Friday, June 16, at 8; Saturday, June 17, at 2:15; and Sunday, June 18, at 1:05 (doubleheader). . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Boston, Monday through Wednesday, June 19-21, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Detroit, Friday, June 23, at 8, and Saturday, June 24, at 7.

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—International Military Boxing Championships: Semifinals, Thursday, June 22, at 6. . . . ¶ Finals, Friday, June 23, at 7:45.

Crew—Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. Saturday, June 17.) . . . ¶ Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London. Saturday, June 17; varsity race at 7:05.)

Golf—U.S.G.A. Open Championship. (Baltusrol Golf Club, Springfield, N.J. Thursday through Sunday, June 15-18.) . . . ¶ Women's Metropolitan Golf Association Championship. (Somerset Hills Country Club, Bernardsville, N.J. Monday through Friday, June 19-23.)

Horse Show—Ox Ridge Hunt Club Horse Show. (Darien. Thursday through Sunday, June 15-18.)

Karate—Demonstrations by Black Belt experts. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. JU 2-4536. Saturday, June 17, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ All-Ameri-

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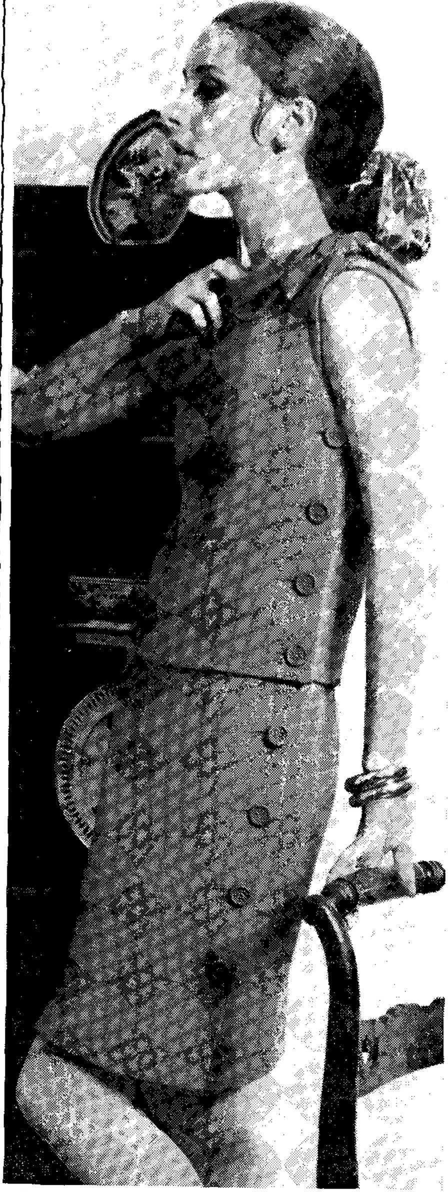

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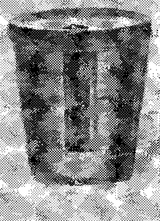

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

can Open Karate Championship. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, June 24, at 8.)

Motorboat Racing—President's Cup Regatta. (Washington, D.C. Saturday and Sunday, June 17-18.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At **blind brook polo club**, Purchase. . . . **bethpage polo field**, Farmingdale, L.I.

Racing—**belmont-at-aqueduct:** Weekdays at 1:30. The Bowling Green Handicap, Saturday, June 17; the Vagrancy Handicap, Wednesday, June 21; and the Coaching Club American Oaks, Saturday, June 24. . . . **monmouth park**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 5. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.) . . . **woodbine**, Toronto: The Queen's Plate, Saturday, June 24.

Soccer—At Yankee Stadium—**united soccer association:** New York (represented by Cerro of Uruguay) vs. Chicago (represented by Cagliari of Italy), Friday, June 16, at 8. . . . **national professional soccer league:** Generals vs. Toronto Falcons, Saturday, June 17, at 2:30.

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Weekdays at 8; through Monday, July 24. . . . **saratoga raceway**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 25.)

Yachting—Start of the Annapolis-to-Newport race, Saturday, June 17.

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors may attend meetings of the Security Council, as well as sessions of the Trusteeship Council and various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Andrei Voznesensky reading from his own poetry, in Russian, with English translations read by American poets. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Wednesday, June 21, at 8:30.) . . ¶ Robert Lowell reading translations of the Czechoslovak poetry of Miroslav Holub; the Australian poet, A. D. Hope, reading from his own works; and Leo Vroman reading from his own and from other Dutch poetry, together with Adrienne Rich reading her translations of these works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. Fl 8-1500. Thursday, June 22, at 8:30.)

Festival of New Czechoslovak Cinema—The first programs in a two-week series of films at the Museum of Modern Art, 21 W. 53rd St. (CI 5-8900; starting Monday, June 19, call 245-3200)—Friday, June 16, at 6:15: "Wandering" (1965). . . . ¶ Friday, June 16, at 8:45: "The Daisies" (1966). . . . ¶ Saturday, June 17, at 6:15: "When the Cat Comes" (1963). . . . ¶ Saturday, June 17, at 8:45: "A Difficult Love" (1966). . . . ¶ Sunday, June 18, at 6:15: "The End of August at the Hotel Ozone" (1965). . . . ¶ Sunday, June 18, at 8:45: "Hotel for Strangers" (1966). . . . ¶ Monday, June 19, at 6:15: "Nobody Laughs Last" (1965). . . . ¶ Monday, June 19, at 8:45: "Diamonds of the Night" (1964). . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 20, at 6:15: "The First Cry" (1963). . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 20, at 8:45: "Courage for Every Day" (1964). . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 21, at 6:15: "Lady of the Trolley Tracks" (1966). . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 21, at 8:45: "The Fifth Horseman Is Fear" (1964). . . . ¶ Friday, June 23, at 6:15: "Wandering" (1965). . . . ¶ Friday, June 23, at 8:45: "The Daisies" (1966). . . . ¶ Saturday, June 24, at 6:15: "When the Cat Comes" (1963). . . . ¶ Saturday, June 24, at 8:45: "A Difficult Love" (1966).

Walking Tours—"The Vanderbilts' Fifth Avenue," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will take place on Sunday, June 18, at 2:30. Meets in front of the International Building, Fifth Ave. between 50th and 51st St. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

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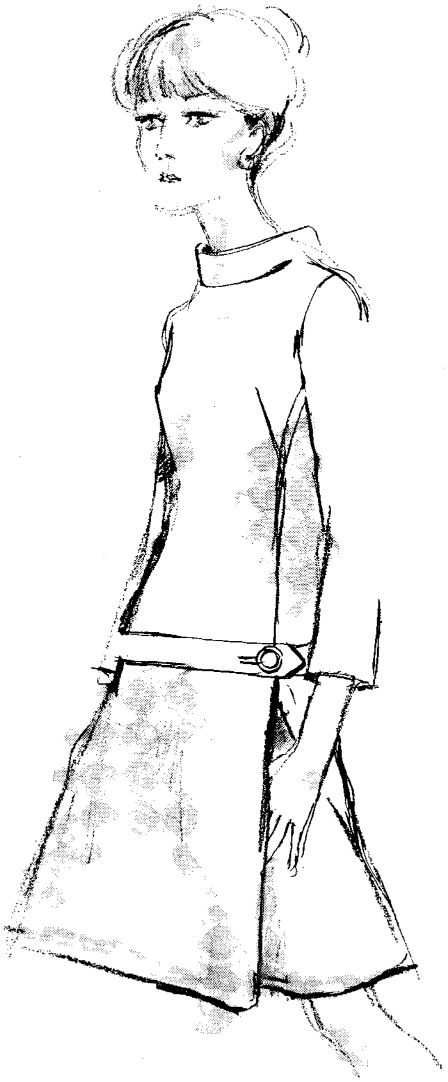

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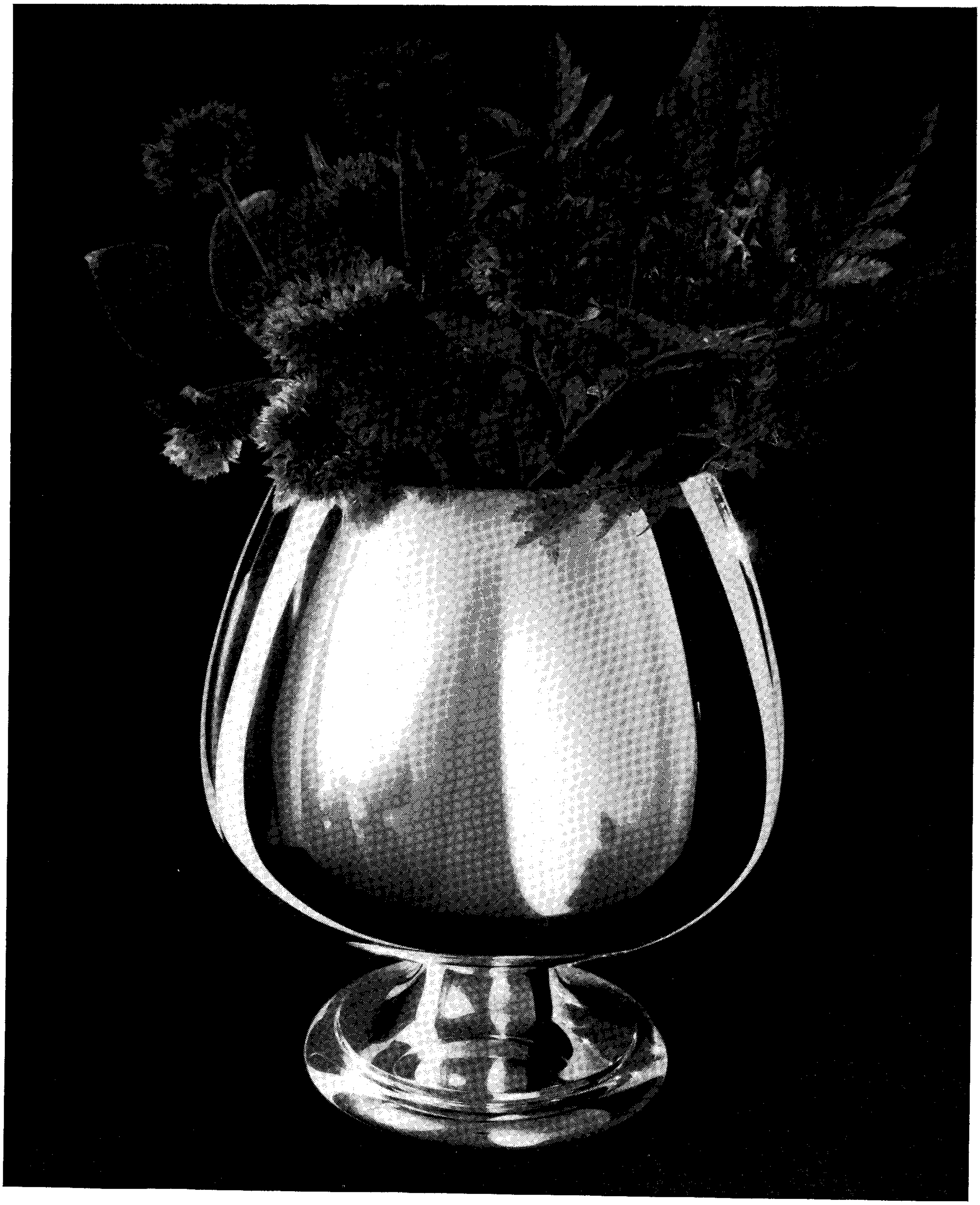

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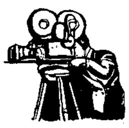
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Accident—Dirk Bogarde, Stanley Baker, and Vivien Merchant in a domestic melodrama made all the more exciting by being laid in the peaceful English countryside. Directed by Joseph Losey, from a screenplay by Harold Pinter. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

Barefoot in the Park—Robert Redford, Jane Fonda, Mildred Natwick, and Charles Boyer in Neil Simon's funny adaptation of his funny Broadway play. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

The Bible—John Huston directed this great big silly picture book, and he also plays, most agreeably, the role of Noah. He appears to have had more fun with his animals than with his actors. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Blow-Up—An account of the mod, mad world of London, 1966, as seen by the poetic eye of Michelangelo Antonioni. With Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Casino Royale—Six directors, three screenwriters, and an enormous cast have unexpectedly proved to be just the right number of chefs to make this spicy broth of a picture. Starring David Niven, Peter Sellers, Woody Allen, Orson Welles, Deborah Kerr, Ursula Andress, and practically anyone else you care to name. (86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AG 9-1144; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166.)

A Countess from Hong Kong—Charlie Chaplin has made a melancholy mess of what was not a very bright comic notion to begin with. The wretched stars are Marlon Brando and Sophia Loren. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through June 19. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through June 20.)

The Crazy Quilt—A disillusioned young man meets and marries a girl who lives off daydreams. The consequences are sometimes amusing and sometimes sad. Written and directed by John Korty, and starring Tom Rosqui and Ina Mela. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through June 20.)

Dutchman—In which a kookie white girl destroys a perfectly nice young Negro. With Shirley Knight and Al Freeman, Jr. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through June 20.)

Grand Prix—Unless you have an invincible aversion to racing cars, this should strike you as one of the best movies of the year. With Yves Montand, James Garner, and Eva Marie Saint, directed with superb gusto by John Frankenheimer. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

La Guerre Est Finie—Yves Montand is extremely effective as the dogged hero of this strong, sad story about the aftermath of the Spanish Civil War. Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

A Guide for the Married Man—An odd little comedy, brought to life by Walter Matthau, who can do no wrong. There are lots of other familiar funny faces on hand. Directed by Gene Kelly. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; and Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

Hawaii—A long, foolish account of how Christian missionaries spoiled things for the happy Polynesians. With Max von Sydow and Julie Andrews. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Jokers—How to pluck the Crown Jewels out of the Tower of London. An exciting comedy, directed by Michael Winner and starring Michael Crawford and Oliver Reed. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

A King's Story—An admirable documentary account of the life of the Duke of Windsor, compiled by Jack Le Vien. A sad tale that proves worth telling. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323; through June 18.)

Made in Italy—Director Nanni Loy offers an album of Italian sketches, mostly comic. Anna Magnani, Virna Lisi, and Sylva Koscina are among those present. In Italian. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; June 15.)

A Man and a Woman—An example of a movie that really moves, directed and photographed by Claude Lelouch, who doesn't make any mistakes in his treatment of a small love story. Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant play the lovers. In French. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

A Man for All Seasons—The moral tug of war between Henry VIII and Sir Thomas More, eloquently set forth by Robert Bolt and enacted by an excellent cast, including Paul Scofield as More, Robert Shaw as Henry, and Leo McKern as the wily Cromwell. Directed by Fred Zinnemann. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030. Daily at 2:30, 5:45, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Persona—An icy, flawless study of the problem of identity. Directed by Ingmar Bergman and starring Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann. In Swedish. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through June 20.)

Rush to Judgment—The physical appearances of the witnesses called by Mark Lane in his book. Directed by Emile de Antonio, who made the McCarthy feature, "Point of Order!" (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

The Taming of the Shrew—In which the director, Franco Zeffirelli, seeks to lend Shakespeare a helping hand. With Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

Thoroughly Modern Millie—A diverting movie, which would have been a lot better at half its length. With Julie Andrews, Mary Tyler Moore, James Fox, and Beatrice Lillie, and directed by George Roy Hill. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10. Reserved seats only.)

To Sir, with Love—A glib parable about getting on with one another, with Sidney Poitier quelling a classful of East End kids in London. Directed by James Clavell, who adapted it from a novel by E. R. Braithwaite. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

Ulysses—Joseph Strick has led an admirable cast with tact and intelligence down several of the main pathways in the Joycean labyrinth. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Vali—An hour-long study, in beautiful, limpid color, of an orange-maned Australian painter in Positano who was once a Paris Existential showpiece. She sounds freakish, but on film she exerts an unmistakable and delicate originality. Directed by Sheldon Rochlin. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210.)

The War Game—A prophecy, in documentary form, of the suffering that would befall England in the event of a Third World War. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.)

Wholly Communion—A short pop documentary by Peter Whitehead of a giant binge of Beat poetry at London's Albert Hall. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210.)

REVIVALS

Le Bonheur (1966)—Agnès Varda has written a story about how to have happiness and lose it. She also directed the picture, which stars Jean-Claude Drouot and his family. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through June 16.)

Darling (1965)—Julie Christie, Dirk Bogarde, and Laurence Harvey in an account of contemporary London life. Directed by John Schlesinger. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting June 21.)

Diabolique (1955)—A chilling description of how the wife and the mistress of a cad join forces to bring about his elimination. With Vera Clouzet, Simone Signoret, and Paul Meurisse. In French. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting June 21.)

Doctor Zhivago (1965)—A version of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, and many others; directed by David Lean. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting June 21.)

The Easy Life (1963)—Vittorio Gassman depicts a good-looking rogue in eruption on the sunny seacoast of Italy. In Italian. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

8½ (1963)—An autobiographical movie by Federico Fellini. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, and Sandra Milo. In Italian. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through June 16.)

The Endless Summer (1966)—A hang-ten documentary about surfing in various parts of the world. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

Hud (1963)—A tug of war between three generations of males on a Texas farm. Paul Newman, Melvyn Douglas, Patricia Neal, and Brandon deWilde. (R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; through June 20.)

Joy House (1965)—A thriller, directed by René Clément and starring Alain Delon, Jane Fonda, and Lola Albright. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 20-21.)

My Little Chickadee (1940)—W. C. Fields and Mae West gambolling around in a most unusual Western. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 17-19, last showing on June 19 at 4:30.)

La Notte (1962)—A study of a married couple in Milan. Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jeanne Moreau and Marcello Mastroianni. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting June 21.)

The Soft Skin (1964)—François Truffaut's examination of a husband, a wife, and a mistress. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 19.)

Il Successo (1965)—Vittorio Gassman in a comedy about a businessman on the make. In Italian. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333).

The Wages of Fear (1955)—Two trucks full of nitroglycerin on a three-hundred-mile journey across some rough South American roads. In French and English. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting June 21.)

The World of Henry Orient (1964)—Two junior misses race about New York discomfiting a pianistic poseur. Peter Sellers, Tippy Walker, and Merrie Spaeth. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 18.)

Film Libraries—At the **museum of modern art**, 11 W. 53rd—June 15 at 3, 5:30, and 8: A program of short French films. . . . ¶ June 16 at 2 and June 17 at 11:30 and 3: "Tartuffe" (1925), a German film; with Emil Jannings. . . . ¶ June 18-19, at 2: "The Jack Knife Man" (1920), produced, directed, and written by King Vidor. . . . ¶ June 20-21, at 2: "Deserter" (1933), in Russian; no English titles. . . . **gallery of modern art**, 2 Columbus Circle—Through June 18: "The Blood of a Poet" (1930), in French, a Jean Cocteau film; and "Lot in Sodom" (1933), a short Surrealist film. . . . ¶ June 20-21: A program of excerpts from Arthur Freed films. (Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 3 and 5:30, and Sundays at 2 and 4.) . . . **note:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"You Only Live Twice," Sean Connery.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
From June 15, at 8: "The Dirty Dozen," Lee Marvin. (A limited number of opening-night tickets are available at the box office.)

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
HAWAII.

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
A GUIDE FOR THE MARRIED MAN.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
BAREFOOT IN THE PARK.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
BLOW-UP.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sand Pebbles," Steve McQueen, Richard Attenborough. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
THE BIBLE.

TRANS-LUX WEST, B'way at 49th. (CO 5-1355)
"The Honey Pot," Rex Harrison, Susan Hayward.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"You Only Live Twice," Sean Connery.

WARNER CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
GRAND PRIX.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
THE ENDLESS SUMMER, revival.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
"I, a Woman" (in Danish), Essy Persson.

CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through June 20: **DUTCHMAN**; and **THE CRAZY QUILT.**
From June 21: **DOCTOR ZHIVAGO,** revival.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through June 19: **A COUNTESS FROM HONG KONG**; and "Fahrenheit 451," Julie Christie, Oskar Werner.
From June 20: "Don't Make Waves," Tony Curtis, Claudia Cardinale.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"I, a Woman" (in Danish), Essy Persson.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
A GUIDE FOR THE MARRIED MAN.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
June 15: **MADE IN ITALY** (in Italian).
From June 16: "The Dirty Dozen," Lee Marvin.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
THE JOKERS.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Honey Pot," Rex Harrison, Susan Hayward.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Two for the Road," Audrey Hepburn, Albert Finney.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"You Only Live Twice," Sean Connery.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
TO SIR, WITH LOVE.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
ACCIDENT.

YORK CINEMA, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
THE ENDLESS SUMMER, revival.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
BLOW-UP.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through June 20: **A COUNTESS FROM HONG KONG.**
From June 21: To be announced.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
Through June 19: "Caprice," Doris Day, Richard Harris.
From June 20: "Don't Make Waves," Tony Curtis, Claudia Cardinale.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (in Italian, with a cast of non-professionals), revival.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
ULYSSES.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through June 20: **HUD,** revival; and "Easy Come, Easy Go," Elvis Presley.
From June 21: "The Caper of the Golden Bulls," Stephen Boyd, Yvette Mimieux; and "Kimberly Jim," Jim Reeves.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"You Only Live Twice," Sean Connery.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AG 9-1144)
CASINO ROYALE.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
VALI; and **WHOLLY COMMUNION.**

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through June 20: **A COUNTESS FROM HONG KONG**; and "Fahrenheit 451," Julie Christie, Oskar Werner.
From June 21: "Loving Couples" (in Swedish), revival, Harriet Andersson, Gunnel Lindblom; and "Sallah" (in Hebrew), revival.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
THE WAR GAME.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
LA GUERRE EST FINIE (in French).

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
CASINO ROYALE.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through June 20: **PERSONA** (in Swedish).
From June 21: **THE WAGES OF FEAR** (in French and English), revival; and **DIABOLIQUE** (in French), revival.

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through June 20: **HUD,** revival; and "Easy Come, Easy Go," Elvis Presley.
From June 21: "The Caper of the Golden Bulls," Stephen Boyd, Yvette Mimieux; and "Kimberly Jim," Jim Reeves.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
Through June 18: **A KING'S STORY.**
From June 19: "King of Hearts," Alan Bates.

CINEMA RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through June 20: "The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer.
From June 21: To be announced.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
MADE IN ITALY (in Italian).

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
RUSH TO JUDGMENT.

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE EASY LIFE and **IL SUCCESSO** (both in Italian and both revivals).

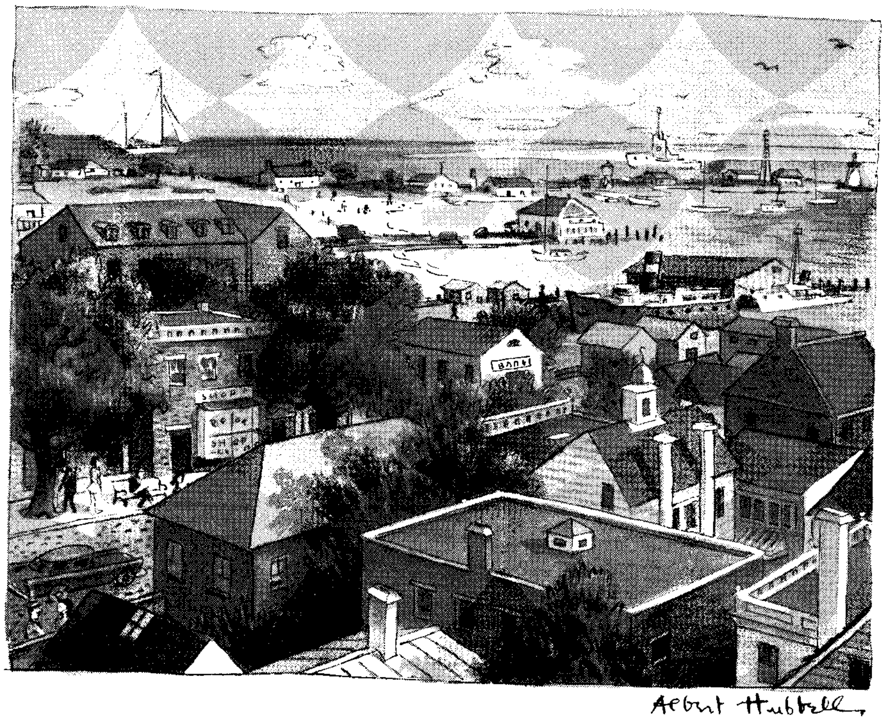
PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through June 16: **8½** (in Italian), revival; and **LE BONHEUR** (in French), revival.
June 17-19 (last showing on June 19 at 3:15): **MY LITTLE CHICKADEE,** revival; and "The Old-Fashioned Way," revival, W. C. Fields.
June 19 at 7, 8:30, and 10: Underground films.
June 20-21: **JOY HOUSE,** revival; and "The Loved One," revival, Robert Morse, Jonathan Winters.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through June 20: "The Way West," Kirk Douglas, Robert Mitchum; and "Arabesque," revival, Gregory Peck, Sophia Loren.
From June 21: **DARLING,** revival; and "The Caper of the Golden Bulls," Stephen Boyd, Yvette Mimieux.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
June 15: "Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors" (in Ukrainian); and "Morning Star" (in Russian), revival, a ballet film.
June 16: "Eclipse" (in Italian), revival, Alain Delon, Monica Vitti; and "One Summer of Happiness" (in Swedish), revival, Ulla Jacobsson, Folke Sundquist.
June 17: "A Woman Is a Woman" (in French), revival, Anna Karina, Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Love and the Frenchwoman" (in French), revival, Martine Carol, Dany Robin.
June 18: **THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT,** revival; and "I'm All Right, Jack," revival, Peter Sellers, Ian Carmichael.
June 19: **THE SOFT SKIN** (in French), revival; and "Swedish Wedding Night" (in Swedish), revival, Jarl Kulle.
June 20: "Repulsion," revival, Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry; and "Contempt" (in French), revival, Brigitte Bardot, Jack Palance.
June 21: **LA NOTTE** (in Italian), revival; and "Cleo from 5 to 7" (in French), revival, Corinne Marchand.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
THE ENDLESS SUMMER, revival.



Albert Hubbell

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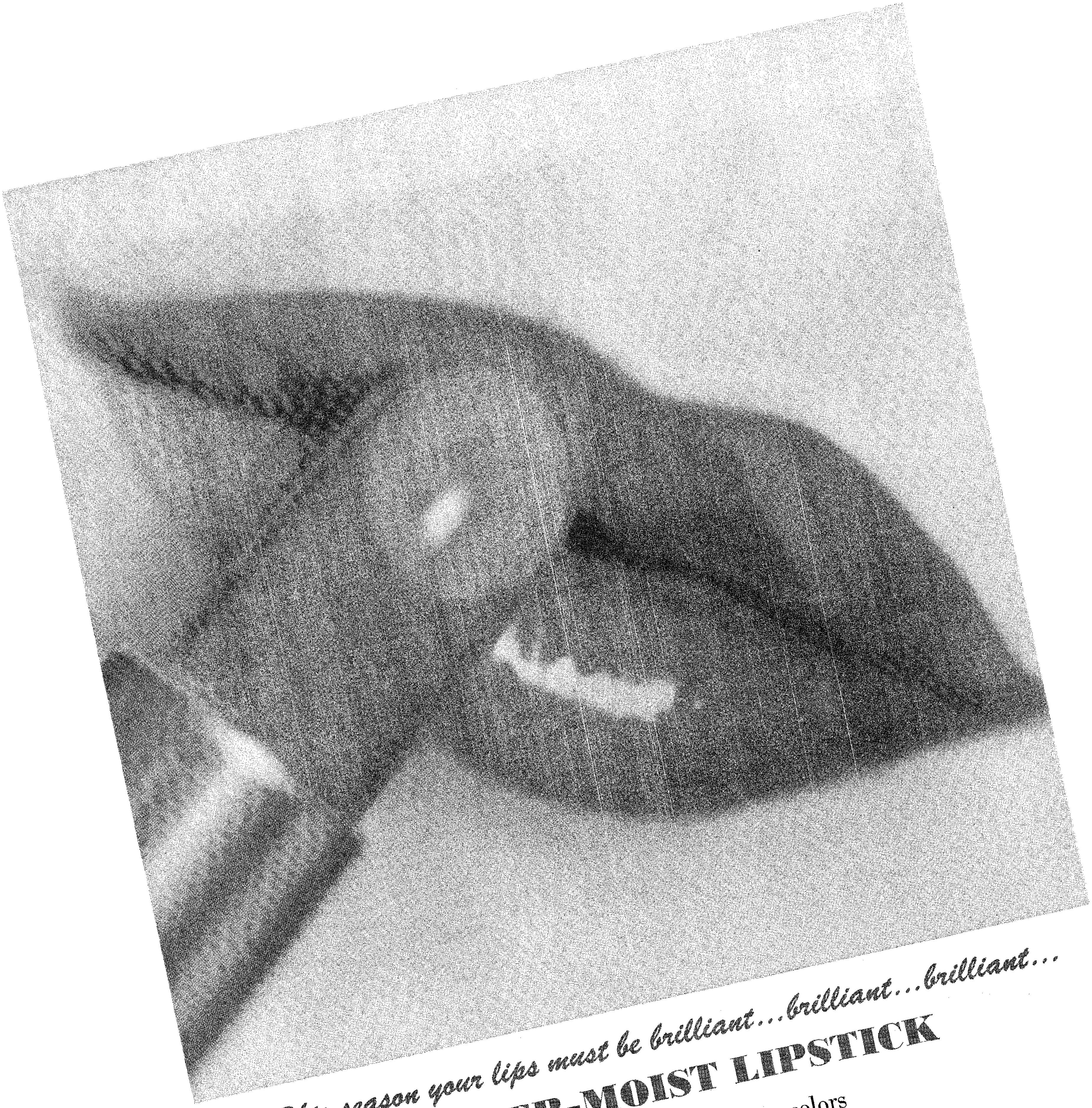
Benny Swings June 13 to July 1 THE RAINBOW GRILL 65th floor, Rockefeller Center, PL 7-8970.
Dining and Dancing like it should be. Jonah Jones July 3 to July 29. Duke Ellington July 31 to September 2.



This season your lips must be brilliant...brilliant...brilliant...

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that focus all eyes on the beauty of your lips!
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THE NEW YORKER

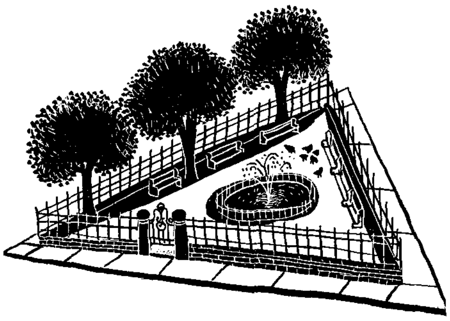
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

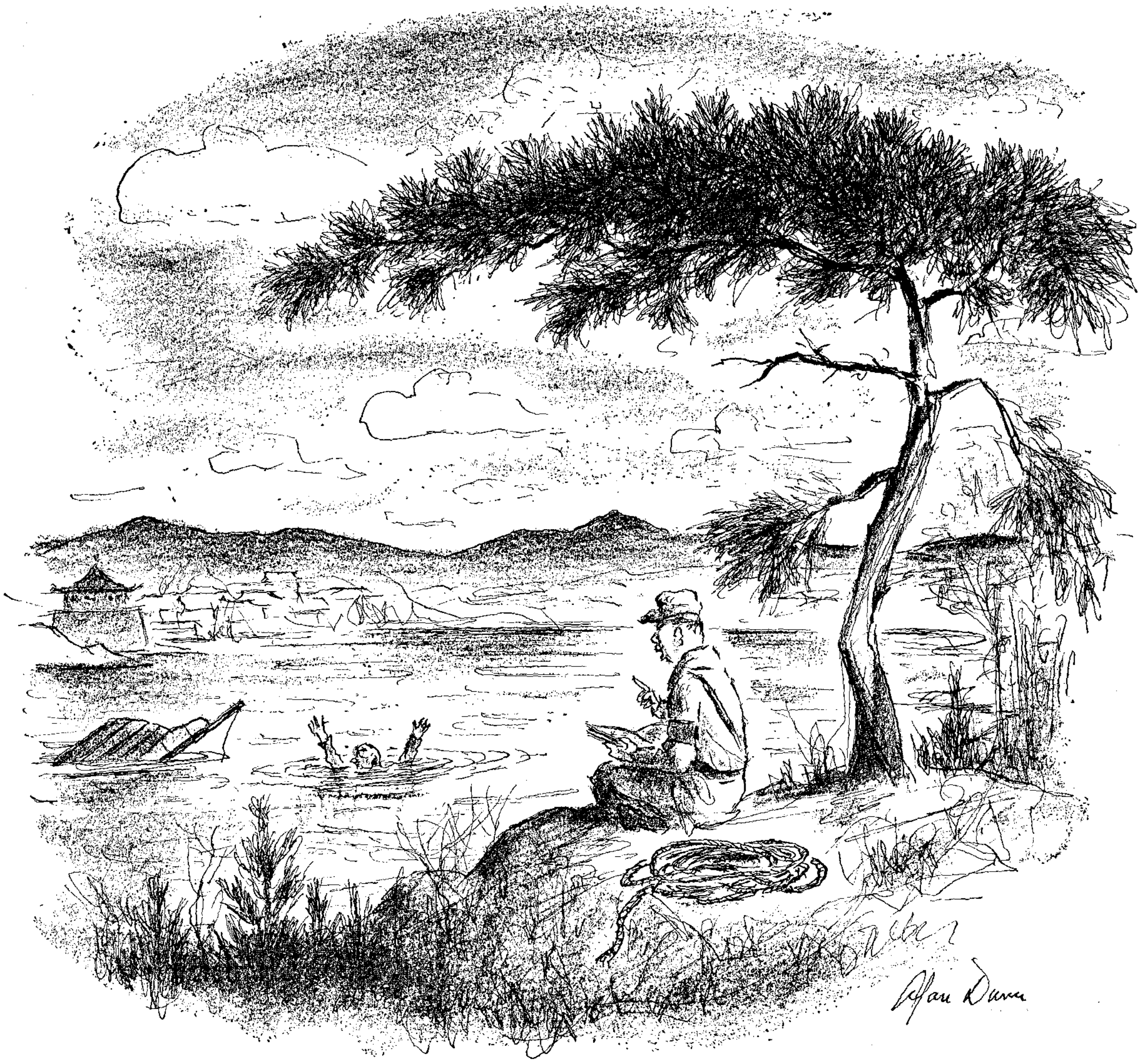
Notes and Comment

WE went to the United Nations during those five terrible days of war last week and listened to a good deal of helpless rhetoric from men whose governments had had the collective power, but apparently not the collective will, to keep the peace in the Middle East. It was a harsh week at the U.N., filled with anger and accusations—an aftermath of bad faith and failed responsibilities. The Security Council convened and reconvened in urgent special sessions, and ambassadors bargained dramatically in private suites in the Secretariat, but by then prospects for a collateral cease-fire rested far more on the rate of capitulation on the Arab-Israeli front than on negotiations in New York, and everybody at the U.N. knew this. Diplomats waited by telephones and blackboards and document desks and television sets for news, while discussion in the Council quickly gave way to the by now routine propaganda harangues of the East and disingenuous moralizings of the West. Concessions wrought in private consultations were wrought, as seems to be increasingly the case at the U.N., at the price of ritual retaliatory slander on the Council floor. Confronted with the reality of a war, delegates persisted in sidetracking the Council with resolutions and amendments that could never be brought to vote and with challenges that could never, technically, be met. What happened at the United Nations last week saved face for the organization and, we can only hope, shortened the war, but it was less diplomacy than politics, and it was grievously after the fact.

Long-Winded Lady

ONCE again, we have received a letter from our friend the long-winded lady. She writes: "Today, Saturday, was warm, windy, and gray, and for the first time this year the city showed its summer emptiness. The endless avenues were quiet and looked wider, and people were scarce on the side streets. In the middle of town, New York took on its desultory tourist look, except in the block of Forty-fourth Street between Fifth and Sixth, where there was pandemonium of the locked, almost silent kind we who live in the city have come to associate with the arrival of the movie-makers. During the past few months, I have watched preparations for movie-making in several parts of town, and in every case there was the same enormously organized cessation of activity; it is as though invaders from another country had arrived with all their trucks and their armies and their heavy artillery, and with their battle plans drawn up, only to find they had forgotten their ammunition, or their general. They wait. First, they maneuver themselves and their heavy equipment into position, and then they begin waiting. They drink coffee out of cardboard containers. They speak together, but not very much. They have no need of language. They annex what they want—this doorway, that second-floor window, a corner of the park, a certain stretch of street—and they ignore the rest, including us New Yorkers, who stand about smiling and goggling like friendly natives. The movie-makers hate to be asked questions. They hardly seem to see us. They are aloof, touched by the remoteness of the Star that will begin shining now at any minute. They wait. And, on the outside, we wait—adults, children, and dogs, all of us crowding as close as we can get to where the Presence will stand, the Star. The Star on West Forty-fourth Street today was Julie Andrews. She was making a movie in the Algonquin Hotel, and early this afternoon the narrow street outside the hotel was packed tight with her caravan. A caravan, according to my dictionary, is a company travelling together for safety in the East. Miss Andrews' caravan was extensive—theatrical moving vans (Schumer's), silver-colored long-distance buses (Campus Coach Lines), suppliers' trucks (Thos. A Deming: platforms, tents, bleacher seats, chairs, tables), limousines, and big green Hertz vans. Only a narrow and uncertain lane was left in the middle of the street for motorists travelling from Sixth Avenue to Fifth, and cars trying to get in and out of the big parking garage directly across from the Algonquin were having an even worse time than they usually do. The entrance to the Algonquin was hedged in with ropes and coils and boxes and tripods and lights, and at the curb a red revolving light on a stand about three feet high went round and round in a triumphant way that made me feel oppressed and obedient. I was standing in a window of the hairdresser's on the second floor of the Royalton Hotel, across the street from the Algonquin. I was having my hair done, and every once in a while I struggled out from under the dryer and went to the windows to have a look. I was not the only curious one. M. Paul, who owns the establishment, and his assistant, Odette, who has orange-gold hair and comes from Brittany, also kept going to the windows to look out. I asked her if she had ever seen Julie Andrews. 'Not in person,' she said regretfully. The Royalton Hotel and the Algonquin Hotel are about the same age, both of them going on seventy—handsome, strong old places that are not at all alike except for the heavy Edwardian air they have, which is beginning to seem recalcitrant on this narrow street. The obliterating touch of the cement mixer is gradually smoothing this block into the bland





"First, some words of our illustrious Chairman Mao."

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expression that is the new New York. The street seems very close and at the same time quite distant from the Royalton windows, which are curtained only in a pale diaphanous material, a veil. Elizabeth Bowen once described a room that was crowded although there were no people in it as looking as if somebody was holding a party for furniture. The scene on Forty-fourth Street today looked as if somebody was holding a protest meeting for cars. There were very few people about, and nobody was standing and staring. The street would have been mobbed except that Miss Andrews and her caravan had come without fanfare into a very quiet weekend city. The doorman of the Algonquin kept hurrying out into the middle of the street, looking for taxis for people, but the rampart of trucks and vans hid most of what was going on. Once in a while, we had a glimpse of the real movie people—the actors and actresses who made their headquarters in a very large silver omnibus that was parked in front of the Algonquin. The bus door opened and a handsome, white-haired gentleman in evening clothes stepped down. He had handlebar mustaches and he wore a red carnation in his lapel, and he was carrying a cardboard box with coffee containers in it. A golden-haired lady in silver lamé climbed up into the bus. Her dress was trimmed with silver fringe that undulated about her knees, and she wore a silver Pocahontas band around her head. At that moment, on Forty-fourth Street in her glittering stage dress, she was enviable and beautiful, part of the illusory world we all half hope to enter when we gather to watch the Hollywood people keep their enormous vigils on our streets. The golden-haired actress sat down in the front seat of the bus, across from the driver, and almost immediately bent her head and began making the gestures people make in airplanes when the stewardess has brought them their tray of food. She opened little envelopes and looked into them, and she opened big envelopes and looked into them, and then she began eating her box lunch. In the dim interior of the bus, she was only a shadow along with all the other shadows who sat eating or stood talking or walked to the bus door to step out into the daylight that showed them as they really were—costumed figures, the men in evening clothes, the girls dressed for a wild party of forty years ago. One of the bus seats was piled almost to the top of the window with light-colored, long-haired furs—furs of the nineteen-twenties. 'It must be a movie about the twenties,' M. Paul said. 'Julie Andrews hasn't come out yet,' Odette said. When my hair was finished, I walked across to the Algonquin to buy cigarettes and have a look inside. At that early hour of the afternoon, even on a summer Saturday, there are always people sitting about the hotel, having a drink or reading the paper or waiting for friends to join them for lunch. Not today. The place looked half dismantled. The chairs and sofas were there, but there was no place for anybody to sit down, with all the movie clutter about and underfoot. The lobby, usually so comfortable and hospitable, looked like a setting for anxiety, and the Rose Room restaurant, at the end of the lobby, was drowned in a blaze of tall white lights that concentrated on the back wall and the bar. I picked my way across to the newsstand and bought cigarettes, and I was starting to leave when I saw Julie Andrews. She was alone, sitting in a high, high-backed armchair beside the entrance to the Rose Room, having her box lunch. Her tight short dress seemed to be made of crystal and light, and she was wearing a crystal headband for a crown; she looked like Titania. The chair was much too big and too high for her, and to balance herself and her lunch she had put her knees together, and her feet, balanced on the tips of her toes, were far apart. She was very hungry. All her attention was on her sandwich, which she picked up with both hands, and she was just about to take a bite out of it when she raised her eyes and saw me standing and staring at her. I immediately stopped thinking of Titania and began thinking of Lady Macbeth. At the sight of me, Julie Andrews froze in fury. Behind her sandwich, she was at bay, her hungry face glazed with anger. She is a Star, no doubt about that. She shines and radiates, and she can cast a spell, any kind of spell. Later in the afternoon, I went back to the Algonquin to get a taxi and first have another look around. This time, Julie Andrews was standing in the entrance to the hotel, having her photograph taken. Her flirtatious little dress shimmered mauve in the gray-white daylight, and she might have been the girl Scott Fitzgerald had in mind when he wrote:

> There'd be an orchestra
>   Bingo! Bango!
> Playing for us
>   To dance the tango,
> And people would clap
>   When we arose,
> At her sweet face
>   And my new clothes.

I looked over at the Royalton, and beside Chez Paul's filmy curtains I saw a neat orange-gold head. Odette, catching a glimpse of Julie Andrews in person."

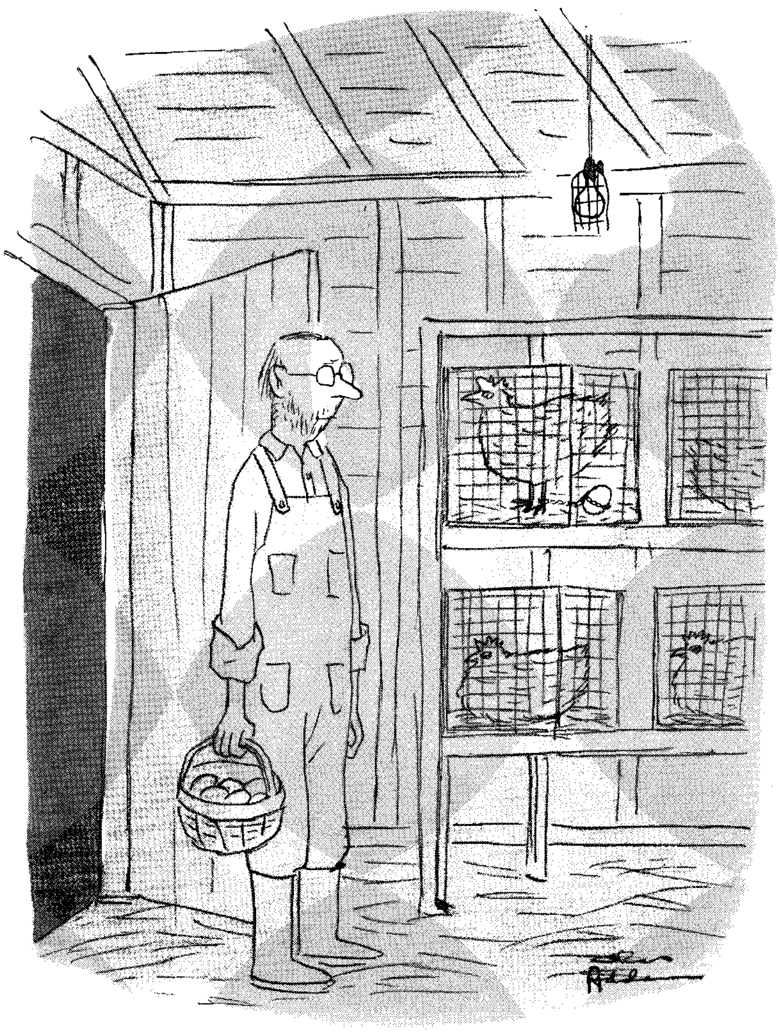
•

OVERHEARD on a Fifth Avenue bus, one miniskirted matron to another: "Henry and I have given up the idea of buying a boat. We can't agree on the color."

Park and Festival

WARM weather struck the city just in time this year to enhance the celebration of two local rituals—the annual announcement that New York is a Summer Festival and the latest installment in a long-running series of oratorical programs set in Flushing Meadow. The most recent Flushing Meadow speeches were delivered in the Singer Bowl—a stadium left over from the 1964-65 World's Fair—on a bright Saturday morning. In honor of the transfer of the former Fairgrounds, and adjacent acres east of Flushing Bay, from the control of the New York World's Fair Corporation to the control of the City Parks Department, a standard selection of speakers and assorted clergymen spoke in praise of truth, beauty, goodness, peace, rest, recreation, foresight, insight, skilled workmen, money, green places, and Robert Moses—with musical punctuation by the Department of Sanitation Band. During the ceremony, unofficial visitors to the new park wandered in and out of the stands above the official audience, which was sitting on wooden chairs in the center of the stadium, and unofficial bands sounded outside the stadium walls, on their way to various opening-day sports events.

Since the closing of the Fair, a year and a half ago, trees and grass have been planted in place of dismantled pavilions, and skilled workmen have produced a variety of athletic courts and fields, and soft-surface playgrounds. The name of the place, which covers twelve hundred and fifty-eight acres, is Flushing Meadows-Corona Park. The high point of the day, for us, was the obligatory appearance of Mario J. Cariello, staunch Borough President of Queens, who has weathered at least as many of these events as any of his fellow-speakers, but in better spirits. "Dream of three decades . . ." he said. "Robert Moses' dream come true . . . Gaudiness has been resisted. . . . Millions will flock . . ." He was the only speaker who was able to compete successfully with the planes that kept passing low overhead on their way out of LaGuardia. Mr. Moses, who still has the title of President of the New York World's Fair Corporation, and who is also chairman of the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority, which is involved in developing the park, didn't speak himself; he simply presided. At the end, he lowered the New York World's Fair flag to signify the surrender of the territory to August Heckscher, the City Commissioner of Parks. Mr. Heckscher ran the city flag up the flagpole. Mrs. John Lindsay rushed onto the platform at the last minute to explain that the Mayor had not shown up, though he was listed as a speaker, because he was busy discussing garbage at Gracie Mansion. She said she was pleased that the park was going to be "an action park."



After the exchange of flags, we took an express-bus tour around the outskirts of the park. We disembarked near the heliport and walked back through the park to the Willets Point subway station, passing on the way the site of the Chrysler Pavilion and a series of posters—bison, deer, wolf, aviary—marking the borders of a zoo that is to open next year. A cluster of numbered cyclists zipped by, one of them urged on by a coach who was standing on the sidelines: "Come on, Dave! Push it! Push it!" The park was dotted with balloon-and-pretzel concessions and people holding hands and strolling, or lying under trees. Three women were playing cards on a tiny island of grass opposite the United States Pavilion—now a "permanent structure" in the care of the Parks Department, which hasn't decided what to use it for.

Three days later, Mayor Lindsay had a couple of hours to spare, so he joined reporters, photographers, television cameramen, Broadway and Hollywood stars, hotel owners, one relatively aged rock-'n'-roll singer, and a large group of public-relations men who had gathered for drinks and lunch on the upper deck of a Circle Line sightseeing boat that sailed down the North River from Forty-third Street to the Statue of Liberty, around it, and back, decked out with balloons and banners and a five-piece band. In spite of microphone failure at key moments, it was a beautiful sunny and breezy day. Somewhere along the way, Summer Festival was declared.

●

SIGN observed on the door of a seminar room in Bates Hall, Wellesley College, during the recent examination period:

> THIS ROOM IS RESERVED FOR TV AND MUST NOT BE USED FOR STUDY OR DATES

Runouts, Kickouts, and Popouts at Gilgo Beach

"I'M twelve years old," said a plump, cheerful, black-haired boy, marching across the sand, lugging the front end of an orange surfboard under one arm and the front end of a white surfboard under the other.

"So am I," said a slightly thinner boy, slogging along five feet behind the first, with the rear ends of the surfboards under *his* arms. "We're from Levittown."

The boys and the boards had just come wobbling out of an underpass beneath Ocean Parkway and were now crossing Gilgo Beach—six miles east of Jones Beach—toward the ocean. It was a cool, hazy Sunday morning. "I mowed lawns in Levittown until I earned the money for my surfboard," said the plump boy, who was wearing a blue-striped T-shirt and madras trunks, and who told us his name was Steven Cummings. "My father drives us over. He borrows my board and surfs, too, but only after the Fourth of July." He smiled a big smile, and a set of braces gleamed in the sunlight.

"A lot of our friends surf," said the thinner boy, who turned out to be Kevin MacNamara, and who was wearing the top half of a wet-suit above his shorts. "There's Johnny, and there's Mark—"

"*There's* a wave!" Steven yelled, and they lurched rapidly down to the water's edge. They separated—one boy, one board—and plunged into the cold surf, battled their way through the shore break, and paddled out toward the waves, where a dozen surfers were already sitting on their boards, waiting for the right wave, looking like black insects in their wet-suits.

A lean lifeguard in dark glasses and an orange parka was sitting on a bench nearby. "This is wonderful right now, but as the season goes on it's like the Black Hole of Calcutta; it's wild," he said. "We've counted six hundred to seven hundred surfboards in the water at one time, and on a good hot Sunday you can practically walk across the boards out there." He sighed, and told us his name was Michael Twohig. "Gilgo and Cedar Beach are the only ones on Long Island that really encourage surfing," he said. "We make rescues as far as we can see in either direction. Last summer, we made around four hundred—sometimes running forty or fifty a day." At his feet was a wooden pail full of coiled new rope, and next to it, stuck in the sand, was a three-foot torpedo buoy with a loop of rope. "The big danger is kids getting hit on the head by boards," he said. "That, and runouts. A runout is where you get a break in the sandbar and, depending on the wind and the tide, the water rushes back out at maybe ten miles an hour. You can't swim against it." He sighed again.

Four teen-age boys, deeply sunburned, were lying on towels inside an improvised lean-to of picnic tables, fifty yards down the beach. Four surfboards were resting against one table, and a transistor radio was playing "She'd Rather Be with Me." We said hello, and the boys—who were all staring at the sea—told us they had been surfing from six in the morning till around nine and were now waiting for bigger waves. A distant surfer was riding in front of a gentle wave about a hundred yards out, and as the boys watched the wave passed under him and he went head over heels into the water. "A good surfer doesn't fall off like that," one of the boys said. "He kicks out when there's no more left to the wave." He formed a wave in the sand, patting it into shape, and then—using the flat of his hand as a surfboard—showed us a proper kickout. "You ride as close to parallel as you can, and cut back and forth, and then you kick out"—he turned his hand abruptly, rotating over the top of the wave—"and you paddle out again."

"We've been here every weekend since January," one of the boys said. "And before that up to December."

"When the water's above forty degrees," another said, "we *go*."

"You can't compare surfing to anything," one said. "There's no feeling like sliding along on the face of a wave." He stood up and started to pull on his wet-suit.

"It's free!" another said. "No regulations!"

One of the boys said, "A lot of gremmies come out just to impress girls, and all they do is sit on their popouts."

"What's a popout?" we asked.

"A crummy board," the boy said. "Machine-made. And you can see the fibres going in all different directions in the resin."

The others began putting on their wet-suits. "Some girls are good surfers, but most of them just sit on their boards," one said.

"*We* don't mind!" another said, happily.

A short, dark-haired boy explained, "If the waves are like average, we'd go half the time with the waves and half with the girls, because you can always get average waves but you can't always get girls. But if the waves were *really* good, we'd go with the waves." He picked up his board and the others followed, walking down the beach in their black suits, their boards held overhead.

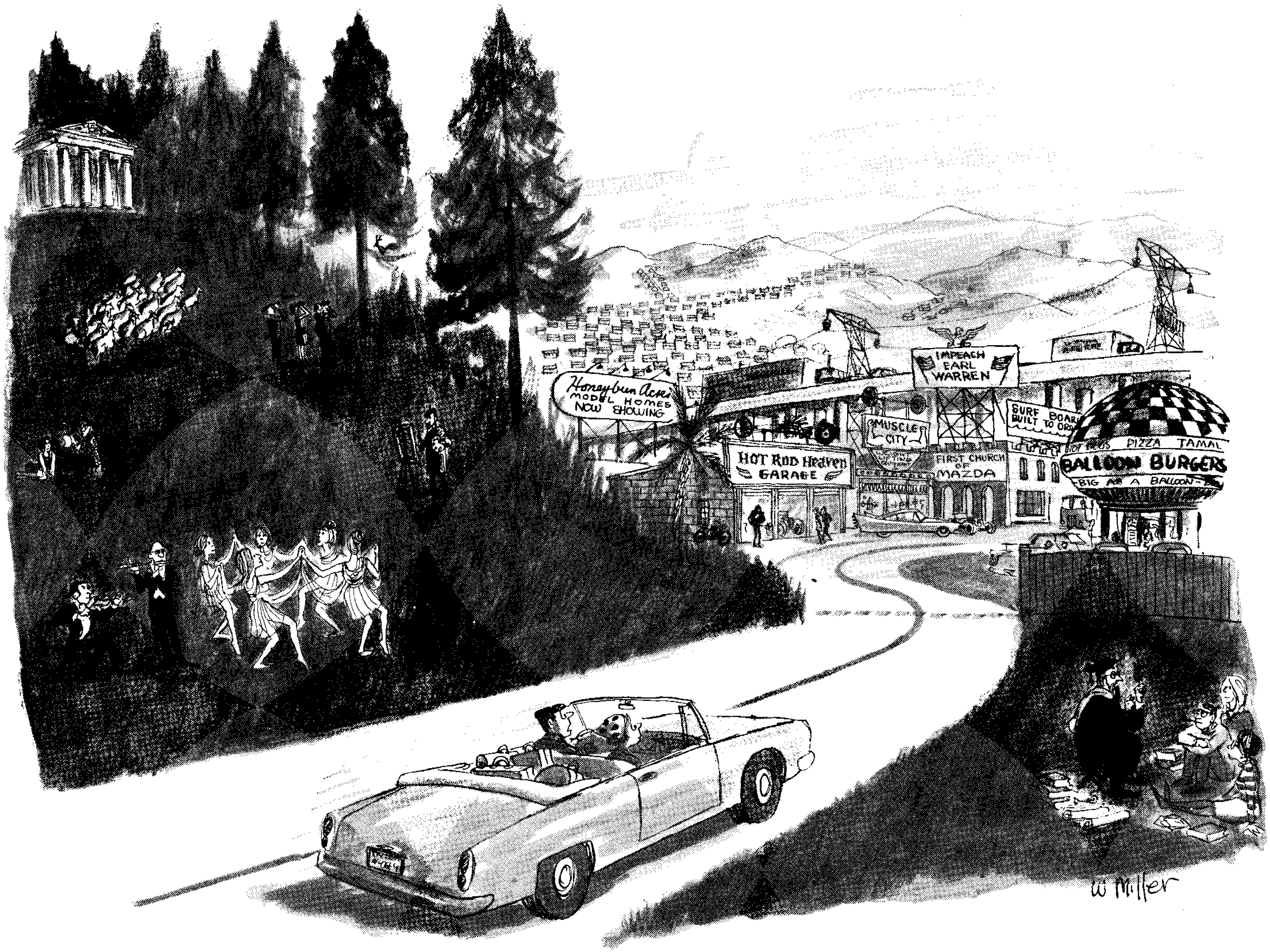
The two twelve-year-olds were just coming out of the surf, sopping wet, as we turned back, and we asked Steven, who was shivering a bit, how the waves were.

"Too small," he said, "and too cold. I'm going to get a hot dog."

We asked him what he likes about surfing and he thought for a moment, and then flashed his braces. "It's like having the power to command the wave," he declared, and Kevin nodded. "A sense of power," Steven added, and then they trotted toward the underpass, and the hot-dog stand, carrying the big boards.

Classification

A WORLD traveller reports that he was browsing through the bookshop in the Palace Hotel in Madrid recently, and specifically through two



"I don't think I ever before realized the distinct difference between northern and southern California."

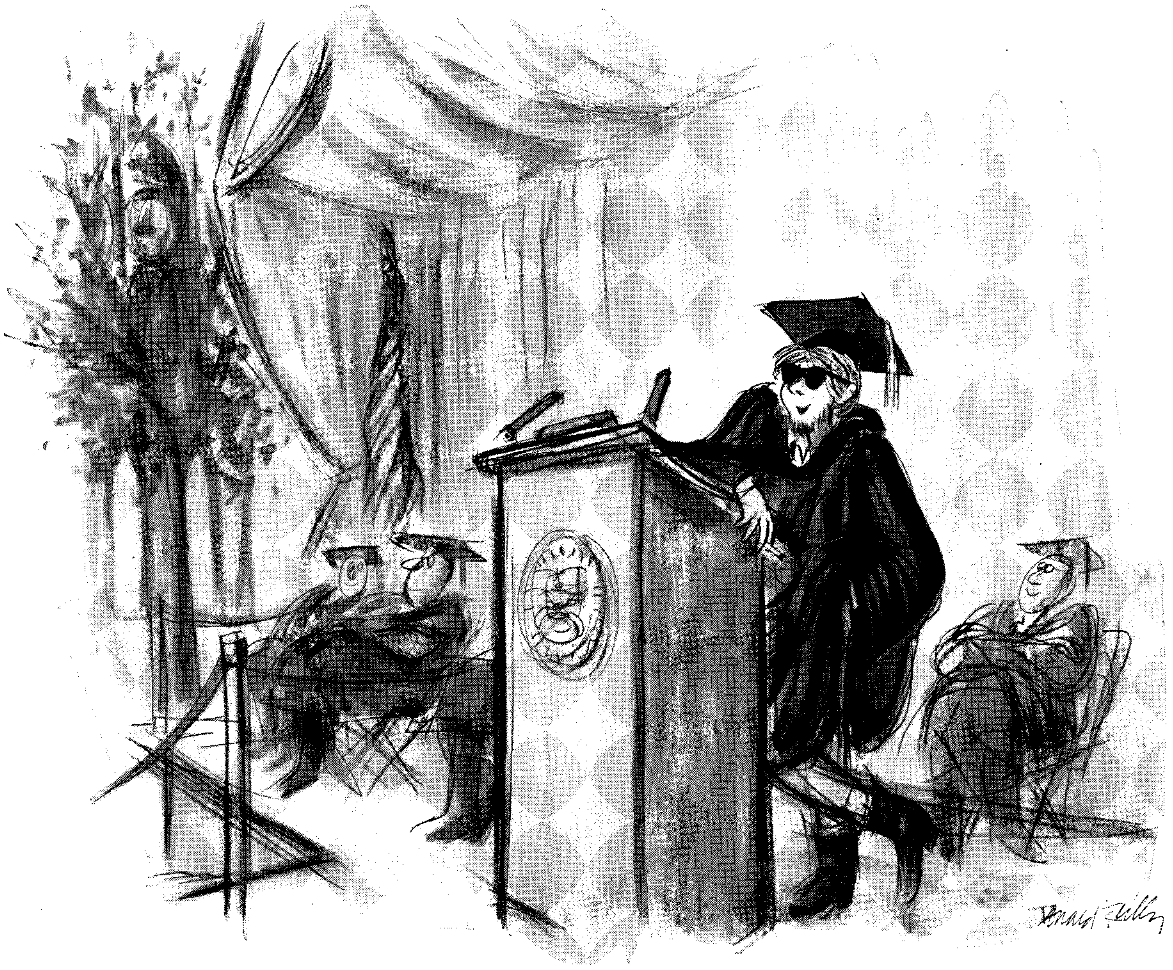
• •

English-language shelves devoted to paperback detective stories ("The Case of This," "The Case of That," and so on), when his eye fell on a volume titled "The Case for Conservatism."

Larry Josephson

TURN on your radio at breakfast time and what do you hear? The bland, patronizing voice of a grown-up Captain Kangaroo, most likely, burbling along with upbeat banalities and verbal Muzak; an overdose of weather and traffic reports; cocktail-lounge music and a little news, as terse as your hard-boiled egg. If you have a low threshold of pain in these matters, you might switch to WBAI-FM (99.5) at seven some morning for fast relief, and listen to Larry Josephson, a refreshing, honest-to-goodness human being, who may infuriate you or amuse you, or both, but who is not apt to bore you back to sleep. Josephson presents no news, no traffic, no weather, and no cheery observations. In fact, he Hates Mornings. During his program, which lasts two hours, he assaults a variety of hallowed precepts and revered institutions; reflects on subjects that other networks would dare mention only in a solemn, carefully balanced documentary; makes puns; talks to people who call up—and is likely to insult them if he doesn't care for their ideas or attitude; orders a bagel from a nearby delicatessen and, when it arrives, eats it, audibly; reads letters and throws them away; and plays a lot of records, which, on a given day, might include an old pianola roll, a hymn, the Beatles, an Irish patriotic song, Judy Collins, a spiritual, a march, Simon & Garfunkel, a Catholic lecture on morality, Tom Lehrer's "Vatican Rag," a parody of a Jewish wedding, some New Orleans jazz, and, almost always, the "William Tell" Overture. Josephson speaks in a casual, gentle voice, and—in sharp contrast to most radio programs—there is often some plain, ordinary silence on the show, while he is answering the door to get his bagel, or picking a record from the library, or even just resting or thinking.

We met Larry Josephson at six-forty-five one morning last week at WBAI, which consists of some cramped offices and small, cluttered studios on the second and third floors of 30 East Thirty-ninth Street. (The station is an educational, non-profit one, sponsored by its listeners.) Josephson turned out to be an easygoing, pleasant, unpretentious young man of twenty-eight, with a portly figure and a large black beard. "I got this morning show by default," he told us as he went around turning on the station's transmitter, plugging in cords, and cuing up records in his small studio. "Nobody else wanted to get up this early. I'm a night person myself, and the only conscious posture I had was to be Against the Morning. What I didn't realize was that there was a tremendous audience out there—I don't know how many millions—with a tremendous need for someone to be natural, to be grumpy. There's great hostility to artificial cheerfulness like John Gambling's and Big Wilson's. People listen to them because it's De-



". . . But before I lay my valedictory on you, I'd just like to thank a couple of truly groovy parents, a deeply swinging faculty, and a really beautiful administration for making the whole scene possible."

• •

pendable Noise. The first compliment I got was people saying, 'You make us *listen* to what you're saying. We can't just shave.' Radio and television are still oriented to bland values; they haven't attempted to communicate with the new people—people who are committed, or thinking, or alienated. So I have a ready-made, hip audience, which I can talk to on my own level. This sounds very pompous!" He smiled and added, "I have a lot of contempt for some of them, though—people who think they are hip but are really rigid." He cued up a "William Tell" Overture on one of three turntables that flanked his chair and told us he works in the afternoons as a computer analyst at John W. Gilmore & Associates. "There's a kind of satisfaction in working with and mastering complex systems," he said. "You take real-world problems, like the flow of materials through a factory, and figure out a way a computer can control this. Incidentally, computer programmers aren't at all the bloodless types they're supposed to be. Most of them are very strong individualists." He sat down in his chair, facing a control panel, a microphone, and, above, a pink poster for a "Fat-In." He glanced at a few letters, and then turned back to us. "The program oscillates wildly," he said. "Sometimes I'm so hung up I can't function. I just sit and moan, and I'm caustic. Other times, a comment or some music will set me off, and I'll be happy. The program is therapy for me; I'm expressing my own needs."

Josephson told us he was raised in California. "My family was Liberal-Democratic Jewish," he said. "I rebelled against them in various ways, but not politically. I had kind of an unhappy childhood. I was a studied nonconformist all through school, and I suffered for it. I was lonely, and I developed certain attitudes as a defense. I became very facile at coping with situations that seemed to threaten me, and I was acute at sensing other people's inadequacies—especially teachers' and politicians'. I was a lonely, cynical person who was perceptive in a certain way but blind to himself." He went to the University of California, where, he said, "I suffered the fate of the typical guy who was bright at high school—when I got to Berkeley, I found I wasn't anything very special. Fellow-students and teachers were not easily classifiable; my structure of heroes and villains became meaningless. I wasn't a political activist. My passion for band music led me into the band. I heard a march over a loudspeaker one day, followed the sound, and in a minute they had me trying on a uniform. I played the cymbals, and it was a lot of fun. There were a hundred and fifty people in the band organization, and we had a budget of sixty thousand dollars, and we travelled all over. We had a lot of spirit. It was a social outlet, and a source of friends, and a chance to be in the public eye." After college, Josephson went to work for I.B.M., and then came to WBAI part-time, doing a variety of jobs. "Radio was a big part of my childhood, and I still listen to the same clock-radio I had when I was fourteen," he said. "Later on, I was a ham operator, too."

We asked him about his current life. He thought for a moment, and then said, "I'm still pretty much of a loner. I don't seek people out. I read a lot—right now I'm hung up on Eric Hoffer—and I have a girl friend. I go to the movies. Most of the time I'm quiet, and listening. I like to look at people. I still have a residue of my old shallowness and hardness, but maybe a new sensitivity. Someone who is genuinely loving and genuinely warm turns me on, and so do children—particularly natural children."

It was time for the program to start. Josephson put on a set of orange earphones, and a moment later he was on the air. "From the Chutzpah Room of the Hotel Sinai," he announced pleasantly, over a strident rendition of "The Darktown Strutters' Ball" and the sound of machine-gun fire. "It's the music of Gamal Abdel Nasser and His Orchestra. How 'bout that, Peace Fans?"

IL TALENTO MYSTERIOSO

IT was, I recall, on a torpid New York evening in the late summer of 1965, nearly two years ago now, that I had the first inkling that I possess an almost supernatural gift for translating foreign languages into English. My wife and I, along with a couple named Bert and Ella Amberstone, had been to the Greenwich Theatre to see a revival of Antonioni’s “L’Avventura,” a film we’d all somehow missed on its first trip around, and afterward, when we adjourned to a West Eleventh Street restaurant called Gene’s, there was about twenty minutes of dead silence, during which none of the four of us—fiddling with saltcellars, tapping our fingers on the tabletop, gazing up at the ceiling—could think of a damned thing to say about the movie. Finally, in desperation, I broke the ice. “ ‘L’Avventura,’ ” I said, nervously clearing my throat. “I suppose you’d translate that as ‘The Adventure.’ ”

Ella Amberstone gazed at me in amazement. “Do you know Italian?” she asked, a hint of wonder in her voice.

“Actually, no,” I admitted. “I don’t know a word of Italian.”

“Well, I think that’s in*cred*ible,” she said. “Your translation is inspired, getting over the literal meaning perfectly while at the same time capturing all of the subtler nuances in the title.”

“Really?” I said, blushing, unable to suppress a pleased grin. Ella, as I only then remembered, had lived in Florence for three years and spoke Italian fluently.

“Come on—you’ve studied Italian,” she said, winking at her husband. Apparently, she thought that I was kidding her.

“Uh-uh, I swear,” I said, my grin getting even broader. “It just sort of came to me. ‘The Adventure.’ ”

AT first, I assumed that my flawless translation of “L’Avventura” had been a fluke, but suddenly I found that I had an uncanny ability to translate all sorts of things from Italian into English. Somehow, I seemed to be particularly good on Antonioni titles, and the Amberstones were soon telling all of their friends about my translations of “La Notte” and “L’Eclisse”—“The Night” and “The Eclipse,” as I’d rendered them from the colloquial Italian into English.

I next made the staggering discovery that, again without knowing a word of the language, I could also translate from French into English with mysterious ease, and our little circle of acquaintances, led by the Amberstones, was abuzz for days with excited talk of my translations of “La Belle Dame sans Merci” (“The Beautiful Lady Without Mercy”) and “Les Enfants du Paradis” (“The Infants of Paradise”). Finally, beginning to frighten even myself, I found that I could also translate German, another language I didn’t know, as I next rendered into English both “Der Rosenkavalier” (“The Rosens’ Cavalier”) and Nietzsche’s “Also Sprach Zarathustra” (“Zarathustra Spoke Also”).

“But how do you *do* it?” my friends kept asking me.

“I don’t know, it just comes to me—maybe something like the way Jeane Dixon can tell the future,” I’d answer.

“Well, it’s spooky,” they’d say. “Damned spooky.” And I had to admit that they were right.

One of the things that made all this especially mystifying was the fact that, having gone to a series of extremely progressive schools, including a Montana college where I had majored in madrigal singing, I had never taken a single course in any language—not even English. My wife, Karen, who went to the same college I did, taking her degree in spot welding, was similarly handicapped. Nor had Karen or I had the opportunity to learn a foreign language first hand, for until a couple of months ago, when we spent two weeks in Europe, neither of us had ever been outside of the United States. Our sojourn in Europe, by the way, wasn’t a pleasure jaunt but a business trip, my first for a new company I’d recently joined. I managed to sneak Karen along, and we went first to Amsterdam, via Pan Am from New York, and then to Rome.

Despite my proved ability to understand languages that I didn’t know, I must admit that we both had the jitters as our plane landed at Amsterdam. After all, if we couldn’t speak a word of the language, how were we going to find a hotel, get meals, or even buy a pack of Pall Malls? And how was I to transact my business, which involved trying to sell ski tows to the Dutch government? Thus, as I edgily saw it, we were literally banking everything on my mysterious talent for languages.

“Well, here goes nothing,” I said to Karen as, having got through customs, we walked timidly into the main waiting room of the Amsterdam air terminal.

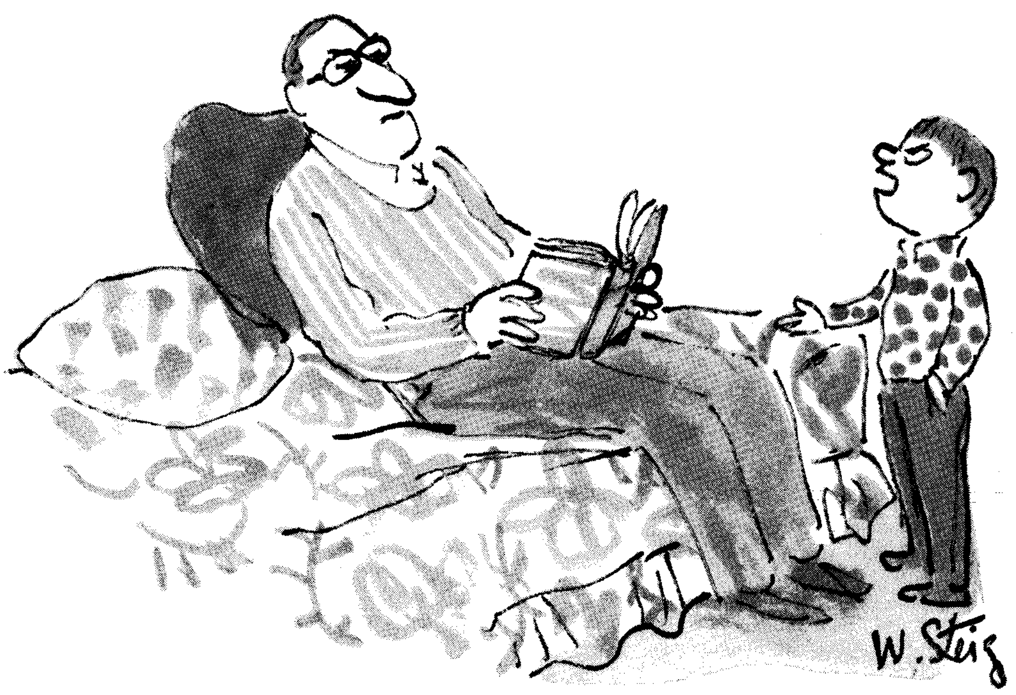
“So what do we do now?” asked Karen nervously.

“Phone for a hotel reservation,” I said.

“But how, *how*?” wailed Karen. “We don’t know any Dutch.”

Suddenly, looking across the waiting room, I spied a row of glass booths, above which there was a sign saying “Telefoon.” “Hey, look,” I said excitedly to Karen, “ ‘*telefoon*.’ That’s going to be your ‘telephone.’ God damn! I can speak Dutch, and I didn’t even know it.”

And I could. In the phone book I found the number of a hotel some friends had recommended, and then I



“Oh, come on, Dad! You make lots of money!”

cleverly watched a small Dutch child use the *telefoon*, and imitated his deft dialling technique. Unfortunately, the people at the hotel spoke to me in English, incredibly having guessed that I was a foreigner, so I didn't have a chance to try out my Dutch on them. But within the hour, after I had made a reservation, we were settled in a suite in the Grand Hotel Krasnapolsky and I was translating Dutch for Karen right and left. "Look," I said to her, pointing to the room-service menu, "for breakfast you can have *koffie*. That's going to be what we in English call 'coffee.' "

"You're amazing," said Karen.

"And this switch here," I went on, "the one marked 'Muziek.' Unless I miss my guess, this ought to give us music." And, sure enough, when I flicked the switch our room was flooded with an aria from "Lucia di Lammermoor" ("Lucy from Lammermoor"). Later, after freshening up, we wandered out to explore Amsterdam, stopping to have a *bier* and a hot dog, *met mosterd* (anyone baffled by words I have left untranslated here can surely get help from the Dutch Embassy in Washington), in a café, to pick up a pack of Pall Mall *cigaretten*, and to buy a *postkaart* to mail back to the magnificent Amberstones. It was a *warme* afternoon, a *Zaterdag*, the beginning of the *weekeinde*, and we had a gay time strolling about. And not once, in our various dealings with Dutch waiters and so forth, was I at a loss for a *woord*, although I was admittedly *helpt* by the fact that everyone in Amsterdam above the age of four seems to be able to speak English with the facility of Sir John Gielgud.

On the way back to the Krasnapolsky, Karen spied a newsstand displaying the international edition of the New York *Times*, but, disdaining the *Times*, I bought a copy of an Amsterdam paper, *De Telegraaf*, or, as I translated it for Karen, "*The Telegraph.*" Up in our room, I was soon reading *De Telegraaf* from one end to the other, beginning with a front-page story about *Amerikaanse troepen* in *Zuid-Vietnam*, going on to the sports *nieuws*, and finishing off with my daily *horoscoop* ("*Maakt plannen voor een lange periode van disharmonie*").

HAVING been perfectly able to understand Dutch, I felt not a twinge of nervousness when, after five marvellous days in Amsterdam, marred only by my failure to unload a single ski tow, we flew on to Rome. After all, I assured Karen, Italian had been the first language in which my weird gift had evidenced itself. Nonetheless, I couldn't help feeling elated when, as soon as we got off the plane, I was able to usher Karen straight up to a sign saying "Passaporto Controllo."

"Passport control," I whispered to her out of the side of my mouth.

"How do you know?" she asked.

"I just know, that's all," I replied. "It's this spooky gift of mine." And damned if I wasn't right again. "Son of a gun," I said happily to Karen. "It isn't just Antonioni titles—I can speak Italian as well as I can speak Dutch!"

And I could. In fact, within forty-five *minuti* we had checked into the Hotel Excelsior, on the Via Veneto (Veneto Street), and had stepped out to a nearby *ristorante* for dinner, where, as Karen sat with her jaw agape, I calmly ordered an entire meal in Italian: *zuppa di spinaci*, *bistecca* with creamed *asparagi* and a baked *patata*, a big bottle of *vino*, and, for dessert, a nice piece *frutta*—a *banana*.

"It's unbe*lie*vable," Karen said as she peeled her *banana*.

"Yup, it is," I said, leaning grandly back in my chair and lighting an after-dinner *sigaro*.

Later, back at the Excelsior, before going to bed, I casually read through an Italian magazine that I'd picked up at the newsstand downstairs, starting with an article about an amazing new *dieta*, going on to a short story entitled "Un Matrimonio in Crisi," and finishing off with my *oroscopo* ("*Prepararsi per un periodo negativo*").

The following morning, eager to get on with my business, I rose early. My business in Rome, by the way, involved not ski tows but stained-glass windows, another product of the American company I was representing—a diversified Schenectady outfit that markets a line of ski tows, orthopedic shoes, stained-glass windows, and canoe paddles. In any event, leaping out of bed at 7 A.M., I picked up the *telefono*, called down to room service for a cup of *caffè*, and then headed for the bathroom.

"Ah," I shouted to Karen, "I'm going to take myself a nice icy *caldo* shower!"

"Hey, sweetie, I don't think that '*caldo*' means—" Karen called out to me, but it was too late. With a badly scalded back, I was carted off screaming to *l'ospedale*, where I lay in agony and sullen *silenzio* for the next week.

My *caldo* shower was *un totale disastro*, and so, unhappily, was my business trip, for almost as soon as we returned to New York I was fired. Going over on the plane, I'd sold a pair of orthopedic shoes to a gimpy stewardess, but, as I mentioned, I didn't get rid of any ski tows in Amsterdam, and in Rome I wrote orders for only fourteen dollars' worth of stained-glass windows. Thus, my territory—lower Manhattan, Holland, and Italy—was turned over to another salesman. At the moment, in fact, I'm still out of work, but there ought to be a hot-shot job around somewhere for a go-getter who can translate fluently from Dutch, German, and French, and whose Italian is almost *lettera perfetta*.

—Thomas Meehan

JOURNEY OF A LADY, ON HORSEBACK AND, LATER, BY WATER

Plum blossoms hung from every tree
the day I left
and from one tree
the most white blossoms.
The sun rose,
white, and made the sky white.
I headed west
along the river.

All day the colors darkened
till at noon the sun was gold,
the river rolled
by golden trees.
I continued joyful
among leaves
as thick about my head
as the thickening river.

Thieves caught me at dusk
near a dark tree
and fell on my horse
and also on me,
murderous.
Thinking me dead,
they left me to the river
as the rain broke.

Now, carried in darkness,
I have forgotten trees,
leaves, flowers,
can only feel
the driving river,
the rain, and, at my back,
the cracked
intoxicating sky.

—Jane Hayman

THE GOOD HUMOR MAN

ALL through that hot, slow summer, I lived alone, on ice-cream sandwiches and gin, in a one-room apartment on Carmine Street, waiting while James divorced me. In June he sent a letter saying, "Dear Anne, I have gone West to get the divorce." I was not sure where he meant by "West" and I did not believe he could just do that, without me, until I noticed that he had used the definite article. James was an English instructor at Columbia, and his grammar was always precise. So I knew that he could. The letter arrived two days before graduation. I remember taking it from the mailbox as I left the apartment, stopping just inside the shadow of the doorway to open it. Outside, the sun glanced off Carmine Street and rose in waves of heat, assaulting the unemptied garbage cans by the stoop. For the past week I had been planning to go to graduation. I wanted to see James walk in the academic procession as a member of the faculty, wearing a cap and gown. When the pain struck, I also felt a childish chagrin at having been disappointed.

For the past year, everything had gone badly with us, and James had wanted a separation. He had met someone else. I didn't want him to leave, and for months I alternated between anger and tears. With each new outburst, he became more determined. I never meant to throw his copy of Milton out the window. Finally, just after Christmas, James left, packing his share of our belongings. I didn't know where he had moved to; he wouldn't tell me. I put the rest—one-half of everything—in storage and sublet a small walkup in the South Village. I still wanted to see James, though I knew there was someone else, and I began to search for him. He did not want to encounter me; he hated scenes. That winter and spring, I pursued James through the cold, crowded streets of New York like an incompetent sleuth. What I remember of those sad months merges into one speeded-up sequence, as silent and jumpy as an old movie.

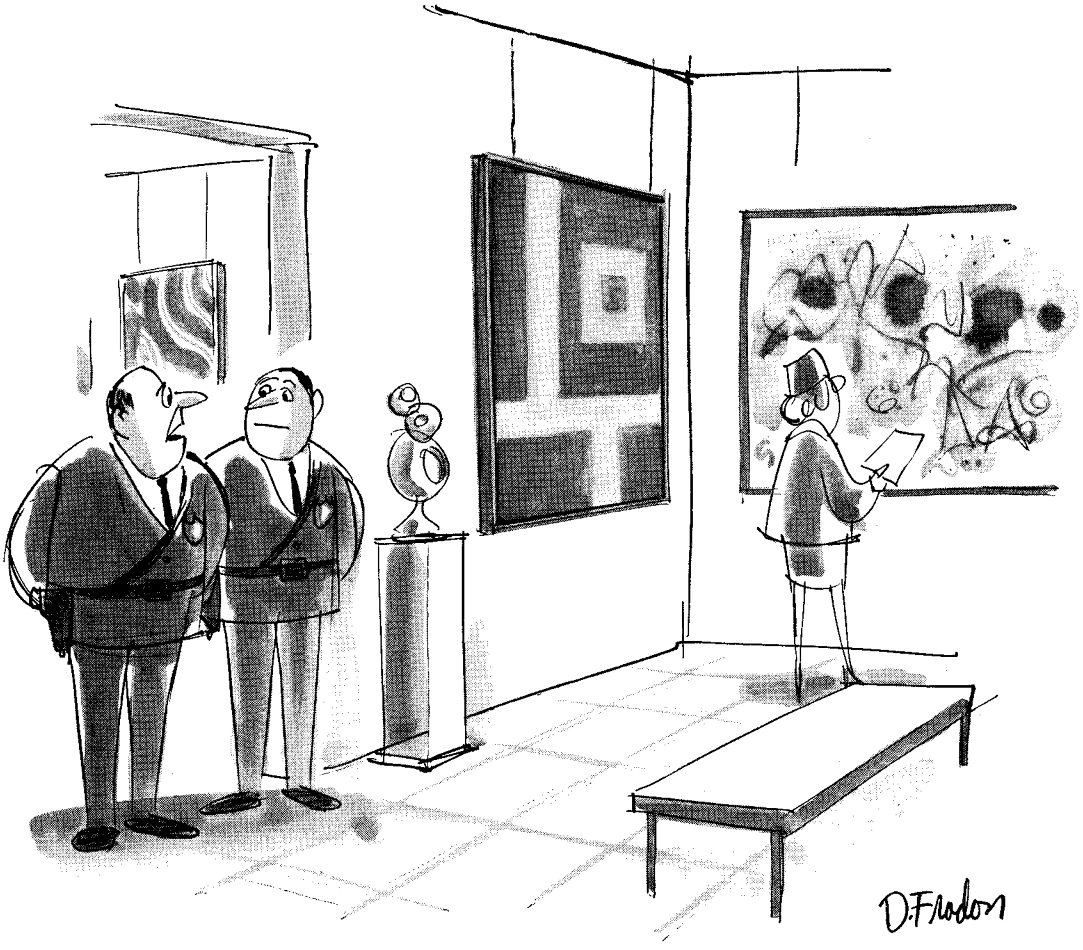
It started one January afternoon, chilly and gray. I was wearing a trenchcoat and scarf. Rain blew in on me where I stood, in the doorway of the Chinese laundry on Amsterdam Avenue. My bangs were dripping down onto my dark glasses, so that I could scarcely see who got off the No. 11 bus opposite Columbia. I was coming down with a damn cold. Inside, the Chinaman could be seen talking rapidly to his wife. He pointed repeatedly to me and then to his watch.

In February, I spotted James leaving Butler Library. He glanced nervously over his shoulder. Four girls in scarves and trenchcoats were approaching from various directions of the campus; they were converging on the library. His cheek twitched and he pulled his coat collar high up around his neck.

March, and I sat on a stool looking out the window of the Chock Full O'Nuts at 116th Street and Broadway, watching the subway entrance. The sun burned through the plate glass, and the four cups of coffee I had already drunk were making me so hot that the subway entrance seemed to swim. I ordered an orange drink.

April. James started down the steps of the New York Public Library. Forty-second Street was jammed with marchers. It was a peace demonstration and they were walking—carrying signs, carrying babies—to the U.N. Some were singing. On the other side of Fifth Avenue, a girl in dark glasses and a trenchcoat jumped up and down, apparently waving to him. He ducked his head and slipped in among the New Jersey contingent, whose signs proclaimed that they had walked from New Brunswick. Someone handed him a sign. He held it in front of his face and crossed Fifth Avenue. The girl in dark glasses greeted her friend, a woman in tweeds, and they walked off toward Peck & Peck. I stepped out from behind the south lion and joined the march.

And then May. I was baby-sitting for another faculty wife, who supplied me with an infant in yellow overalls and a large aluminum stroller. Under new leaves, cinematically green, we travelled slowly back and forth, bumping over the bricks of Campus Walk, courting sunstroke. It was my most effective disguise. I concentrated my attention on Hamilton Hall, trying to see in the windows. Suddenly there was a rending howl from the stroller. I went rigid with shock; I had forgotten



"You think this job is hard on you! What about me? I'm a Philistine."

"Who would have thought fifty years ago that we'd be spending our sunset years in front of a television set, watching the 'Merv Griffin Show'?"

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about the baby. James, disguised as a Ph.D., left by a side entrance.

June. Once again I was in that doorway on Carmine Street. I was always standing in that doorway. I was about to cry, and then I walked down the street unable to stop crying. I didn't know where I was going.

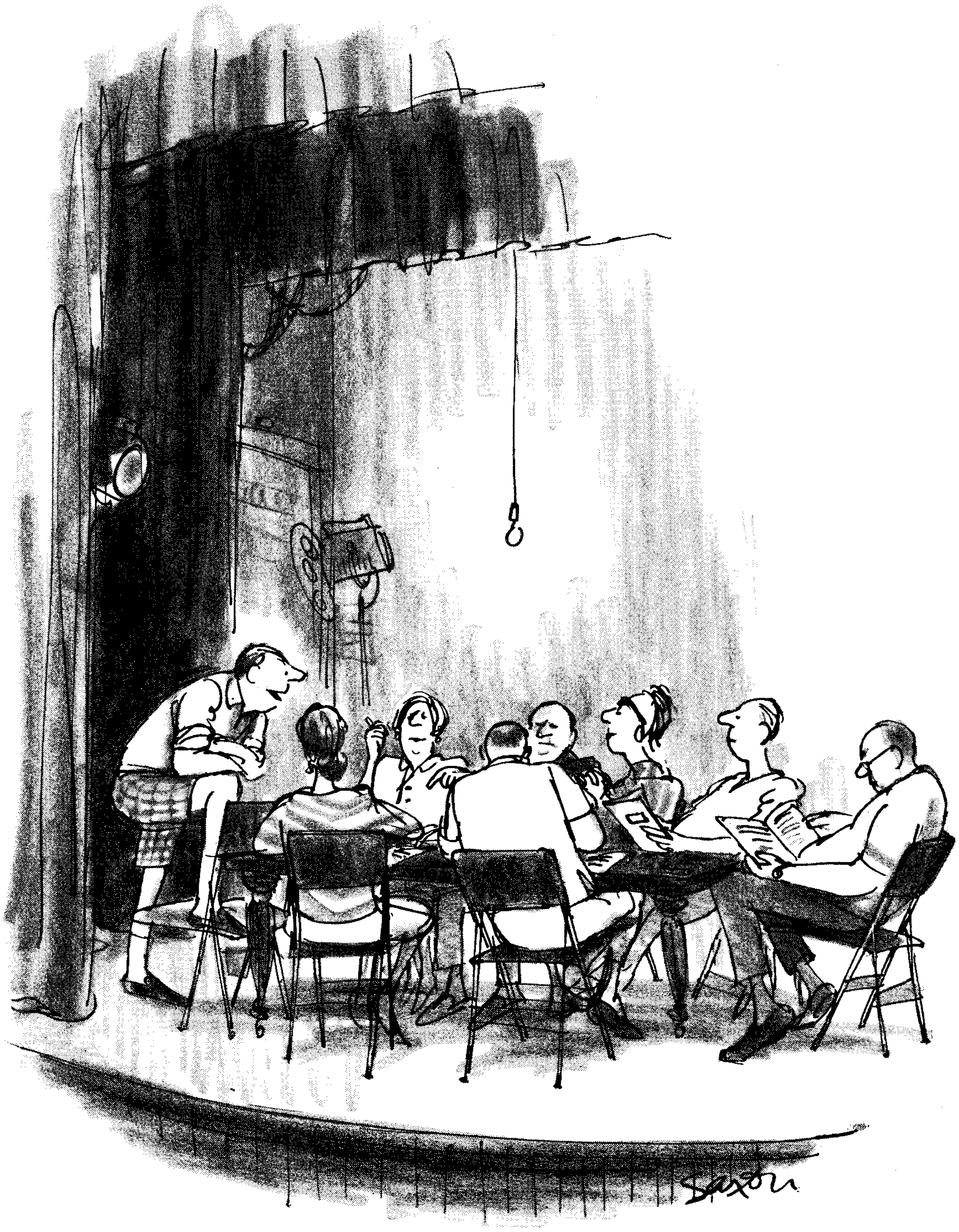
AND so I lived in the one room I had sublet all that summer. I can still see it. There was a couch, a grand piano, and a window that looked out onto a tree and the back of Our Lady of Pompeii School. (The first morning, I was abruptly awakened by a loudspeaker ordering me to wear my hat tomorrow, to Mass. I was confused; I didn't think I had a hat.) The couch, the piano, and I were the three largest objects in the apartment, and we felt a kinship. It was very quiet when the school term ended. I slept on the couch and set my orange-juice glasses on the grand piano. The one or two people whom I knew in New York seemed to have left for the summer. They were faculty people anyway—more James' friends than mine. The part-time job I had in a branch of the Public Library was over; they had gone on summer hours.

I see it so clearly—the window, the couch, the glass on the piano. It is as if I am still there and that endless summer is just beginning. I pour a little more gin in my orange juice. I am drinking orange juice because it has Vitamin C, and I don't like gin straight. Gin is for sleep; it is infallible. I sit on the couch facing the piano and switch the light off behind me. Through the leaves of the tree I can see the lighted back windows of Leroy Street. The dark air coming in my open window is sweet, smelling of night, garbage, and cats. Sounds hover just outside, hesitating to cross the sill. I lean to hear them, and sit in the window, placing my orange juice on the fire escape. Down through the black iron slats I can dimly make out one . . . two, three neighborhood cats stalking each other, brushing through the high weeds, converging toward some lusty surprise. On the top of the piano there is a metronome. I reach over and release its armature. The pendulum swings free—*tock*-over, *tock*-over. I sit looking out across the night. *Tock* in the heavy, slow darkness. *Tock*-over. People framed in the Leroy Street windows are eating at tables, talking soundlessly, passing back and forth. Yellow light filters down in shadows, through the leaves and onto the court, darkly outlining the high wild grass, the rusted cans and gray bottles. I reach over and slide the weight all the way down. The pendulum springs away from my hand, ticking wildly, gathering velocity. Accelerando! In the dark below, the cats dance.

When I awake the next morning, it is already hot and my head hurts. I carefully circle the piano and fill the bathroom basin with cold water. I plunge my face into it, staring down through the cold at the pockmarked porcelain, the gray rubber stopper, until my lungs hurt. After a few minutes, I leave the apartment, bangs dripping, walk through the dark hallway, down a flight of stairs, and out onto the burning pavement of Carmine Street. Pushing against the heat, I cross to the luncheonette on Father Demo Square. This is where I buy my morning ice-cream sandwich. The ice cream is for protein, its cold for my head; the two chocolate-cookie layers merely make it manageable. The sun dries my wet bangs into stiff points over my throbbing forehead. I squint and wish I had my dark glasses. Standing by the corner of Bleecker and Sixth Avenue is a glaring white metal pushcart. A squat man in white pants and rolled shirtsleeves leans a hairy arm on its handle and with the other wipes his brow beneath his white cap. Along the side of the cart, brown letters on a yellow background announce, "Chocolate Malt Good Humor." I walk toward the sign, drawn slowly across Bleecker Street. On the sidewalk chairs at Provenzano's Fish Market two old Italians are slipping clams down their throats, sipping juice from the shells. Dead fish, plumped in barrels of ice, eye me, baleful but cool. The air smells of fish and lemon. I confront the Good Humor man and we squint at each other. "Chocolate Malt Good Humor," I say.

The next week, the Good Humor flavor changes. As I cross Carmine Street, dry-mouthed and stunned in the sunny morning, I read, "Strawberry Shortcake Good Humor." The letters, red against pink, vibrate in the glare. Behind the Good Humor cart, Bleecker Street is in motion. Provenzano's has strung black-and-silver eels in the window. The shop awnings are unrolled, and the canopied vegetable carts form an arcade up toward Seventh Avenue. Italian housewives in black are arguing with the venders, ruffling lettuces, squeezing the hot flesh of tomatoes, fondling gross, purple eggplants. Ice melts and runs from the fish barrels. I tear the wrapper off my Good Humor—frozen cake crumbs over strawberry-rippled vanilla ice cream—and, tasting its cold, proceed up this noisy galleria. My sandals leak, and I hold my breath passing the clam bar. Loose cabbage leaves scush under my soles, and strawberry sherbet runs down the stick onto my fingers. It is another hot day. At one o'clock, the Department of Parks outdoor swimming pool on the corner of Carmine, where Seventh Avenue becomes Varick Street, is going to open. I have discovered that for thirty-five cents I can stay there until seven in the evening, swimming endless lengths, pastorally shielded from Seventh Avenue by the bathhouse and the two-story Hudson Park branch Public Library. There my neighbors and I lie and tan on the hot city cement, shivering when the late-afternoon shadow of the building creeps over the pale water and turns it dark green. I stay there late every day, until all warmth is gone and evening falls. I no longer cry. I merely wait.

In the last week of June (Coconut Good Humor—a shaggy, all-white confection of shredded coconut frozen on vanilla ice cream), I receive a letter from a Fifth Avenue lawyer telling me that he represents James and that I must consult him in his offices. I find his address formidable. It reminds me that I have not left my safe, low neighborhood for weeks. When I arrive, the lawyer is all smiles and amiability. I sit tensely, feeling strange in white gloves and high heels, while he tells me that James is in Reno, establishing a residence. He asks me if I have a lawyer of my own. I shake my head; I do not want a lawyer. This seems to surprise and annoy him. He shows me a paper that I may sign delegating some Nevada lawyer to represent me. It is only a form, but it is necessary. When it is all over, he says I may have some money, a fair and equable share of our joint assets—if I sign the paper. He offers me a cigarette while I think about it, but I am wearing gloves and I refuse. I do not want to take them off, as if this gesture will somehow make me vulnerable. My gloved hands in my lap look strange, too white below my brown arms. I stare at them and wish I were back on Carmine Street. The lawyer's office is very elegant, with green velvet curtains and an Oriental rug. There is a slim-legged sofa and a low, marble-topped coffee table. All of the walls are panelled in dark oak, and there is a fireplace. I wonder who he is trying to kid. The lawyer pretends to reasonableness. I only want to see James. I do not want to sign anything. I shake my head; I will wait. He looks pained. He does not say so, but he manages to indicate that I am being foolish and unreasonable. I nod yes, and sit mutely. I want to tell this man that when James comes home I am going to be perfect. I wish someone could tell James now that I have stopped crying. The lawyer sighs and takes out a summons, explaining that he is serving me now, if that is all right with me, because he would only



"Now, the first thing we have to get straight is what exactly Aristophanes was trying to say."

A SUITE OF CHILDREN

I

Through Their Parents' Eyes

What we have brought from excursions
into the dark islands
and won halfway to day:
shadows, sly extensions
of our most secret selves
and all we would become.
(In the moist clay,
how the least imprint shines
immutably,
and yet these etched meanings
are not our own.)
And though all night we lie
hearing the car wheels hum
on the dark highways,
what will go away
and come back wholly changed
into the features
of the past,
bearing gifts: small shadows
in which we shall rest.

II

The Old Maid Speaks

Noises
trampling the flower beds
and turning the hair of lawns
gray;
or in the depths next door
faint cries
fading up the stairs
into the yellow room
with shades drawn,
where the sounds of play drift
under the curtains
of sad ears;
or echoes
of no sounds at all
heard in empty rooms and hallways
through which one moves
like a tired light.

III

A Cat's-Eye View

Less grand
than the gods of great size
but deities
who can pry up the mouth
of plenty.
Roisterers, roaring boys,
despisers of sleep and pleasure,
but fragile—
small—
to be indulged.

When the black dog closes
the jaws of dreams,
they are things to be seized by the neck
and carried
to a safe place.

Though in other dreams they come
with long sticks—
nightmares—
and beat you to death.

IV

The Storyteller Talks

Through the limbs of trees they glide,
shaking the green fruits down,
or run through the milkweed fields
of summer,
all in a blond rhythm
with the wind,
or patter the woods of fall
like leaves.

In a time before our time
they are living—at night
huddled beneath the covers
of caves,
plotting with bears and lions
the fall of man,

but feel already turning
under their feet
the days,
and move brightly downward
into the dark countries
of the mind.

V

The Land of Books

Opening the front cover,
they find the world
charted in greens and browns,
with blue pictures for the houses
of Eyore, Rat, and Mole.

Each day, a new sun chooses
a different path
and new songs blossom
on ripe lips,
or, lying on the warm bridge
of afternoon,
dropping the willow sticks
on the stream's face,
they watch them
floating down,
down,
their hands beneath their chins.

Though after the sun goes in
the wildwood is a place
of whispers and eyes
that shine inscrutably,
even there Badger,
with his deep pockets and ripeness,
is king.

But listen! Under those pages,
there are strange whisperings
of lands beyond,
and always at the far turning
the dark river
bends
and disappears
with its shy freightage of gold.

VI

Inside, Looking Out

The beanstalk mounts
into the sky,
and the tired prisoner
waits.

They are up too high to see
how distance injures the world,
and how imagined tears
may smart as much as those
they weep
after the cats are out
and the house asleep.

Leaning in playroom doors,
they nod on cunning heads
(as if from soldiers' guns
no bullet came
or soldier bled),
gazing upon that land
they make in parody
out of our play,
while up the walls we inch
into the sun
that, when the jailer comes,
snuffling his black rhymes
and riddles,
we may arise gigantically,
unlock the dungeons,
and set the land free.

—Paul Petrie

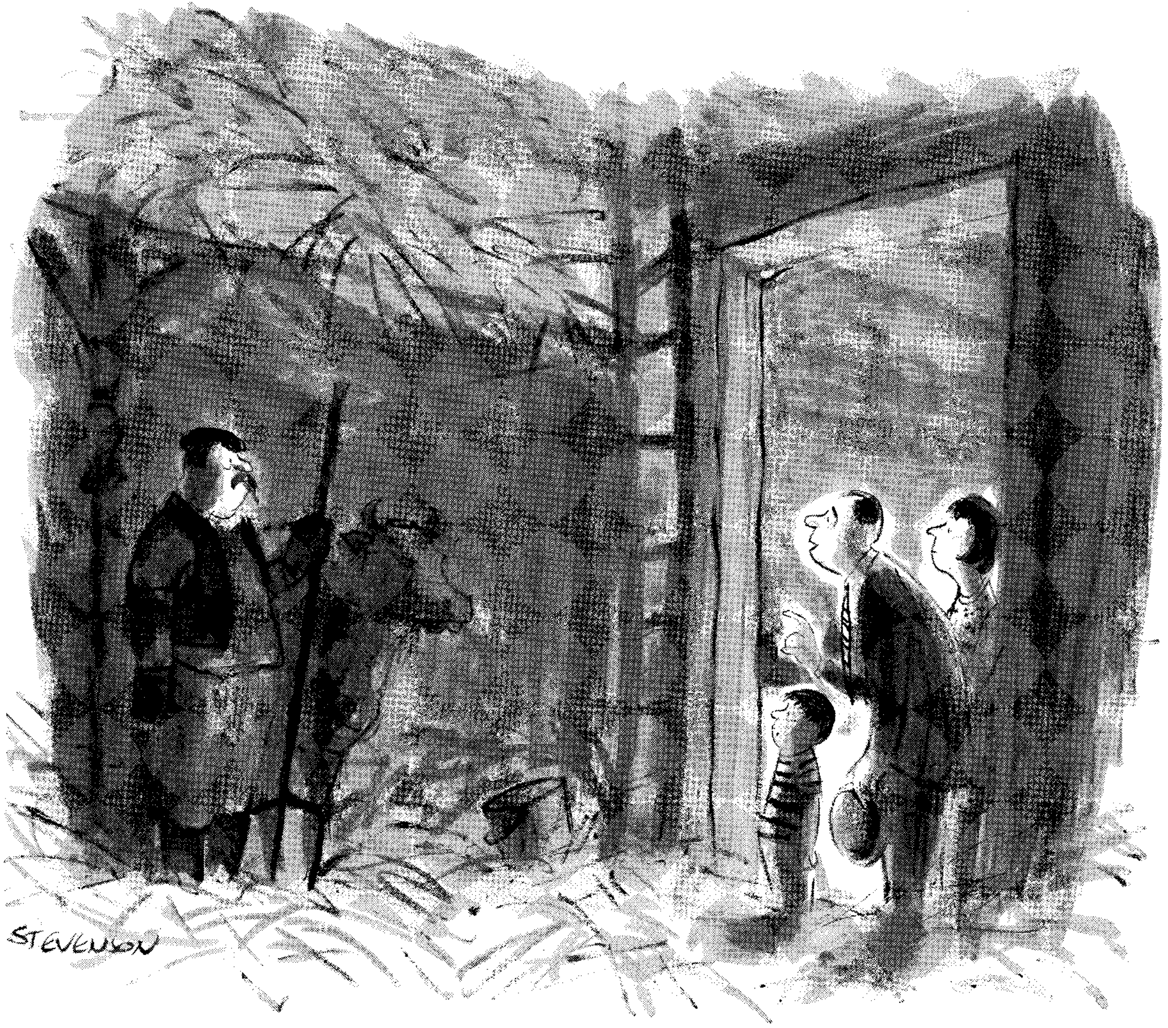
• •

have to send someone to serve me with it later. This is saving us both trouble. I nod and hold my hands in my lap. I wonder what would happen if I suddenly jumped up and hid behind the sofa. He extends the paper over his desk, and I watch it come nearer, until it wavers in front of my chest. I reach out and take it. The summons orders me to answer James' complaint in Nevada within twenty days and give reason why I should not be divorced, or be judged by default. I fold the summons in half and put it in my straw handbag. The lawyer smiles, still talking as he walks me to the elevator and shakes my hand. I am glad I am wearing gloves. He is not my friend.

ON the Fourth of July, the Good Humor company exceeds itself and, in a burst of confectionery patriotism, produces Yankee Doodle Dandy Good Humor. I admire it as I turn it around on its stick. Frozen red, white, and blue coconut on a thin coating of white encasing strawberry-striped vanilla ice cream. I salute the Good Humor man as he hands me my change.

I spend most of my time at the pool now. On hot days, the whole neighborhood lines Seventh Avenue, waiting to get in. We stand outside the brick bathhouse in the sun, smelling chlorine on the city air and eating ice cream to keep cool—children, housewives with babies, retired men, office workers taking their vacations at home. Inside the bathhouse—women's locker room to the left, men's to the right—we hurry into our bathing suits, stuffing our clothes into green metal lockers. The air is steamy from the showers. Children shriek and splash, running through the icy footbath that leads to the pool. Out in the sunlight, we greet the water with shouts, embracing the cold shock, opening our eyes beneath the silent green chill to see distorted legs of swimmers and then breaking the sun-glazed surface again, into the noise and splashing. I wear my old black racing suit from college and slather white cream over my nose. Around the pool edge, four teen-age lifeguards in orange Department of Parks suits rove the cement or take turns sitting astride the high, painted iron guard chair. They are neighborhood heroes and accept admiration from small boys with rough graciousness. The pool cop rolls up his blue shirtsleeves and sits with his cap off in the doorway of the First Aid Room, drinking Coca-Cola. We greet each other and exchange views on the heat. He looks wistfully at the pale-aqua water, but he is on duty. I line up behind the crowd at the diving board. I am working on my one-and-a-half this week, pounding the yellow plank, trying to get some spring out of the stiff wood. My form is good, and the board conceals what I lack in daring. Sometimes Ray Palumbo, Paul Anthony, and Rocky (I never did learn his last name), three of the guards, practice with me. We criticize each other and take turns holding a bamboo pole out in front of the board, high above the water, for the others to try to dive over and enter the water neatly. I am teaching Ray's little sister, Ellen, to back-dive, and her shoulders are rosy from forgetting to arch. We all stand around the board, dripping in the sun, and talk about swimming. The boys are shy with me and respectful of my age, but with their friends they are great wits; they patrol the pool, chests out for the benefit of the teen-age girls, swinging their whistles before them like censers.

I have begun to know the other regular swimmers, too. Only the very young and the very old are as free as I am. There is Paul's grandfather, who is retired; he swims a stately breaststroke the length of the pool, smiling, with his white head held high. And Mama Vincenzio, a dignified sixty, who arrives each evening resplendent in a black dressmaker suit three feet wide. She waits her turn with us at the four-foot board, wobbles to its end, and drops off, *ka-plunk*. She does this over and over, never sinking more than a foot or two below the surface before she bobs up again: *pasta*. I am not sure that she can swim, but, on the other hand, she doesn't sink, and she propels herself to the ladder as if she were sweeping floors. We smile shyly at each other for two weeks. When I finally ask her why she comes so late, she tells me she cooks supper for ten people each evening. I also recognize Mr. Provenzano, who closes the store at four-thirty in the summer and comes swimming. I have taught him to scull feet first, and now when I pass his store in the mornings he offers me a peeled shrimp or—I hold my



"Bonsoir, Monsieur. Nous sommes américains. Nous sommes ici pour visiter votre Expo 67. C'est très difficile trouver quelque place pour dormir."

• •

breath and swallow—a raw clam. I sit in the sun, dangling my feet in the water, and think of James. I try imagining him around a roulette wheel or on a dude ranch, but it doesn't work. My idea of Reno is limited. I know he should be studying, and I am sure there can't be a good library there. I wonder what he is doing, but I cannot visualize a thing. When I try, his face begins to look like a photograph I have of him, but I know he never looked like that photograph. This frightens me, so I don't think at all. I swim, and in the evenings I drink.

THE thirty-first of July is my birthday. I am twenty-five years old. It is also the day of our trial. I will not know this, however, until the twenty-seventh of August, when the divorce decree arrives in the mail. In this morning's mail I receive a funny card from my mother and one from my aunt. My mother encloses a small check "to buy something you need." I buy a bottle of Gordon's gin. When I announce my birthday to the Good Humor man, he presents me with a Hawaiian Pineapple Good Humor, gratis. It looks like a good day.

My regular friends are already at the pool when I arrive, and we wave to each other. From the two-foot board, Ellen Palumbo shouts for me to watch. She has lost her rubber band, and long black hair streams over her shoulders. Still waving, she turns carefully backward, balancing on her toes, and then, arching perfectly, as I have taught her, falls *splat* on her shoulders in the water. I wince and smile encouragingly as she surfaces. Rocky is in the water doing laps of flutter kick, holding on to a red Styrofoam kickboard. I get another board from the First Aid Room and join him. We race through the green water, maneuvering around small boys playing water tag; our feet churn spray. Suddenly my shoulder is grabbed and I am ducked from behind by Rocky's ten-year-old brother, Tony. My kickboard bobs away, and Rocky and I go after Tony, who is swimming quickly to the deep end. He escapes up the ladder and races to the diving board. Thumbing his nose, he executes a comic dive in jackknife position, one leg extended, ending in a high, satisfying splash. It is the signal for follow-the-leader. With shouts, children arrive from all sides of the pool, throwing themselves off the yellow board in imitation.

On the deck, Paul's grandfather is sunning himself, eyes closed, smiling upward toward heaven. I pull myself out of the water and join him. He squints and grins toothlessly, delighted to have someone to talk to. The night before, he has been to see a free, outdoor Shakespeare performance. A mobile theatre unit is performing in our neighborhood this week, in Walker Park Playground. We sit together in puddles on the cement, leaning against the hot bathhouse wall, and he tells me the story of "King Lear." He has been going to the free Shakespeare performances every summer since they began and has seen each play two or three times, except for "Richard II;" he saw that one six times. We watch the boys diving, and he proudly lists all the plays he has seen. When I admit that I have never seen one of the open-air performances, he says I must. He thinks for a minute, then shyly offers to escort me. He will wait in the ticket line at Walker Park this evening and save me a place. I protest, but he says he has nothing at all to do in the evening and he probably will go again. I tell him it is my birthday. He smiles; July is a good month to be born. See?—he holds up his wrinkled, brown hands and turns them over in the sun; on the second of July he was seventy.

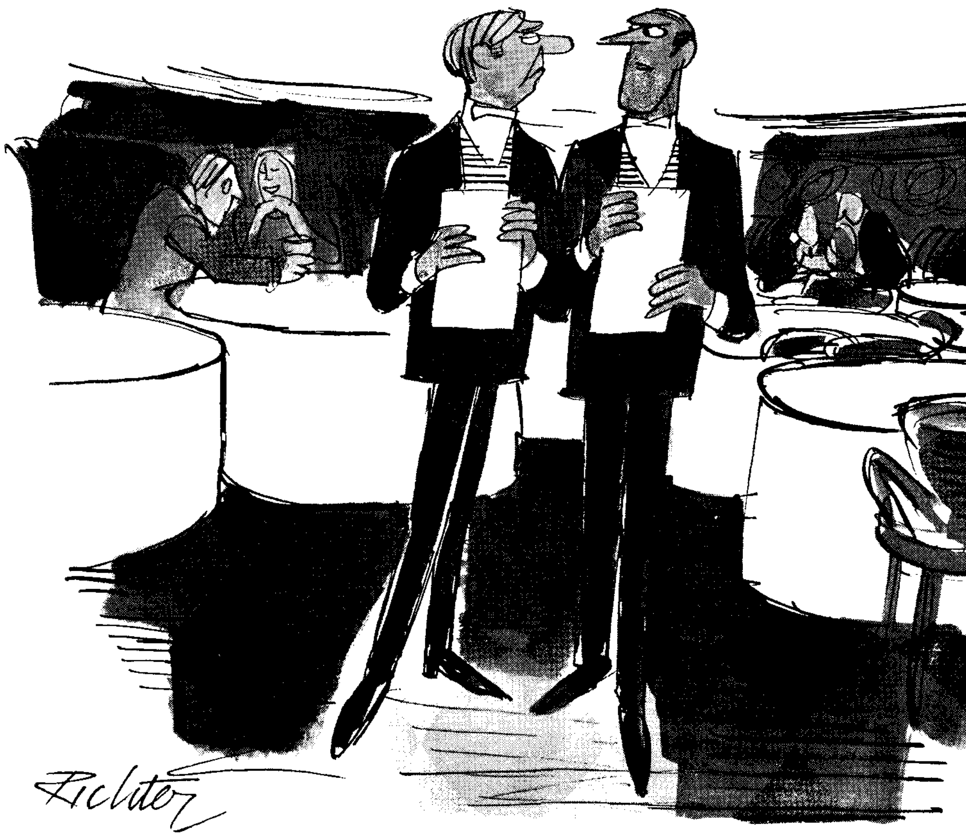
When I arrive at the playground that evening, the line seems endless. It stretches along Hudson Street, and I pass whole families seated on the cement, eating supper out of paper bags, reading books, playing cards. Ice-cream venders wheel carts up and down. I recognize my Good Humor man, and we wave to each other. He is selling sherbet sticks to two girls. Frost steams up from the cold depths when he opens his cart. Mr. Anthony is at the front of the line; he must have been waiting for hours. He is wearing a good black wool suit, of an old-fashioned cut. It is a little too big, as if he has shrunk within it. I suspect that it is the suit he wears to weddings and funerals, and I am glad that I have put on my green linen dress, even if it will go limp in the heat. I have braided my wet hair and wound it round my head in a damp coronet. I look like a lady. We smile shyly, proud of our finery.

At eight, the line begins moving into the playground, where the Parks Department has put up wooden bleachers. They form a semicircle around the mobile stage; folding chairs are ranged in rows in front of the bleachers. We surge through the entrance with the crowd and find seats quite close to the apron. Behind the gray scaffolding of the stage I can see the wall of the handball court and the trees on Leroy Street; to the south, the old Food and Maritime Trades High School. Trumpets and recorded Elizabethan music herald our arrival. The crowd fills the playground, and the sky gradually darkens. Floodlights dim, and light falls upon the scaffolding. Onstage, Lear summons his three daughters; the play begins. Mr. Anthony and I lean forward from our folding chairs, drawn into the court of Britain. Under the calm, blinking stars, Lear runs mad, contending with the far-off rumble of traffic on Hudson Street. High above, an airplane passes.

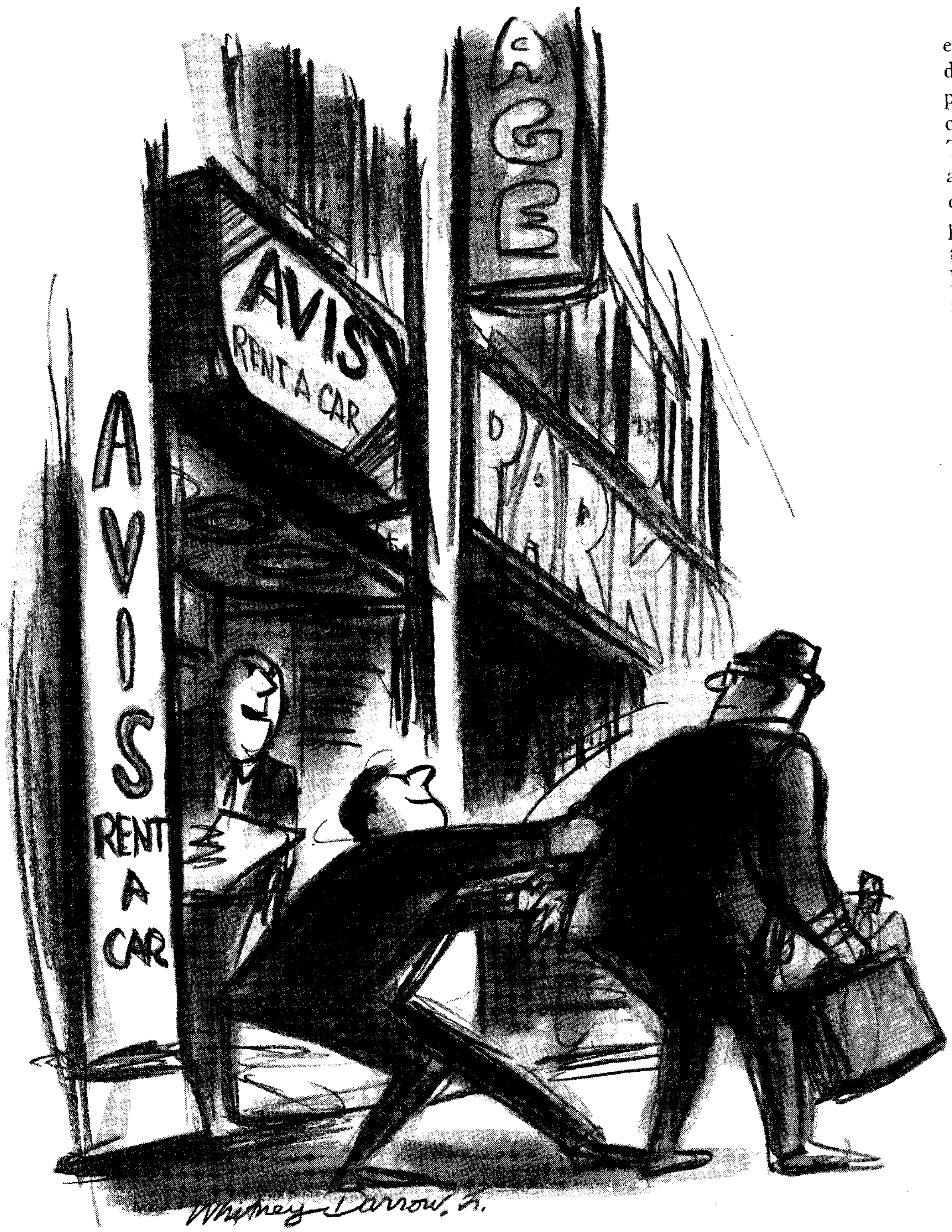
During intermission, I tell Mr. Anthony all I can remember about the Elizabethan stage, of the theatre that was a wooden O. We eat ice cream out of Dixie cups with miniature wooden paddles, and he compliments me. I would be a good teacher; in this city they need teachers. Later, as the final act closes, we sit and weep, on our folding chairs, for Lear, for Cordelia, for ourselves. "Never, never, never, never, never." Floodlights open over the playground; it is over. We crowd out with a thousand others onto Clarkson Street, past the dark swimming pool that is reflecting the street lights, to Seventh Avenue. On the way home, Mr. Anthony buys me a glass of red wine at Emilio's to celebrate. We walk by the dark steps of Our Lady of Pompeii, and on my doorstep we smile at each other and shake hands.

ON August 27th, the decree arrives—four pieces of typed paper stapled to heavy blue backing, with two gold seals. It looks like a diploma. I read it in the doorway, then walk back upstairs and drop it inside the lid of the grand piano. It is all over, but just now I am late. I eat my Toasted Almond Good Humor hurriedly, on my way to the pool. The Parks Department has been giving free swimming lessons to beginners, from ten o'clock to twelve o'clock in the mornings, and I help teach. When I get there, there are at least thirty children waiting for me around the pool edge, kicking their feet in the water.

That summer, Labor Day Weekend comes early. Few people in my neighborhood are leaving town, and the pool is crowded; everyone goes swimming. The pool will be closing soon. It is my last swim. Tomorrow I begin at P.S. 84 as a substitute teacher; I want to find out if Mr. Anthony is right. The day is hot, making the water icy by contrast. My bathing suit has bleached to a sooty gray now, and my wet hair drips in a long braid down my back. Children shout and splash, and the tarred seams on the pool bottom leap and break in refracted patterns on the moving water. At the far end, in the playground, old men throw boccie. My dark glasses begin sliding down the white cream on my nose. I push them up and join my friends sunning beyond the diving boards. The Good Humor man has parked his truck in the street, just beyond the wire fence. Children range the fence, handing dimes and nickels through, carefully drawing ice-cream sticks in. Mama Vincenzio has come early today, and she buys this week's special, Seven Layer Cake Super Humor, for her two noisy grandchildren and me. We eat them carefully, backs to the sun, counting to make sure we get seven different layers of ice cream and alternating chocolate. The children's faces smear with melted chocolate, and ice cream runs down my arm to the elbow. I toss my stick in the trash can and dive into the water. The green chill slides over me, and I move in long strokes toward the bottom, cool and weightless. Ellen Palumbo passes me and we bubble faces at each other. When my air runs out, I pick up a stray bobby pin as my civic duty (it would leave a rust mark on



"Tonight is your turn to refuse admittance to dames wearing pants."



"Come, come, McCauley, that won't be necessary. Avis will manage somehow."

• •

the bottom) and, flexing, push to the surface. Oooh.

From the guard chair, Ray beckons to me, and I swim over. For weeks, Rocky and Ray have been working on flips, somersaulting in tucked position. They have reached a point where they have perfected a double flip—two of them, arms linked, somersaulting in unison. All of the younger boys have been imitating them, working variations—forward, backward, spinning in twos above the green water. We have had one broken leg. Now Ray thinks that a triple flip can be done. No one has tried it yet, but if they can do a double—why not? It will be dangerous, of course. If anyone is off, everyone may get hurt. You have to have reliable buddies. He and Rocky wonder if I will try it with them. I'm not as daring as their friends, but my form is better. I won't open at the wrong time. They tell me that I always keep my head. I swallow, standing there in the sun, and wonder if they have ever seen me weeping up a fit over on the Gansevoort Pier, crying into the Hudson as I angrily skip stones. I nod and promise not to crack us up. I am apprehensive.

Rocky grins and chases everyone off the board. Children stand around, dripping puddles, watching us as we carefully pace to the end. The sun burns our shoulders, and the board wavers and dips as our combined weight passes the fulcrum. Above, the sky is bright blue. We link upper arms tightly to make a pivot of our shoulders, and at Rocky's signal we begin flexing for spring, playing the board. "Now!" We are lifted and thrown upward, tucking into the air. The pool turns upside down, sky spins over our knees, the bathhouse revolves. We turn, holding together like monkeys, high above the glazed water. I have a snapshot Mr. Provenzano took of that historic moment. In it, we hang, crouched against the sky, backsides to heaven; one second later we will cut the water together, perfectly straight, to shouts and cheering. We break apart underwater and surface separately, mouths open, to the applause of our small pupils, who rim the deep end and now flop into the water like seals. On the deck, we congratulate each other, shaking hands. Then Rocky climbs the playground wall and high-dives, just missing the cement, into the deep end. It is the traditional signal to close the pool. He surfaces, puts on his orange Department of Parks poncho, and the guards begin blowing their whistles; everybody out of the pool. Summer is over.

When I leave the bathhouse, the sun is slanting. Walking up Carmine Street, I buy myself a Chocolate Eclair Good Humor as a reward. The long summer is over at last. Summer is over, and I have kept my head. —REBECCA MORRIS

•

Profits last year fell a bit below 10 million crowns ($1.4-million) from 21 million crowns ($2.9-million) in 1965. This year is expected to be "no worse" than last, says Ove Forseth, chief of rationalization and personnel.—*The Times*.

A fellow of natural high spirits.

LETTER FROM SOUTH VIETNAM

JUNE 7

THE war here is now in its most crucial stage since the spring and summer of 1965, when an American counter-offensive averted military disaster and, very probably, a quick Communist takeover. The crisis of 1965 was a clearly defined one; what was to happen to the country depended on the rapidity of the American response, and the rapidity proved remarkable. The present tense situation is not likely to be resolved as quickly, chiefly because, since 1965, the war has become so much more complicated, both militarily and politically. A good example of its current complexity was provided by the American and South Vietnamese invasion last month of the southern half of the Demilitarized Zone, near the Seventeenth Parallel, not long after we had stepped up our bombing of military targets at Hanoi and Haiphong. The D.M.Z. invasion, pointing the way, as it seemed to, toward further escalation, had repercussions that went all the way from the confused local political scene—now further confused by a potentially explosive Presidential campaign—to distant capitals. When the operation began, on May 18th, the key questions—whether it might be time to give up the bombing of the North and again attempt to cajole Hanoi into talking, or whether to carry the fight further in the air and on the ground in hopes of forcing the North Vietnamese to their knees—were being debated here more hotly than they had been in some time. The attack on the D.M.Z. naturally heightened the debate, and while it was generally felt that the move was justifiable in view of prior violations of the Zone by the North Vietnamese, there remained considerable doubt about the necessity and wisdom of it. Official opinion, among both Americans and South Vietnamese, has been that to start negotiations now, when a new constitutional government is coming to birth and rural development may be about to get somewhere, would be a mistake, but unofficially there are now probably more fledgling doves than there are hawks in South Vietnam. While political ornithology here may be compared to wandering through an enemy-infested jungle with a gun in one hand and a bird guide in the other, the majority opinion of the Vietnamese seems to be against further enlargement of the war, though most people within Saigon's hazy purview—perhaps three-fifths of the fifteen million population—are resigned to, if they are not in favor of, continuing to prosecute the war in the South. However, everyone knows the fighting must stop at some point. The question is: Whose interests will be best served, and in what way, by calling a halt at what time? The North Vietnamese have recently made it clear that they are psychologically much better prepared for a future phase of what they classify as "fighting *and* negotiating" (italics mine) than are the South Vietnamese and the Americans, who have not done much planning either for negotiations or for the creation of workable peace-keeping machinery. One reason for the reluctance of the Saigon government and its American supporters to consider negotiations seriously at this time is their continued uncertainty over what could happen after negotiations began.

While there are Americans who believe that we cannot now give up the fight and that we still have a good chance of winning it, others, including some who have been here the longest, feel that even as we get more tied up in large-scale fighting, in shoring up the country economically, and in the intricacies of administering the pacification—or, as it is now known, Revolutionary Development—program in the countryside, our chances of permanently redressing the situation are declining. Many of these same Americans, whose identification with Vietnam has been a passionate one and who have on many previous occasions advocated a more thorough and thoughtful involvement on our part, are now beginning to think it is too late, that too many earlier political opportunities have been irrevocably lost, and that the whole effort has become too big, too preponderantly military, and too costly. Basically, they are tending more and more to agree with Senator Mansfield's analysis, which envisions no foreseeable conclusion to the war as well as constantly increasing risks of a wider conflict. These people do not advocate withdrawal, but, in addition to cautioning against further escalation, they urge the "de-Americanization" of the war in as many ways as possible and our fuller concentration on economic and social problems, not only here but also elsewhere in Southeast Asia. Many of the more thoughtful Vietnamese, among them those who are staunchly anti-Communist and those who believe in genuine neutrality, also feel this way. While they do not advocate American withdrawal, either, they are increasingly worried by the erosion of Vietnamese identity. What is undeniably taking place under the massive impact of the American military and economic effort is a kind of denationalization process. A number of my oldest Vietnamese friends have repeatedly mentioned this to me in worried tones, and have lamented the fact that the "real nationalists"—those who have been neither pro-Communist nor pro-government—are being steadily demoralized, and that increasing numbers of them are cynically involving themselves in corruption, withdrawing into private spheres, or, more seriously, are wittingly or unwittingly coming under Vietcong influence.

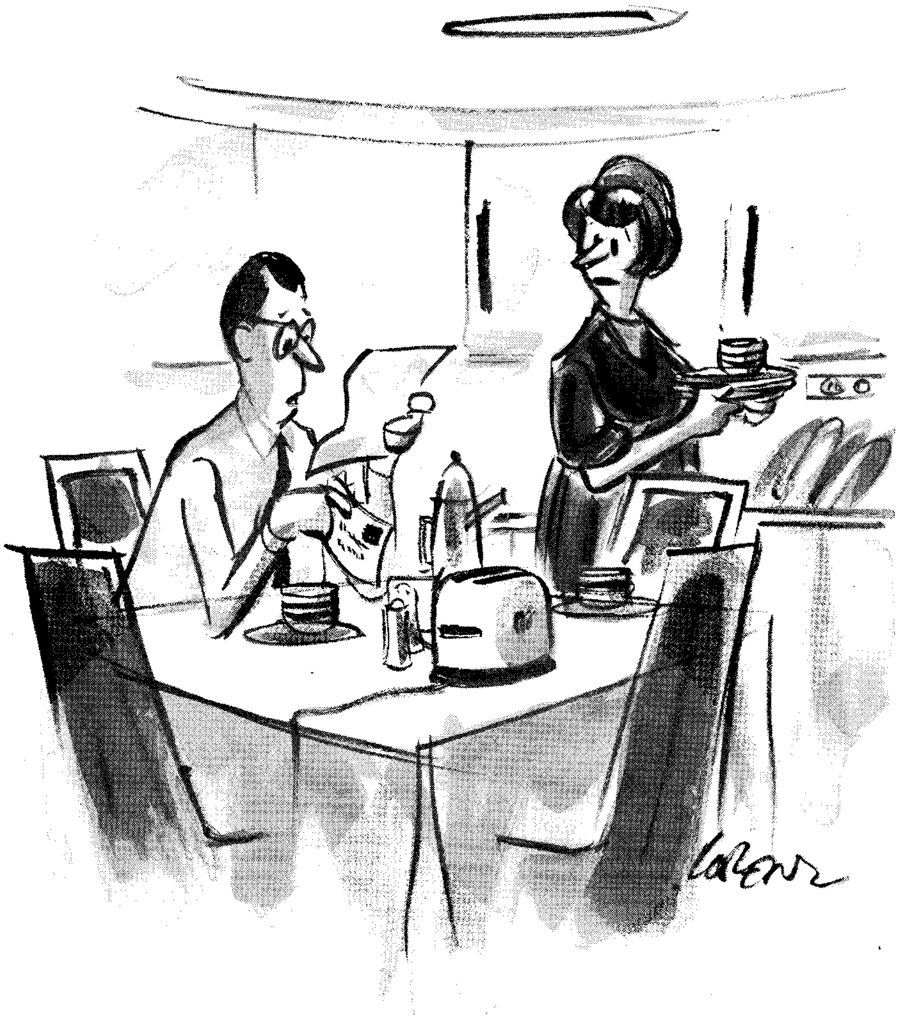
BEHIND this predominantly negative mood is the realization that the war, which has now cost eleven thousand American lives, is far from being won militarily—if it ever can be—while the rate of progress in Revolutionary Development is still much too slow. It has been fashionable to separate the military effort from the social-economic-political one; in fact, President Johnson has himself often referred to the latter as the Other War. The Communists have never separated the two, and it is worth noting that the new American Ambassador, Ellsworth Bunker—who has impressed everyone here, Vietnamese and Americans alike, with the firm way he has taken over—made it a point, at one of his first appearances at a weekly meeting of the Mission Council, which is composed of top American officials in Vietnam (including General William C. Westmoreland, our military commander), to say, "I dislike the term 'the Other War.' To me this is all one war." Probably Ambassador Bunker was thinking of this when, ten days later, he announced his decision to place "the civil and military aspects of the Revolutionary Development program" under "a single management" and "a single chain of command," and to give

General Westmoreland the over-all responsibility for running all American programs.

It had been rumored for some time that the military would take over the pacification program, but Bunker's announcement came as a shock to many Americans and Vietnamese. When Bunker was asked if the Vietnamese government had approved of the decision, he replied that it had, but the Vietnamese in charge of Revolutionary Development, General Nguyen Duc Thang, who controls the Ministries of Agriculture, Public Works, and Youth, was upset enough to want to resign, and it took all the persuasive powers of Edward G. Lansdale, the American ambassadorial assistant who has been closest to him, and of some other American friends, to get him to stay. Like many others—notably former Deputy Ambassador William J. Porter, who created the American civilian mechanism called the Office of Civil Operations, which has run the program during the past year—Thang and his aides are firm in their belief that Revolutionary Development requires as much art as science, and that its success depends primarily on persuasion and patient tutelage. The mere image of a uniform, they maintain, symbolizes the issuance of orders, and Thang, though he is still in the Army, has gone out of his way to deëmphasize his military role. What O.C.O. succeeded in doing was to bring together the pacification activities of the United States Aid Mission and the Central Intelligence Agency and the Joint United States Public Affairs Office (which is responsible for information and propaganda activities). Since O.C.O. lacked the manpower and the logistical capacity of the Army, it was not always able to move men and supplies into the field as quickly as it wanted to, but it nevertheless succeeded in putting into the field enough Revolutionary Development teams to worry the Vietcong, who since January 1st have assassinated nearly two hundred R.D. teamworkers and another hundred members of Provincial Reconnaissance Units (counter-terrorist squads trained by the C.I.A.) and Census Grievance Workers; the latter, also trained by the C.I.A., make "blueprints" of villages, furnishing house-by-house checks of the population, and, while determining loyalties, as well as complaints and aspirations, coincidentally obtain important intelligence.

Under Bunker's reorganization, the functions of O.C.O. will be taken over by a new division of Civil Operations and Revolutionary Development Support. In each corps area, there will soon be a brigadier general who will be specifically responsible for pacification, and the former O.C.O. people will report through him to Deputy Ambassador Robert Komer, who is assigned to Westmoreland's headquarters. Undoubtedly, from a managerial standpoint, this setup will make things simpler, but the new system, its critics maintain, seems equally likely to make Revolutionary Development more mechanistic—another sign of the enveloping bigness of a war in which the individual villager, the man everyone presumably wants to help, is increasingly lost in the shuffle. It seems hard to believe that after so many years and so many experiments in this vital field of reform, from the old strategic-hamlet program of the Ngo Dinh Diem regime to the present scheme, the problem of simultaneously providing the villagers with economic help and proper protection, as well as that elusive factor, revolutionary motivation—should still be so far from solved. The nub of the Revolutionary Development program, and its greatest weakness so far, has been security, and a big reason for turning the program over to the Army was the hope that this aspect might be improved. Primarily, security means furnishing protection for the fifty-nine-man Revolutionary Development teams and for the people of the hamlets in which the teams are working. Until now, the force responsible for providing security has been the regular Vietnamese Army (ARVN—Army of the Republic of Vietnam), sixty of whose battalions, or about half its total strength of three hundred and thirty thousand, are specifically assigned to this task. Actually, many of the six hundred R.D. teams now out working in the countryside are down to forty members or less because of the failure of the Vietnamese troops to protect them satisfactorily. In addition to team members who have been killed or kidnapped by the Vietcong, there have been many who have deserted.

The Revolutionary Development teams, while they still lack experienced cadremen and what one expert calls "intellectual guidance," have been far



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ahead of ARVN in point of training and *esprit de corps*, but though the members of the teams are all armed—thirty-six of the fifty-nine men are specifically assigned to paramilitary duties—there are obviously not enough to defend the hamlets and at the same time develop them socially and economically. Many observers doubt that ARVN can ever perform the security job satisfactorily, partly because it doesn't really want to, considering it a demeaning and secondary function, and partly because the villagers have little faith in the good will of the troops, with their record of frequent misbehavior, including mistreatment of women and stealing. At present, some seventy mobile teams of Americans and Vietnamese are giving the ARVN battalions assigned to the task of R.D. protection a two-week training course, designed to teach them the rudiments of their responsibilities. It seems unlikely, though, that in a contest against a ruthless and subtle enemy who has devoted years to agitation and propaganda two weeks will be sufficient to indoctrinate troops to provide care and protection for people who are strangers to them anyway; ARVN troops usually serve in areas far from their own homes, and though, if they are married, their families travel with them, they are, naturally, more interested in feeding and protecting their own wives and children than others. The Americans have not, over the thirteen-year period since the French withdrawal in 1954, been able to remold ARVN into an efficient fighting force with a proper attitude toward what is generically called civic action, so there is no reason to suppose that the job can be accomplished now. Furthermore, the calibre of American advisers, which was excellent in 1962, is not as good today, chiefly because our primary function now is to fight, not advise—though General Westmoreland and his new deputy, General Creighton Abrams, a former Vice Chief of Staff of the Army, intend to strengthen the advisory echelon and perhaps bring back some of the best of the 1962 group, if they can be reassigned.

The pacification problem involves some fundamental reëvaluations that only the Vietnamese can make, and that they have so far been unable or unwilling to make. American persuasion, or the use of American political leverage, can still help, but such leverage has tended to decrease in direct ratio to American military involvement. Once our present enormous commitment was made, our potential for persuasion, backed up by the threat

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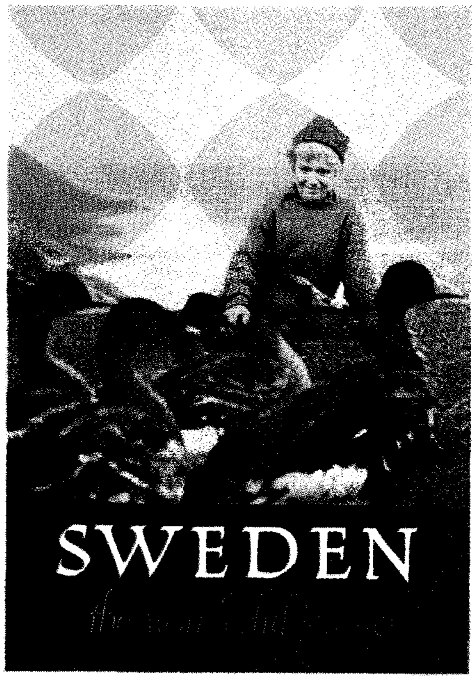

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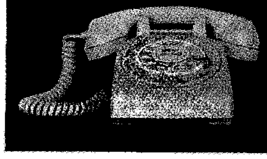

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of withdrawal of money, men, or matériel, was bound to diminish. Of course, many Vietnamese still look to us for leadership. When Westmoreland took over pacification in addition to his military duties, a number of Vietnamese I know commented, in effect, "Now you finally have chosen your de Lattre," referring to the late Marshal Jean de Lattre de Tassigny, who in December, 1950, was appointed both Supreme Commander of the French Expeditionary Forces in Indo-China and French High Commissioner. In any event, short of complete American military occupation of Vietnam, which no one recommends, or even the establishment of a joint command, which is possible but not probable, the basic process of reform and reorganization has to be carried out by the Vietnamese.

The first item on the list for reëvaluation, many experienced American and Vietnamese observers believe, should be the structure of all the nation's armed elements, including not only ARVN but also the three-hundred-thousand-man regional and local Popular Forces, or militia. These observers, including a number of veteran Vietnamese military men, maintain that it would be far more efficient and far less conducive to corruption if the whole clumsy system of corps (the nation is divided into four corps areas) and divisions were abolished and the armed forces broken down into mobile battalions, assigned as needed to the country's forty-four provinces, each of which would be governed, for the duration of the war, by a general. (There are now about fifty in South Vietnam.) Most of the provincial chiefs today are military men, but they are either majors, lieutenant colonels, or colonels, and their honesty and capability vary greatly, as do their regional and national political commitments. (The Vietnamese National Institute of Administration is conducting a three-year course to train future province chiefs, but those familiar with it claim that it is too much in the tradition of the old French *fonctionnaires* and Chinese mandarins who dominated the Civil Service here in the past.)

If such a drastic reorganization of the armed forces is unlikely to take place—it would entail a shakeup of the whole military-political structure—there are variants of the plan that stand a better chance of being adopted. One of them would place the Popular Forces under the control of the Revolutionary Development program, and this would mean combining the former units with the R.D. cadres during their

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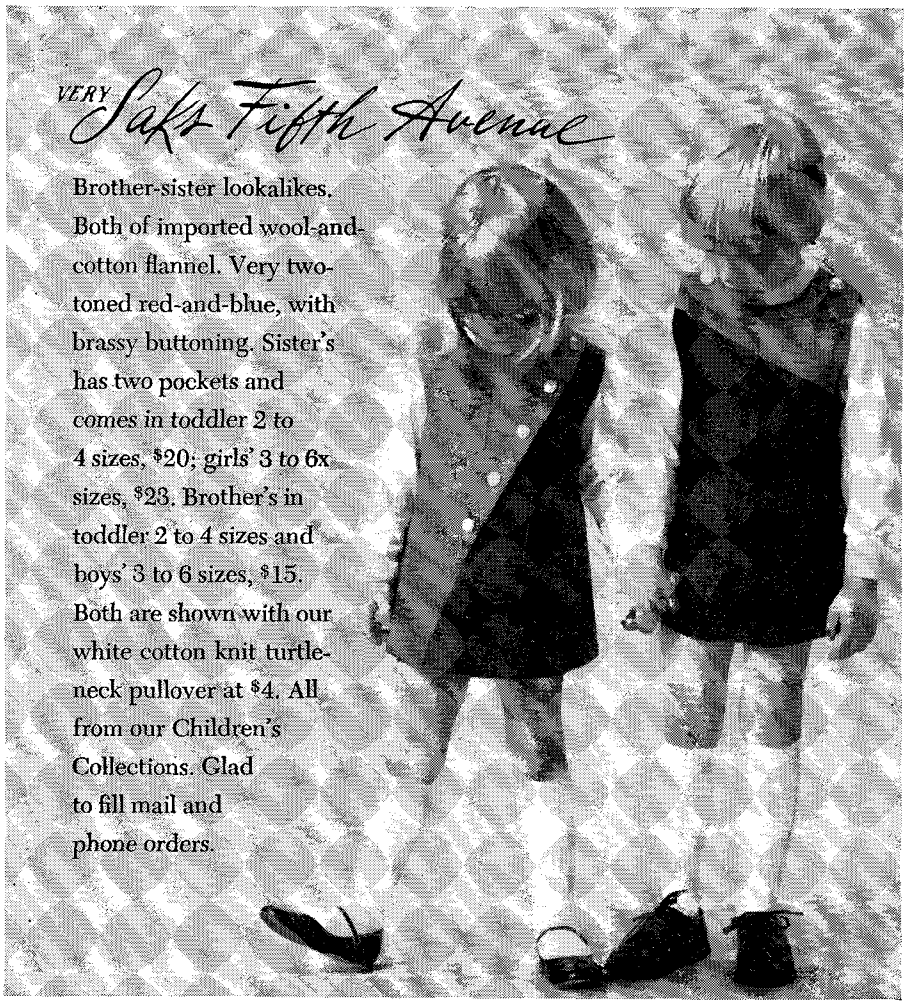
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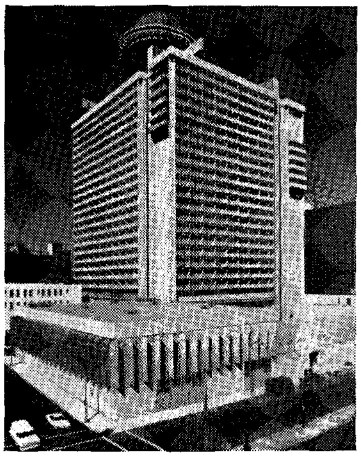

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thirteen weeks of regular training. Present plans call for fifty thousand R.D. cadremen to be trained by early next year, but that is still not enough, according to Major Nguyen Be, the able and articulate head of the big R.D. training camp at Vung Tau, near Saigon. Be, whose six years with the Vietminh, the precursors of the Vietcong, have given him invaluable knowledge of Communist methods, says that by the end of this year there should be at least a hundred and twenty thousand R.D. workers and security people. If the Popular Forces were worked into the R.D. training schedule, Be says, there would be no need for ARVN to furnish protection, and it could then return to fighting the "big" war, which it prefers to do even though it doesn't always do it well. Be's idea, which a number of Americans, including General Westmoreland, believe has merit, is a radical effort to cope with the harassment of villagers by Communist guerrillas—which is still, of course, the biggest problem of the war. In this connection, though, there is some comfort in the news that the Communists are having increasing difficulty recruiting guerrillas in the villages; even in the Mekong Delta area, the most populous part of the country and the chief hiring place for guerrillas, enlistments are running low. This is one reason more and more North Vietnamese have to be infiltrated as replacements for main-force units, even though guerrillas, including teenagers, are still impressed into their ranks.

The Communists no longer regard their form of revolutionary warfare as a three-phase operation, beginning with the guerrilla defensive phase; continuing with the attritional phase, in which they begin to take the offensive; and ending with a counter-offensive phase capped by a Dien Bien Phu type of blow. What they are doing now is combining the various phases in various areas, shifting from one to the other, but operating mostly somewhere between Phase 1 and Phase 2 and between Phase 2 and Phase 3. Thus, the recent seizure for a few hours of the city of Quang Tri, capital of the northernmost province, and the attempt to destroy the isolated airstrip in the valley of Khe Sanh, just below the D.M.Z. in the same province, were efforts to carry out quasi-Dien Bien Phu types of operations—"quasi" in that the Communists are aware that American air power, artillery, and infantry strength preclude another *real* Dien Bien Phu. What they are still capable of doing,

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however, whenever they figure they have the strength and have the element of surprise in their favor, is to hit hard and then break off the action after inflicting as much damage as possible. Although they are increasingly less capable of holding on to captured ground, they can still make big or medium-sized attacks and then break up into smaller units and step up their harassment and terrorist actions, which they carry out with continued effectiveness. If Major Be's plan of combining the Popular Forces and the R.D. cadres is adopted, he and his supporters believe it would greatly diminish the effectiveness of the Vietcong guerrillas and would ultimately tend to shove them, against their will, into the Communist main-force elements. And by denying the Communists the ability to break their large units down into the smaller ones that are used to control their own so-called "combat hamlets and villages," where their basic political-military structure is still concentrated, Be's strategy would further keep the enemy off balance. This would hit hard at the classic Communist strategy, which Ho Chi Minh and his generals practiced so adeptly throughout the long war against the French and still practice now: suck the enemy into battle, draw blood even at the cost of your own, and then, before he has a chance to recover or follow up, disperse and move back to shelter. "If we can make the enemy fight a more conventional war," Be says, "we might be able to fill the village vacuum with our *own* guerrillas."

Unfortunately, we are a long way from fighting the sort of war that Major Be envisions, although we have, by sheer weight of armament and by virtue of our air mobility, kept the Communist main-force elements and their North Vietnamese Army compatriots on the run. This has been particularly true in the vital III Corps area around Saigon, where over the last few months strong American search-and-destroy operations have been conducted in, among other places, Tay Ninh Province, where the Communists' Central Office for South Vietnam (COSVN), the combined political and military organization that runs the war in the South under the operational control of Hanoi, has been situated. What with the lengthy Operation Junction City and Operation Attleboro taking place in the region, it is believed that the COSVN headquarters has been forced to jump back and forth across the Cambodian border. The principal gain from recent

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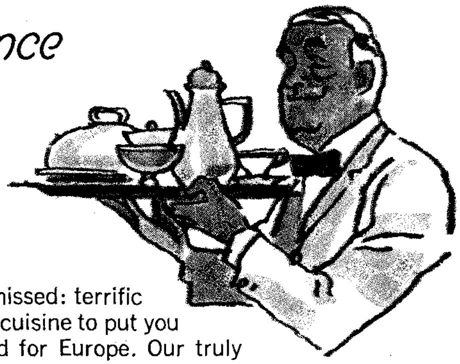

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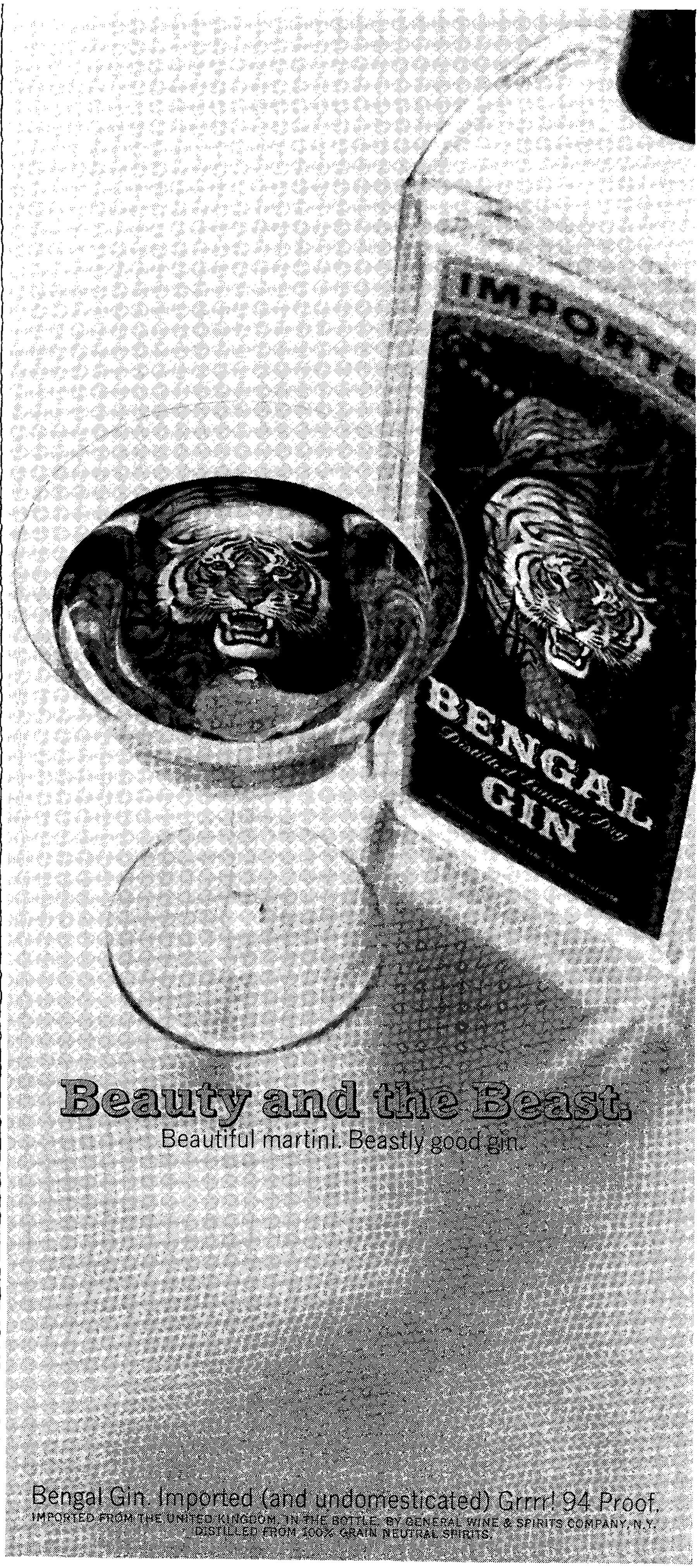
American attacks on such longtime Communist sanctuaries in the III Corps area as Zone C, the Iron Triangle, and the adjacent Zone D has been to force the enemy to keep moving. Large amounts of arms and ammunition and food, especially rice, have also been captured, as well as tons of important documents. However, the attacks have not by any means deprived the Communists of all their secret bases in the area. In the first place, the jungle hideouts, many of which date back to the Vietminh war against the French, and some even to the Japanese war, are so big and so complex that they can't possibly be fully explored even during actions of multiple-division strength. In the second place, because there are still not enough Allied troops to search and destroy and then to hold, the Vietcong and the N.V.A. (North Vietnamese Army) forces are able to keep returning to the areas once the Americans have left, though it would take them years to rebuild the destroyed networks of underground fortifications. Undoubtedly, there are plenty of such networks that haven't even been found and may never be found. Generally speaking, however, the American military feels that the situation in the III Corps area, which includes nine provinces north, east, and west of Saigon, is for the moment under control, although there are an estimated seventy-two thousand enemy troops in the region, and the Communists are still able to make swift and often damaging strikes. The counter-strategy of the Americans is to pounce on enemy forces before the strikes occur, and thereby keep them on the defensive as much as possible. But the need to keep shifting front-line American troops to other trouble spots tends to diminish this capacity.

Most Vietnamese and American military observers regard the situation as more serious in the I and II Corps areas, embracing, respectively, the five northernmost provinces and the highlands. In the I Corps area, where there are an estimated sixty-four thousand N.V.A. and Vietcong troops, and across whose borders at least four more N.V.A. divisions are prepared to move from North Vietnam, the Communists show no inclination to give up their aim of pinning down as many U.S. Marines and South Vietnamese as possible. The Marines have suffered considerable casualties in the D.M.Z. campaigns, many of them from surprise mortar and rocket barrages the Communists have thrown from within the D.M.Z., or from coastal hit-and-run assaults on Marine bases at Con Thien,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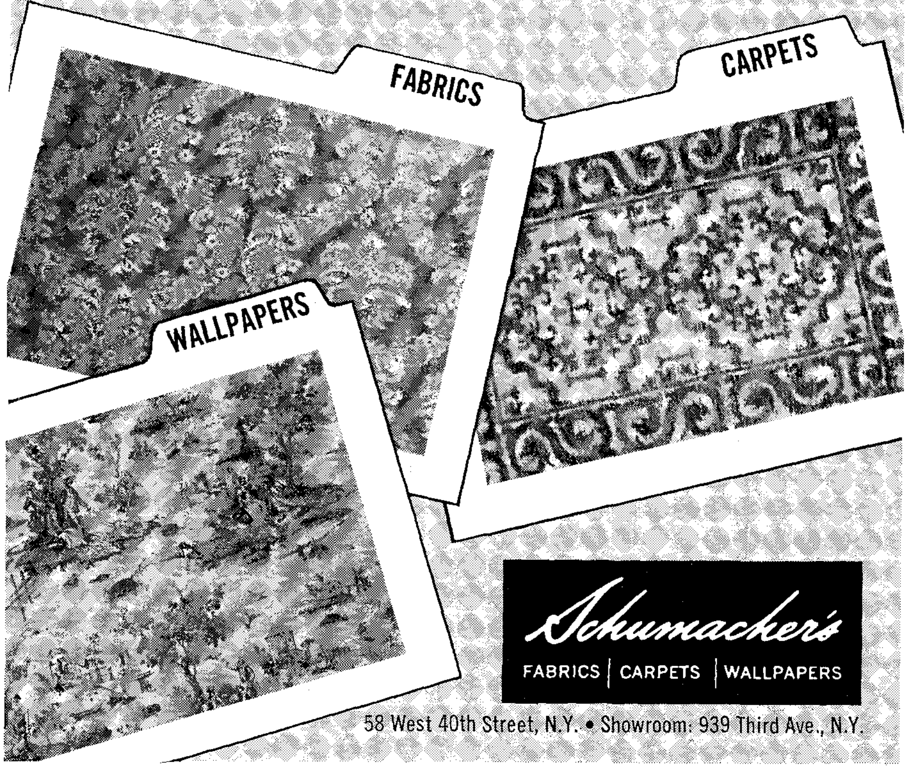

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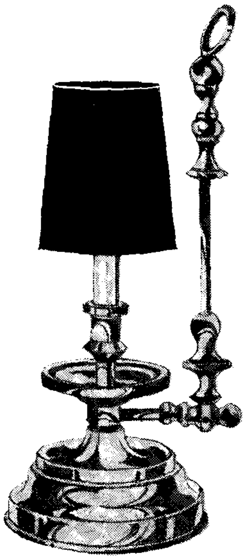

Gio Long, Dong Ha, and Camp Carroll, the principal Allied artillery base. The mortar and rocket attacks involve the use of the latest Soviet-type 120-mm. mortars and 140-mm. rockets, which have ranges of up to thirty miles and are fairly accurate. The violence of the recent major attacks on the ground was typified by one on Khe Sanh that began April 24th, when a Marine patrol stumbled on new enemy fortifications in the mountainous terrain. Intelligence reports and prisoner interrogations subsequently disclosed that the N.V.A. 325th Division had cleverly infiltrated the area, using one of its regiments to dig in with shovels, one to carry rice, and one to bear the brunt of the initial assault. In the nine days ending May 3rd, during our costly fight to take Hill 881 and other high ground, a hundred and thirty-eight Marines and about a thousand Communists were killed, and a record weight of 3,500,000 pounds of B-52 bombs and 2,750,000 pounds of tactical air-support bombs was dropped in the ultimately successful effort to dislodge the 325th and drive the division back across the D.M.Z. Having failed to grab Khe Sanh, and a nearby American Special Forces camp, the N.V.A. is expected, sooner or later, to try again somewhere else, perhaps at Con Thien, near the coast. Meanwhile, there has been the big battle within the D.M.Z. itself, started by the Marines to interdict the enemy's rocket and mortar attacks and force the Communist troops into open fighting. This also has been a costly effort, and the Marines have suffered several hundred casualties while inflicting heavy losses on the Communists. Further south in the I Corps area, there has been a lot of action. The Communists, having already hit the cities of Quang Tri and Hué with mortar and rocket fire—mostly to impress the local populaces, which have never been overfriendly to the government or to the Americans—may make fresh attempts to grab all or parts of these places or the district seats around them, if only for a short time. To the west of Hué, in the hills toward the Laos border at A Shau, the N.V.A. is now busily building new emplacements and a road that seems designed to pour in more support for its forces further south, around Danang, which has been another longtime Vietcong hideout and the scene of constant fighting. Six Marine battalions and one ARVN regiment are currently pinned down to patrol duty in the A Shau-Danang area, which means they can't be used for action elsewhere in

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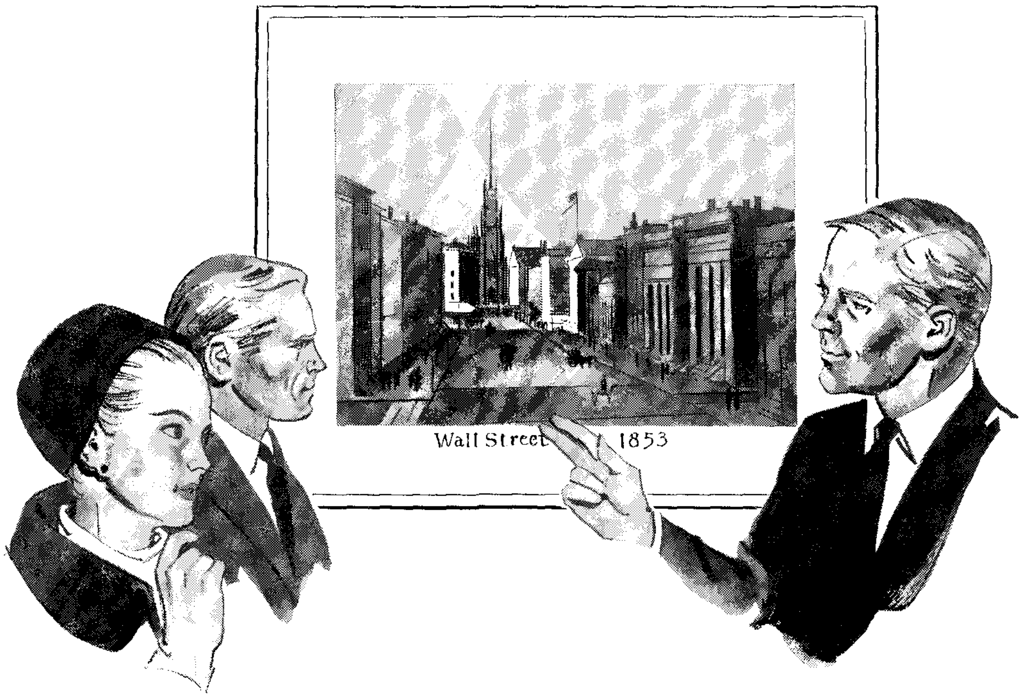

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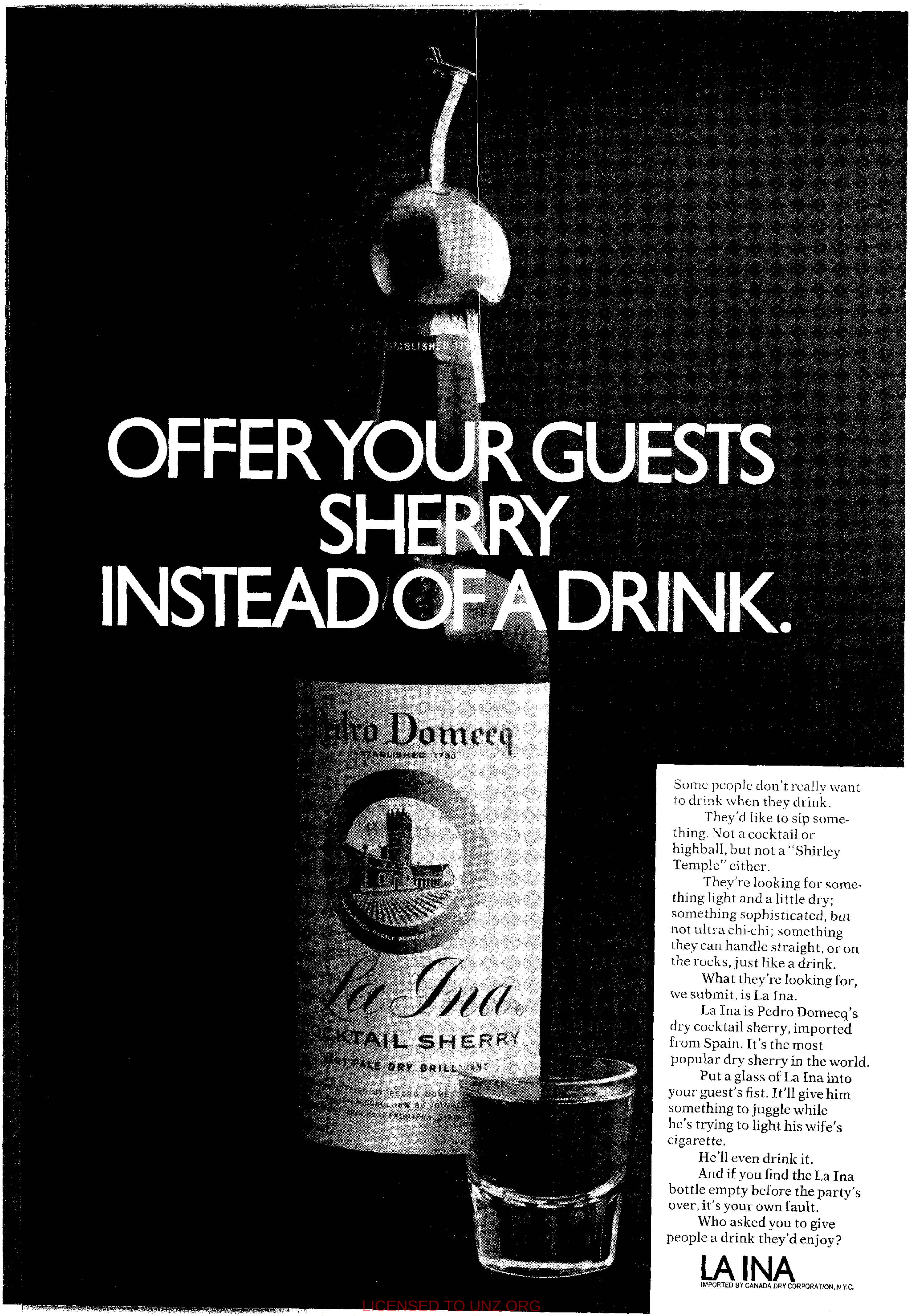
the corps area. Last week, a big new battle broke out in Quang Tri Province, which borders on North Vietnam, and the Marines are now spread more thinly than ever.

If a new major Communist assault began, its objectives would undoubtedly be the cities of Pleiku and Kontum, which already have been heavily bombarded by mortar fire, while a secondary objective would be to try to do what the enemy failed to accomplish in 1965—drive across the highlands to the coast and cut the country in two. It is doubtful that the Communists could achieve this today, but they could—if they attacked in strength in the highlands—pin down large numbers of Allied troops. Not long ago, both the progress being made in the II Corps area and the problems that remain were brought home to me during a trip I made there with General Westmoreland. Southwest of Pleiku, we visited the United States 4th Division, which was engaged in Operation Francis Marion, a major search-and-destroy offensive between its headquarters, near Pleiku, and the Cambodian border. Over the past few weeks, the division had made three major contacts with N.V.A. troops, two near the border and one at Ia Drang, the scene of big battles in 1965 and 1966. In each of these places, it turned out, the Communists had important hidden base areas. In addition to its larger sweeps, the 4th was sending out small patrols in conjunction with the South Vietnamese, and it was also coöperating with the five Special Forces units in the area, composed, like others elsewhere, of twelve-man United States teams plus companies of Montagnards, in this region mostly members of the Jerai tribe.

In the area from the Phu My Valley, stretching northward into the An Lao Valley and northeast into other lush valleys, another large American operation, involving elements of the 1st Cavalry (Airmobile) and the 25th Divisions and the 101st Airborne Brigade and the 196th Light Infantry Brigade, had been in progress over several weeks. The 1st Cavalry was brought into Binh Dinh in September, 1965, to safeguard the Phu My Valley and the Bong Son Plain, just to the north of it—both areas the Communists have held in the past and which, each time the Americans or South Vietnamese had taken them, had slipped back into enemy hands after the Allies left. One of the 1st Cavalry's main missions now was to protect twelve Revolutionary Development teams that had come back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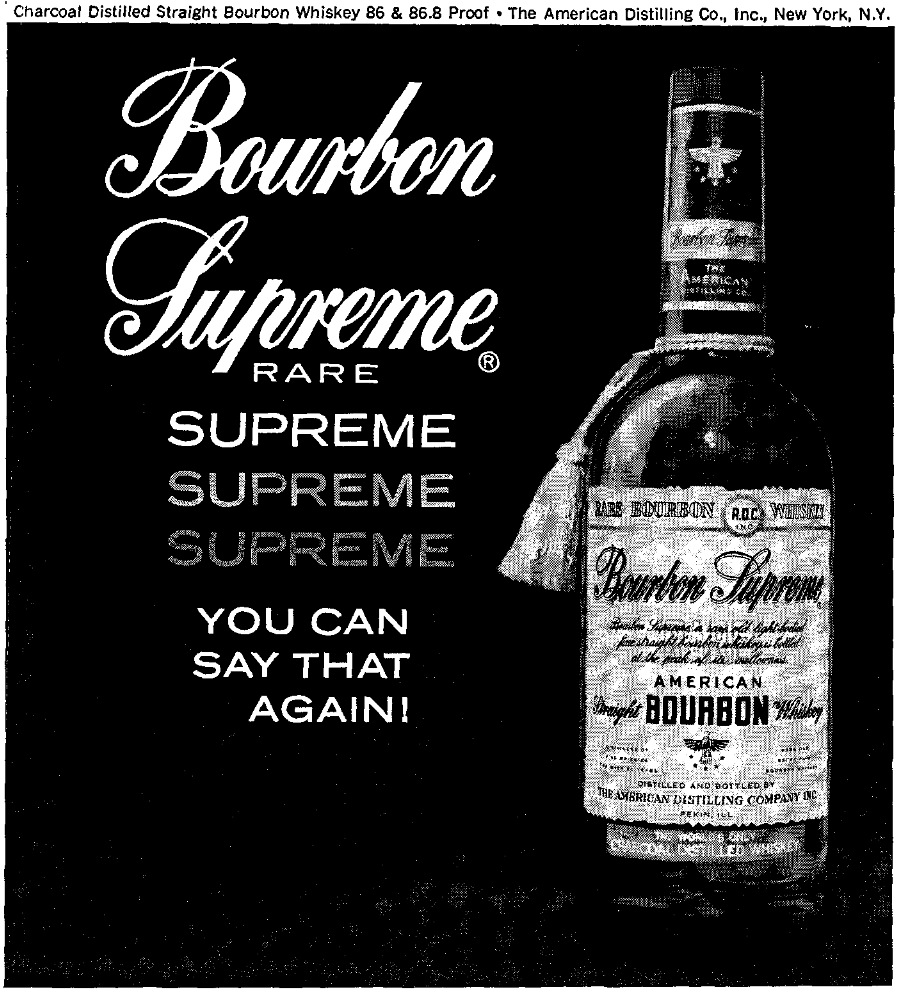

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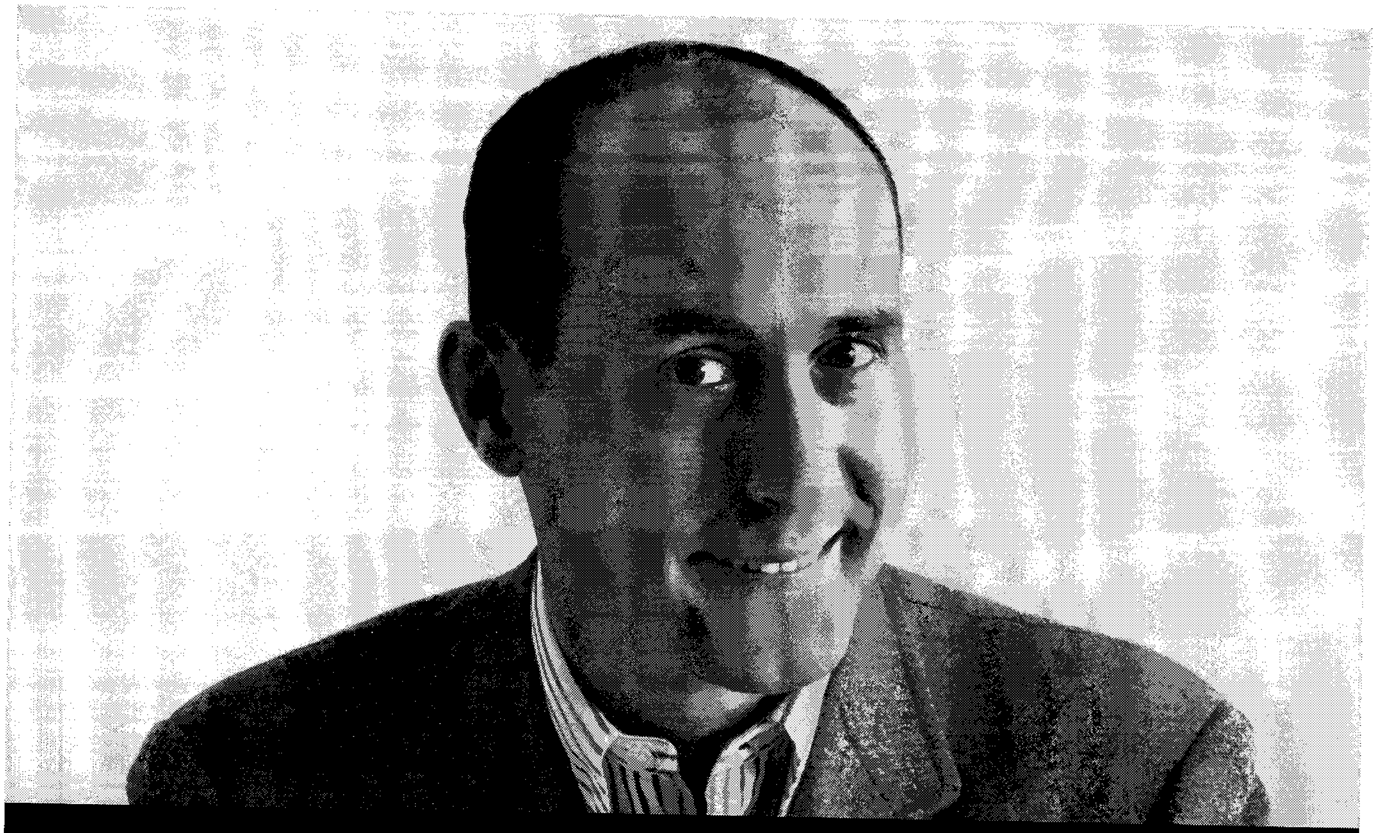
into the Phu My region after being forced out months ago. These teams, some of them bolstered by Popular Forces elements to make up for their reduced ranks, were finally beginning to make progress in their rural reconstruction programs, but this was only because the Americans were protecting them. Once the 1st Cavalry leaves, as it sooner or later must, the whole Binh Dinh area could easily slip out of the government's hands again, and next time it will be harder to persuade the local people to return to the Saigon side. The cavalrymen claimed to have eliminated forty-five per cent of the guerrilla elements in the area since their arrival, but division officers admitted that the Communists were still infiltrating from the west and getting logistical support from along the coast. North of Bong Son and the rice-rich An Lao Valley, one of the division's brigades had just had a sharp contact with some patrols of the crack N.V.A. 3rd Division, and at one battalion headquarters we visited we were told that two hundred bunkers that had been discovered on the slopes of a razorback ridge were now in the process of being blown up; we could see the smoke a ridgeline away. It was the opinion of the briefing officers that the N.V.A. had been taken by surprise as a result of the division's airborne attacks and was breaking up into small units in the hills, but General Westmoreland seemed somewhat skeptical that the enemy troops were as yet really disrupted. "They're creatures of habit," he said. "They've held this area so long that they know those trails by heart."

Following our visit to the 1st Cavalry, we continued north by helicopter to the headquarters of Major General William B. Rosson, in command of Operation Oregon, a large combined action by the 101st, the 25th, and the 196th, coördinated with that of the 1st Cavalry to the south. Since Oregon had begun, on April 20th, our officers had claimed seven hundred enemy dead at the cost of fifty-one dead Americans—considerably above the average four-to-one ratio of K.I.A. (killed in action) totals in the war. Oregon consisted of a lowlands and a highlands effort. In the lowlands, where a brigade of the 25th Division was operating, the campaign was designed to root out the Vietcong and to get a major pacification effort started in what had been solid Communist territory for many years. General Rosson described this lowlands region as "a big island of hope." General Westmoreland con-



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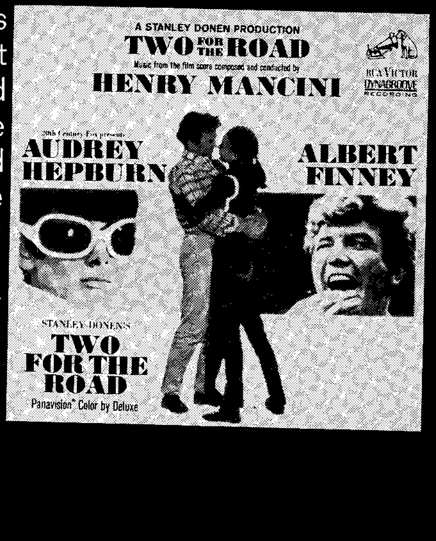
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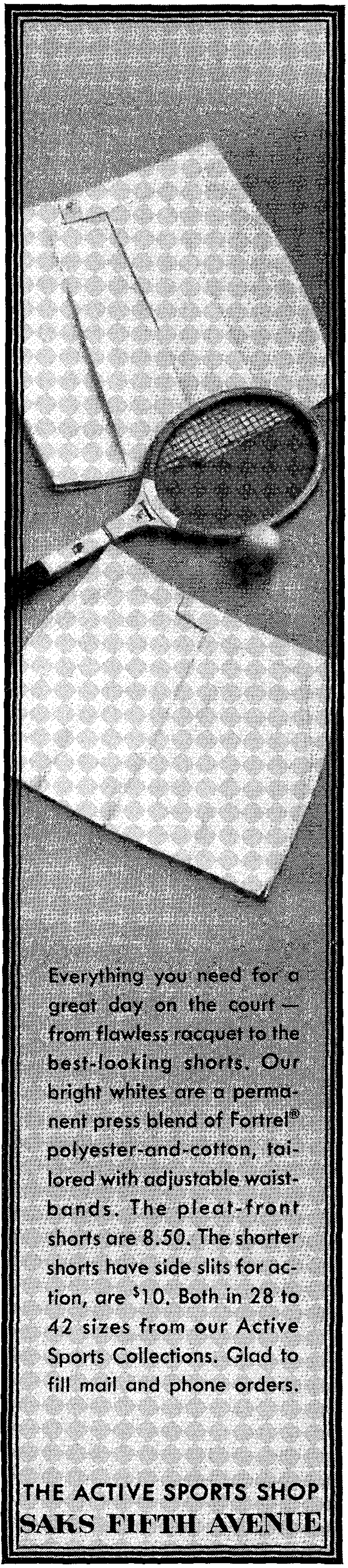

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curred in this judgment, but he emphasized the difficulty of the task ahead and gave orders for various elements of it to be carefully planned and coördinated. These included care of refugees; the execution of so-called County Fair operations (overnight sweeps followed by the handing out of economic aid in a captured village and the institution of a psychological-warfare program there); Golden Fleece drives, to prevent the enemy from grabbing more rice; attempts to get families living in the valley to persuade husbands, sons, and brothers to come out of the hills; and, on top of everything, constant patrolling of coastal areas night and day in coöperation with the naval activities of South Vietnamese and Americans engaged in what was known as Operation Market Time, whose purpose was to check all junks and other small vessels in order to keep the Communists from sending in more men and supplies by sea.

Finally, we flew back into the hills, where part of the 101st was trying to root out two regiments of the N.V.A. 3rd Division, breaking them up and pushing them down toward the area of operations of the 1st Cavalry or east into open areas where they could be more readily attacked. The 101st has established the remarkable record in Vietnam of moving twenty-five times in twenty months. A mobile outfit like the 1st Cavalry, with its own helicopters, has no home base, except for a logistics headquarters, and its long-distance combat itinerary constitutes an all-time record for any war. With the help of a Special Forces team on the mountains far to the west, among the Montagnard Re tribesmen, the 101st was discovering a number of enemy infiltration routes and, as its briefing officers said, was forcing N.V.A. company- or battalion-size elements to move about in smaller numbers. There were still plenty of enemy soldiers about, though, and one of the battalion officers said, "We feel surrounded out here." The Re tribesmen are considered to be among the best Montagnard fighters in Vietnam—something the Communists apparently realize, for there is a hard contest going on to win their loyalty. Here again, as in the lowlands, General Westmoreland stressed the need to develop and maintain "a master plan" for pacification.

It was quite apparent to me, by the end of the day, that General Westmoreland was taking his new job as pacification chief extremely seriously. It is doubtful if any commander in the history of warfare has ever faced such a complicated combination of tasks. Westmoreland's energy and his grasp of details constantly impress his staff. He is also, of course, highly solicitous about the welfare of his troops, and on these fast, highly organized trips, which he makes two or three times a week, he always finds time to talk to as many privates, corporals, and sergeants as possible, inquiring after their well-being. Morale by and large is good in Vietnam, mainly because a soldier knows he has only a year to serve. The food is also a big factor. One of the remarkable changes I have observed since I covered the Pacific and Korean wars is the manner in which front-line troops, within a day or two of being set down in a far-flung outpost, are served hot meals, often flown out by helicopter, instead of having to eat K and C rations for days or weeks on end. Of course, men on long patrols or actually in battle have to wait to eat well, but the majority of troops in Vietnam do so most of the time, and it is part of a whole new science of logistics. A major I know, who fought in Korea, said the other day, "One of these days they'll be pumping Muzak down to company level."

The essential problem General Westmoreland now confronts is a twofold one—how to find enough troops to wage battle and to afford protection at the same time. The problem is enhanced by the fact that, as has been the case all along, two-thirds of a division is still required for what are called control-and-hold (including logistics) operations, leaving only a third for strike, or attack, duty. Though Westmoreland would like to avoid it, inevitably more American troops will be needed from time to time to provide security for pacification, as the 1st Cavalry and parts of other outfits we visited in Binh Dinh and Quang Ngai are now doing. If some of these troops are shifted to meet major Communist challenges elsewhere—in the highlands or in the I Corps area, for example—other outfits will have to be moved in to replace them on the coast. The war in Vietnam, from the way it looks in Westmoreland's planning rooms, is thus akin to both a complicated chess game and a session of musical chairs. It is felt at the moment that at least two more American divisions will be needed in Vietnam before the end of the year—some thirty-five thousand troops in addition to the approximately four

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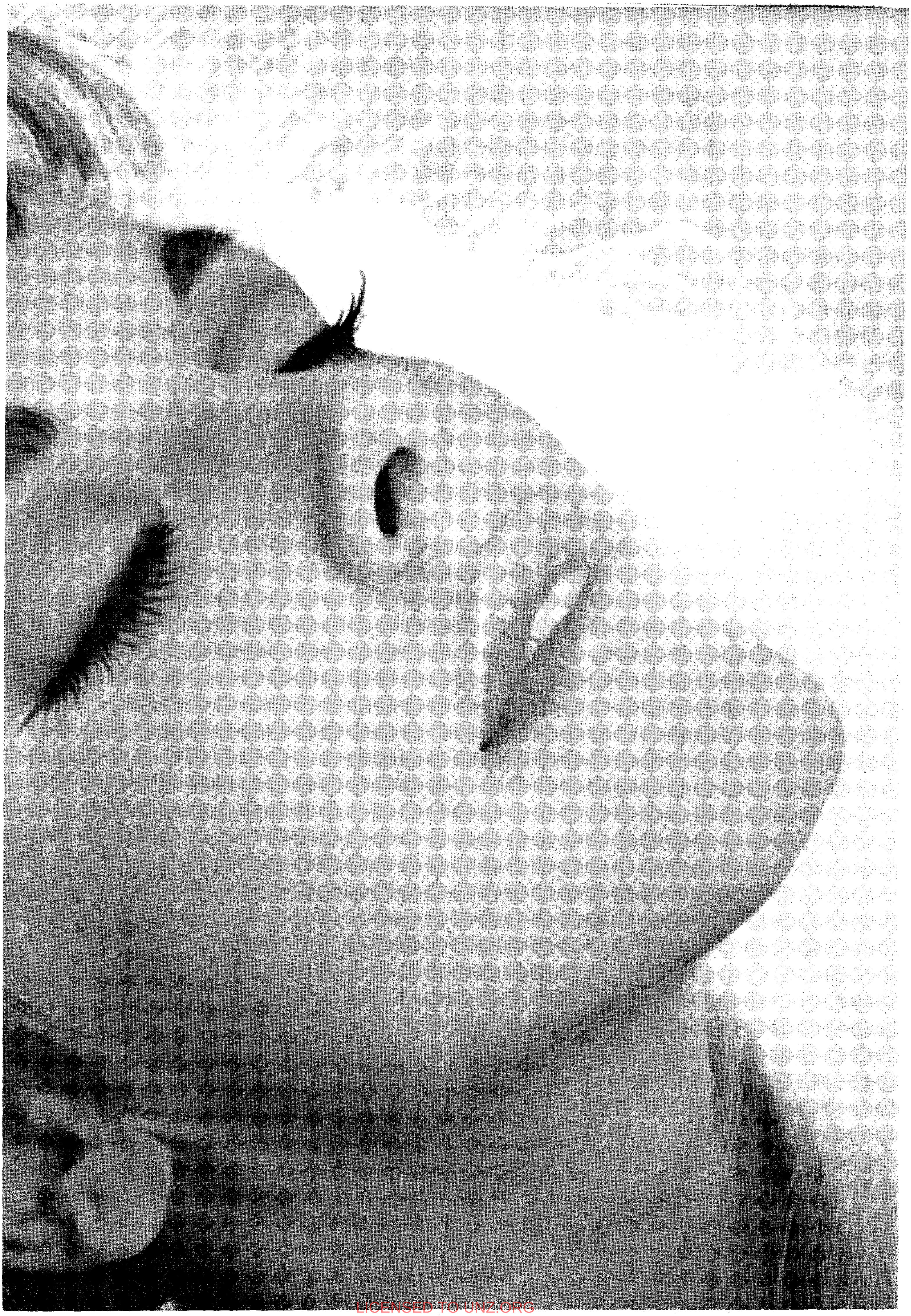

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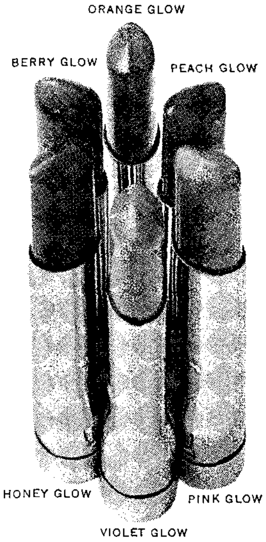

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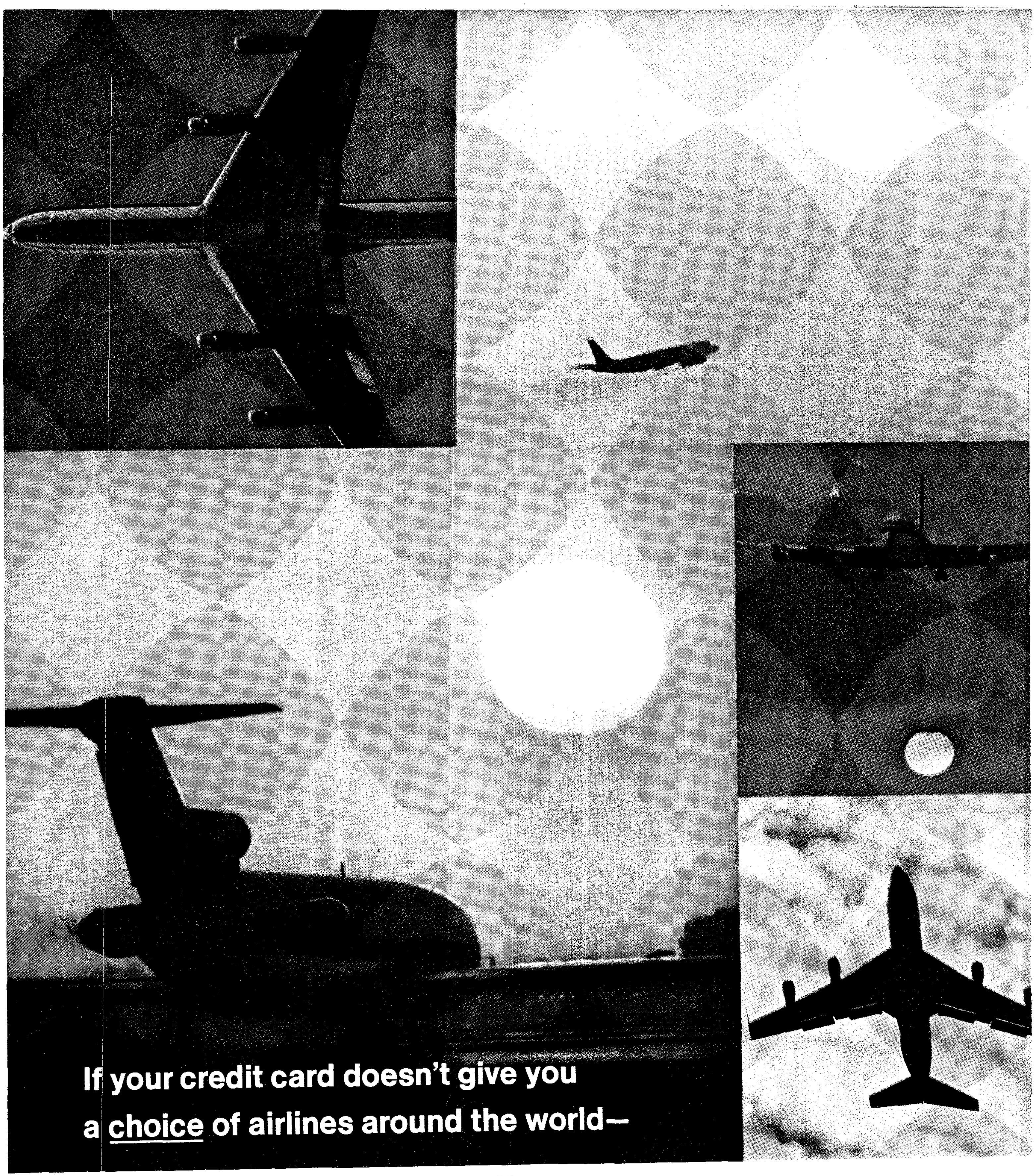

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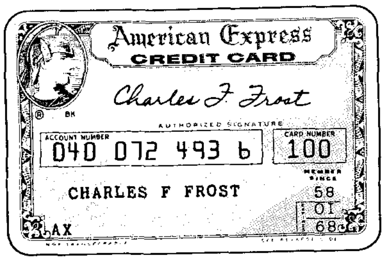
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IF there is any "other war" in Vietnam today, it is in the Mekong Delta, the rice bowl of the country. Of the eighty-two thousand Communist troops in the area, about half are full-time Vietcong main-force elements, supported by full-time regional guerrillas. There are no N.V.A. troops in the Delta, although some N.V.A. advisers move in and out. These forces are opposed by three ARVN divisions, totalling about thirty thousand men (the desertion rate, though it has dropped lately, still keeps the average ARVN regiment about ten to fifteen per cent under full strength), and by some ten thousand American troops, sixteen hundred of whom serve as advisers to the Vietnamese. The war in this region—the IV Corps area—is still a true guerrilla war, fought for control of the myriad canals and the few major roads, and for the hamlets and villages surrounding them. While there are occasional battalion-size engagements, the Vietcong main-force units have shown an increasing aversion to them, and most of the action involves a company or less on each side. Frequently, the greatest amount of damage is inflicted by ten or so guerrillas moving in a couple of sampans along a canal at night, with four men firing rifles, two handling larger weapons such as heavy machine guns, and four handling ammunition. They will attack, on a hit-and-run basis, a small hamlet that is in government hands or in no man's land—causing no more than a handful of casualties, perhaps, but doing a great deal of damage to morale.

Estimates of how much of the region is under Allied control vary, but even the most optimistic ones don't claim more than a quarter of the total land space, though this includes much of the arable land. The government and the Americans consider ten of the sixteen Delta provinces as priority areas this year; the others—mostly along the Cambodian border and on the Ca Mau Peninsula, in the far south—will have to wait. The most important strategic feature is the Mang Thit Canal, which runs up through the northern part of the Delta toward Saigon and, with the nearby Highway 4, is the major route for moving rice and other products from the Delta to the capital. The fact that some seven hundred thousand tons of rice, mostly American, is expected to be imported this

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year into Vietnam, usually a rice-exporting nation, emphasizes the importance of controlling this canal. The Vietcong obviously are aware of its importance, too, and still dominate it with two crack battalions. In the Delta, the statistics for Chieu Hoi—literally "Open Arms," the government's concerted program for winning Vietcong adherents back to its side—are encouraging, with four thousand returnees coming in through the first week of May this year, compared to five thousand during all of last year. However, there is no sign that the backbone of the guerrilla movement is yet anywhere near broken. More than half of the fifty-four hundred hamlets in the Delta are still outside government control, and many of those considered "safe" are subject to constant attack or harassment, especially at night. Most of the hundred and thirteen Revolutionary Development teams in the Delta area are far below their fifty-nine-man complement. The target for 1967 is to pacify two hundred and eighty-seven hamlets in all—a modest ten-per-cent improvement and a figure that, perhaps more than anything else, reveals the difficulty of the Delta problem.

A key province in the Delta has always been Long An, just south of Saigon, where the government controls less than a third of the population and no more than ten per cent of the land area by day and only four per cent of the area by night. Recently, one of the most unusual operations of the war was undertaken at an island village in the southern part of Long An called Long Huu, strategically located at a confluence of rivers, which afford the Communists access to the sea and, via a skein of canals, to the war zone in the North. The idea of hitting Long Huu was conceived by Colonel Samuel Wilson, who, before he returned to the States recently, was coördinator of all United States activities in the entire province of Long An—the only American to hold such a job in the country. Wilson's intelligence showed that the Communists, who had held Long Huu since December, 1965, had only a twenty-two-man guerrilla unit plus twenty-two cadremen in the village, which comprises seven hamlets with a total population of seven thousand. The Vietcong cadremen collected taxes and carried out sporadic political indoctrination, but otherwise paid little attention to the people—who sent out word clandestinely that they would welcome a government takeover. Long Huu thus was a soft spot, Wilson figured, and he decided to bypass a long line of

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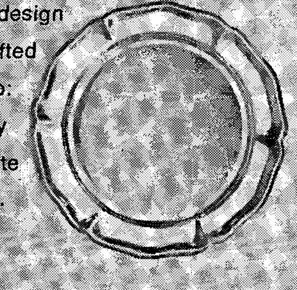

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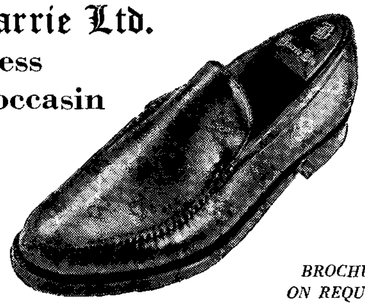

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what were considered hard spots and try to establish government control in the village with the help of some of the same local people who had been supporting the Vietcong—thereby applying a new principle, which could be called "Chieu Hoi in place."

The attack on Long Huu began at six o'clock on the morning of March 7th, when pamphlets were dropped telling the people that the place was about to be invaded by overwhelming American and Vietnamese forces. An hour later, after loudspeaker planes had warned the people to stay away, an old French fort at the northeast end of the village, suspected of being booby-trapped, was destroyed by napalm. Fifteen minutes after that, a battalion of ARVN and a battalion of American troops came into the village across the canals and by helicopter. The inhabitants were told to go to their homes and remain there, and that nothing would be done to hurt them. Within seven hours, the whole village was secure. The only shot fired killed a water buffalo that had gored a soldier, and its owners were compensated on the spot. Over the next few days, the Vietcong members and sympathizers were checked out, and more than a hundred, including some from neighboring villages who came in voluntarily, were detained at a Chieu Hoi center that was set up, but they were allowed to visit their families, and most of them were subsequently allowed to go home for good. Although the village did not have a priority for Revolutionary Development, a well-planned civic-action program has since been introduced by other government agencies. Security continues to be provided by a mixed Vietnamese element of ARVN, Popular Forces, police, and Provincial Reconnaissance units, plus one American company. As Wilson told me, just before he left, "The Long Huu experiment clearly showed that the Vietcong are overextended in their 'liberated' areas, just as we are in ours. The answer is that whoever controls the able-bodied manpower in a given place can run it. All the Vietcong were doing was hanging on to Long Huu with a minimal force and a phony mystique. The trick was for us to pick the right place, make a proper identification with the villagers, determine what kind of forces we wanted to have go in, and then apply our own thrust with the maximum effect, tailoring our agitation and propaganda to local demands and handling the Vietcong and the sympathizers carefully. The fact that many of the Popular Forces elements

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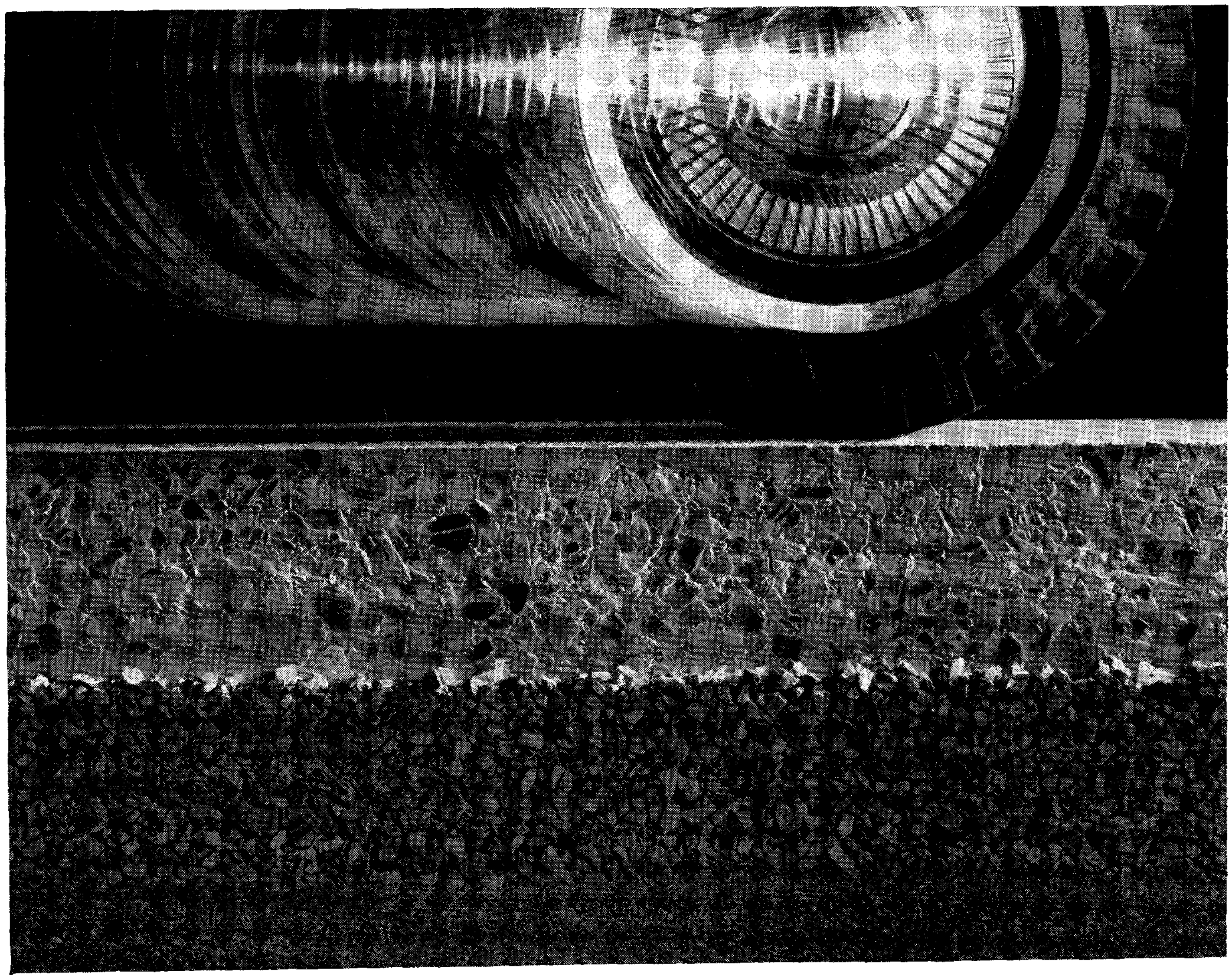

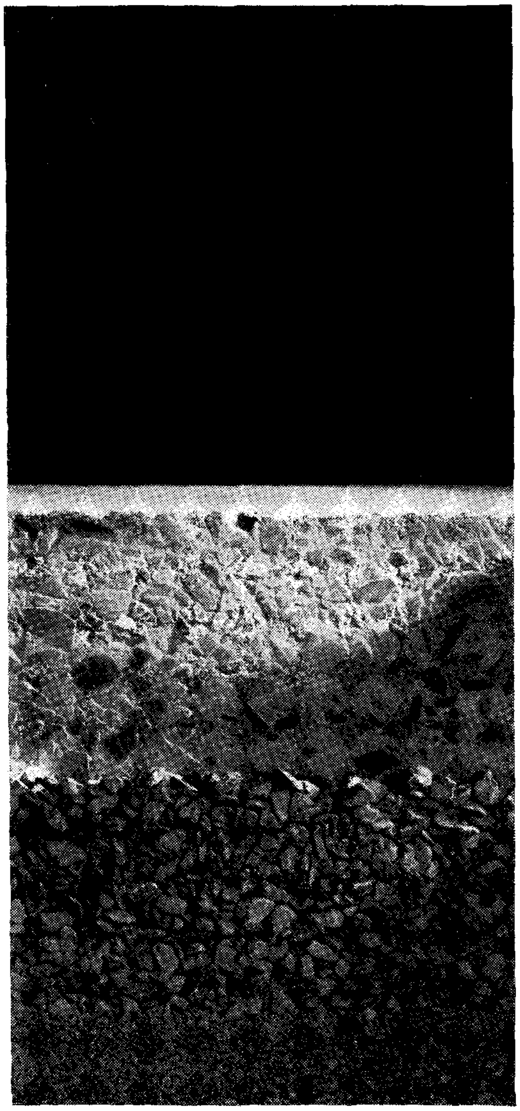

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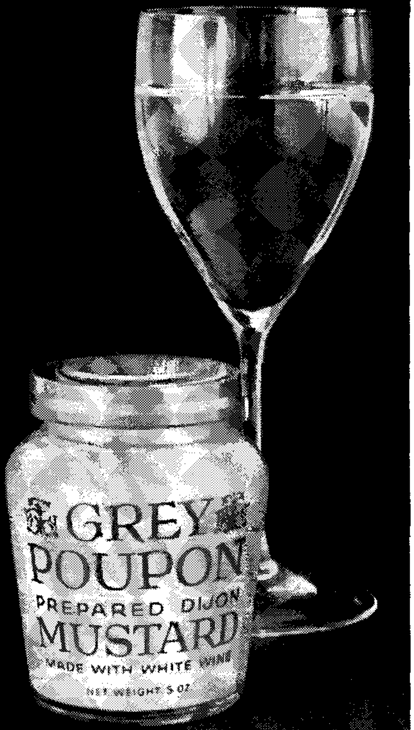

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now in Long Huu are former Vietcong members shows that we succeeded." Wilson readily admits that the opportunity to infiltrate and seize Long Huu was an unusual one and that such opportunities may not exist in all provinces of Vietnam. But they exist in enough of them, he feels, to warrant more such experiments, which, in a large sense, illustrate what Major Be means when he speaks of "filling a vacuum with our own guerrillas."

Long Huu undoubtedly shocked the Communists, who are fully aware of their own problems, including the general shortage of guerrillas. Nevertheless, they are showing no signs whatever of giving up the fight. In fact, they are fighting as fiercely and adroitly as ever, as the casualty rates among all the combatants show. Their total strength has not decreased, and is still just under three hundred thousand, including between fifty thousand and sixty thousand North Vietnamese. With some exceptions—notably the movement of full divisions across the D.M.Z.—the North Vietnamese infiltrators are no longer entering South Vietnam in unit strength but are being sent down in groups of a hundred or a hundred and fifty, on arduous marches along the Ho Chi Minh Trail network through Laos, which average four to six months in duration. Recently captured North Vietnamese prisoners, many of whom are in their teens or early twenties and who have received only a few months' training, have reported to interrogators that these infiltration groups are arriving badly depleted, as a result of American bombing and shelling and of malaria, and many groups have lost half their members by the time they reach their destinations in the highlands, at camps on both sides of the Cambodian border, or in the key bases the Communists still hold in their jungle redoubts of the I and II Corps areas.

Not long ago, I read through a large sheaf of prisoner-interrogation reports, and while they gave a mixed picture of what the prisoners thought about life in North Vietnam and about the war in the South, the general feeling that emerged was that although privation and hardship—including, above all, the effects of the American bombing and artillery attacks and the lack of food and medicines—had caused a drop in morale, the Communists were determined to fight on, believing in their cause and feeling certain of ultimate victory. Naturally, the men who surrendered were more critical than those captured in battle. The most important

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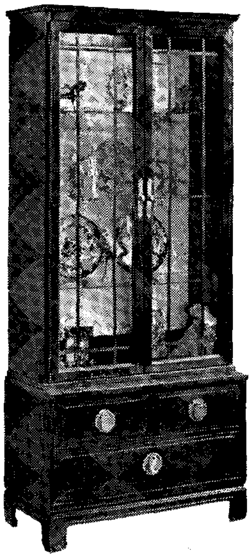

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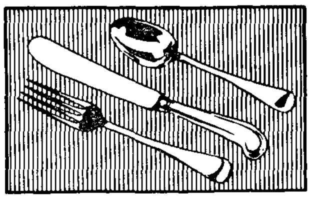

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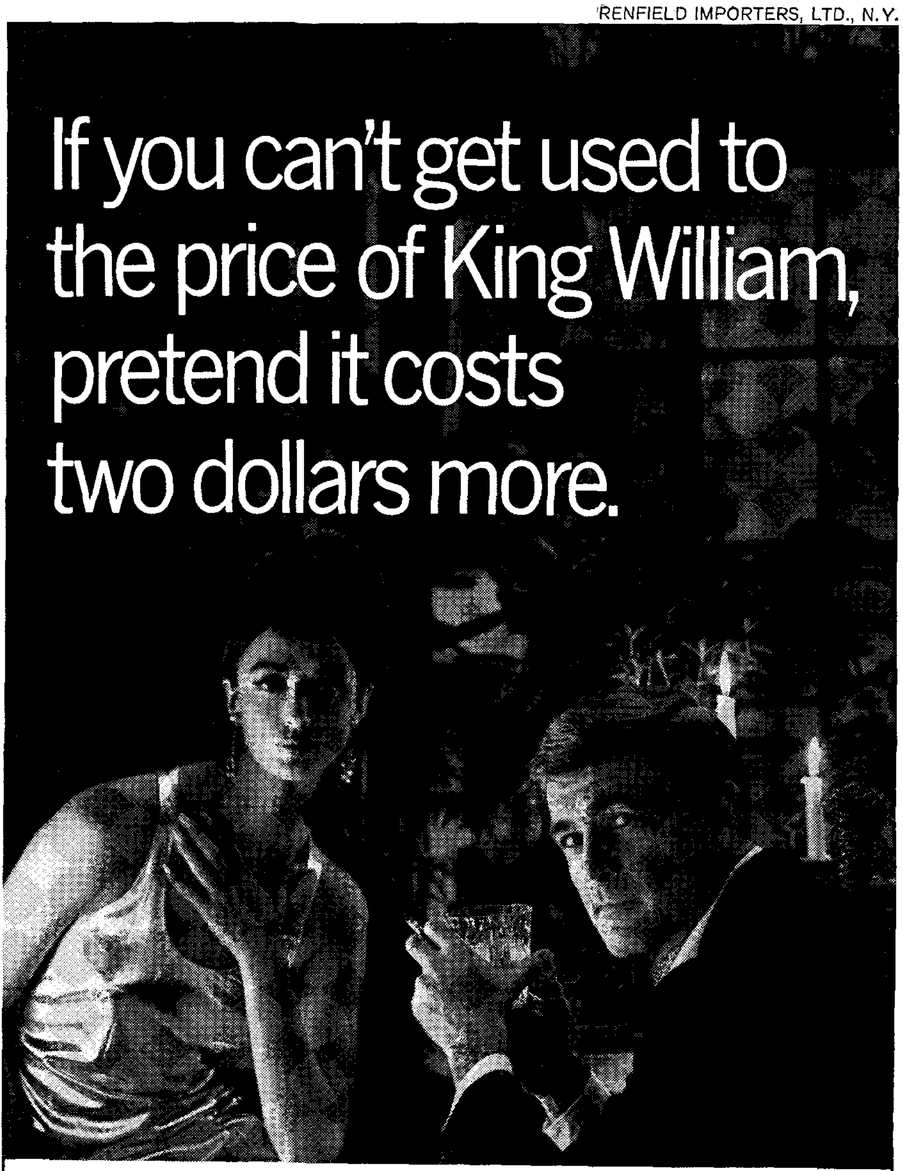
defector to date, Lieutenant Colonel Le Xuan Chuyen, who was operations chief for an N.V.A. division and had been a Communist Party member for twenty years, left for a combination of personal reasons and because he was convinced that life in the South, with all its shortcomings, was freer and better than life in the North, and that the Americans were not in South Vietnam to take the country over but to help it. After long interrogations, the South Vietnamese were so impressed with Colonel Chuyen that they appointed him director of the National Chieu Hoi Center, at Bien Hoa. The number of returnees has roughly doubled in the last year—more than fifteen thousand Hoi Chanh, as returnees are called in Vietnamese, have come back so far in 1967. Some are members of the Vietcong, but very few are old-time Vietcong fighters or cadremen. The great majority came under the sway of the Communists between 1964 and the end of 1965, when the Vietcong were riding high. Consequently, these returnees are, for the most part, people who were simply impressed into service by the Vietcong or found themselves living in Vietcong-controlled areas; as the Communists have been pushed back during the last two years, they have chosen to return to the government fold, very often because they were hungry and knew they would be fed in the Chieu Hoi camps. The reasons most of them cite for coming over are dissatisfaction with treatment by the Vietcong, hard and abnormal living conditions, the hazards of American bombing and general military pressure, and the success of the government's psychological-warfare programs—chiefly the distribution of millions of leaflets that have played on all these themes. Some of the returnees have also been deserters from the South Vietnamese armed forces who have been attracted back by offers of amnesty and permission to be classified as Hoi Chanh themselves, and to live in the Chieu Hoi camps at first, then to get a month's retraining and a fortnight's leave before rejoining their old units.

As a result of a number of major American operations in recent months, notably Cedar Falls, in the so-called Iron Triangle area north of Saigon, and Junction City, in Zone C, in the III Corps area, both heretofore inviolate Communist-base regions, tons of enemy documents have been captured. It will take months, if not years, to translate them all, but many of the more important ones have been trans-



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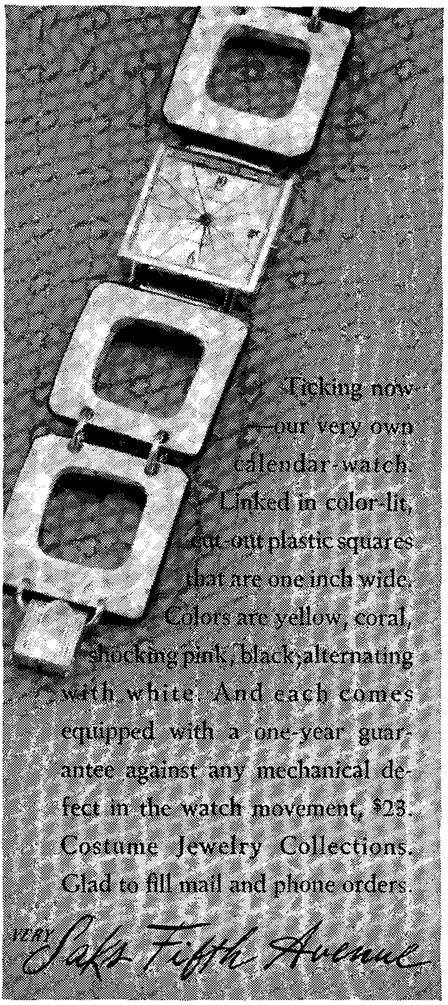
lated already, and they reveal a number of significant things about the strategy and hierarchy of the Communists. Perhaps most significant is much fresh corroboration of the completeness with which the Lao Dong, or Workers', Party of North Vietnam and the North Vietnamese Politburo control the People's Revolutionary Party and the National Liberation Front in the South, and, in fact, determine the whole policy and course of the war. Since the early part of 1965, the commander of all war operations in the South, and the head of COSVN as well, has been General Nguyen Chi Thanh. Thanh, who is fifty-two years old, is one of only two four-star generals in the N.V.A., the other being the Defense Chief and top commander, General Vo Nguyen Giap, who may personally be conducting the assaults on the D.M.Z. The extent of North Vietnamese control has been revealed in a number of lengthy confidential speeches and declarations over the last half year by General Thanh, by Major General Tran Do, one of five senior North Vietnamese commanders operating in the South, and by such other high officials as Lieutenant General Nguyen Van Vinh, who is head of the Lao Dong's Department of Reunification and the North Vietnamese government's Reunification Committee, as well as Deputy Chief of Staff of the N.V.A. These men have made it patently clear, sometimes in almost humiliating fashion, that they are running the show in the South and that members of the National Liberation Front are simply puppets who will be told at what moment Hanoi chooses to take steps about anything, including negotiations. The documents containing these pronouncements, concerning the authenticity of which there is no doubt—they were mostly taken from deep underground fortified bunkers and war rooms—thus make it clearer than it has been before that despite the efforts of the Communists to portray the Front as an independent organization, with its own shadow government and its own missions abroad (including one recently established in Hanoi), the N.L.F. in fact has little remaining identity of its own and very little leverage. This does not mean that there are not some independent Southern leaders and soldiers who dislike the intrusion of the Northerners, nor does it mean that the Front will not play a role in negotiations when they begin; it does quite definitely indicate that the North's use of the Front is simply part of a larger game aimed at taking over all of Vietnam, and that the Front's claim of wanting to postpone



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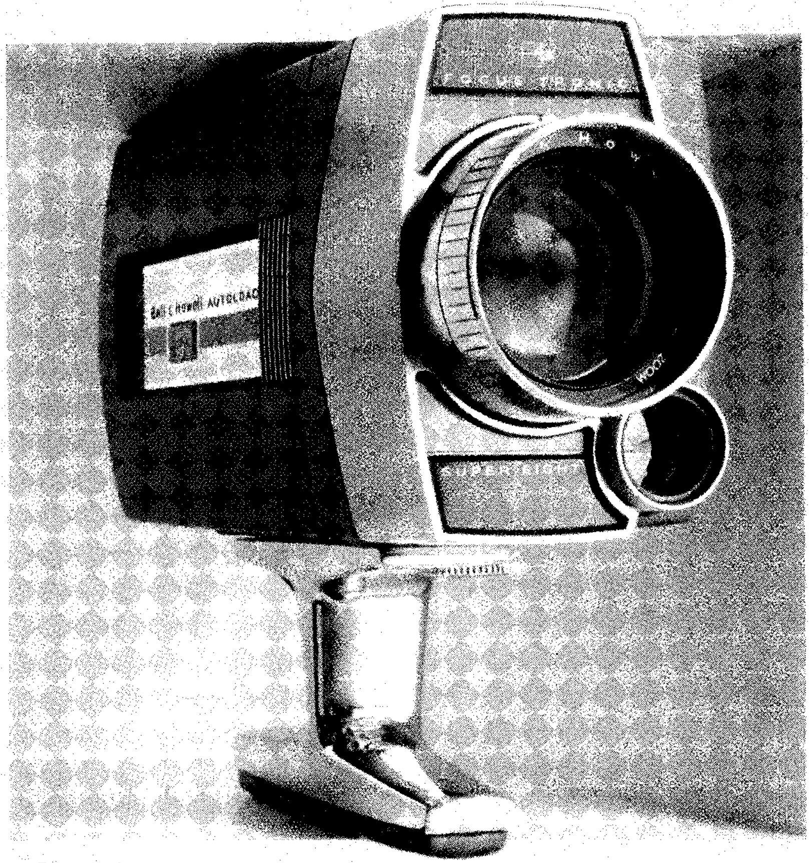

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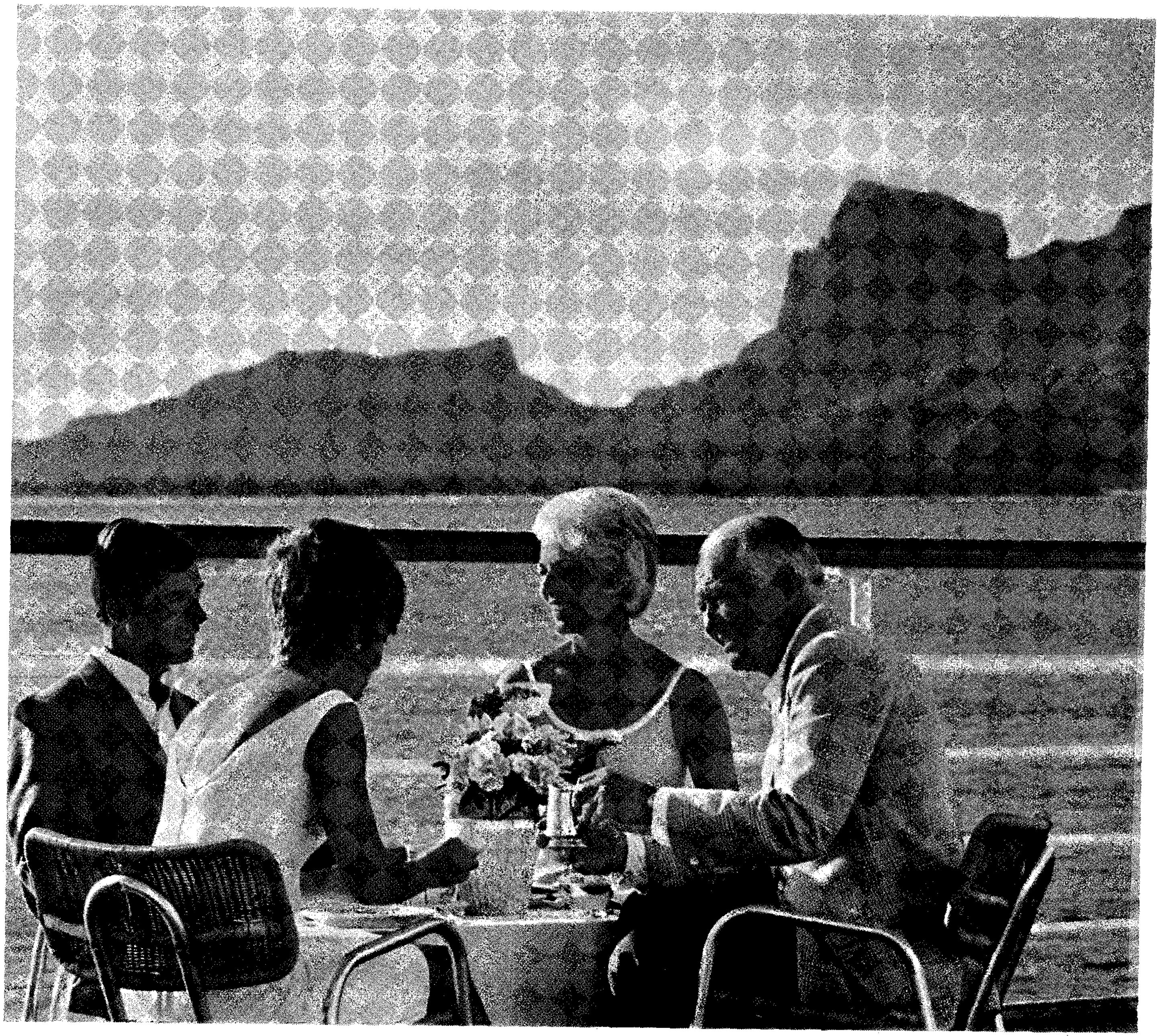

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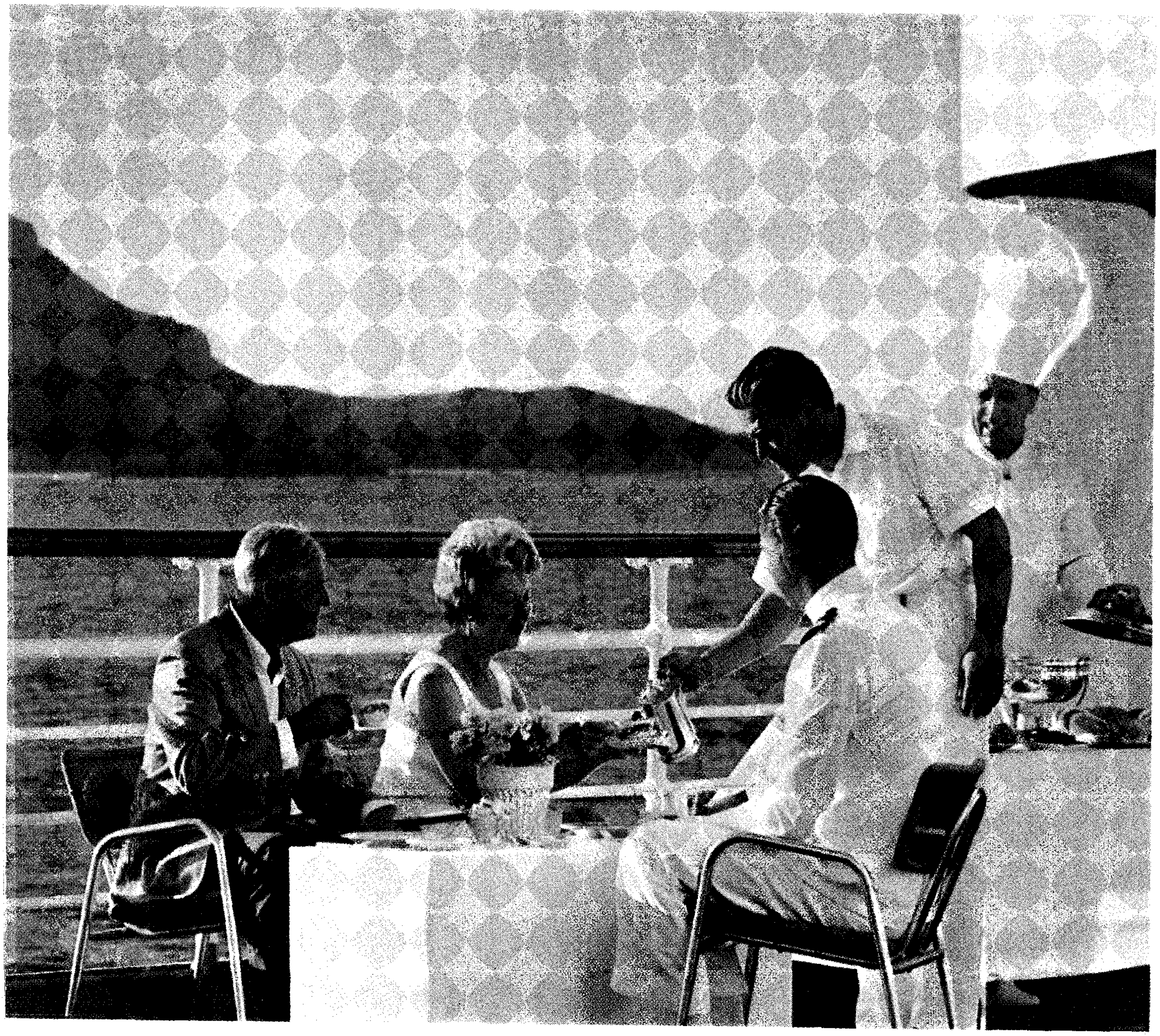

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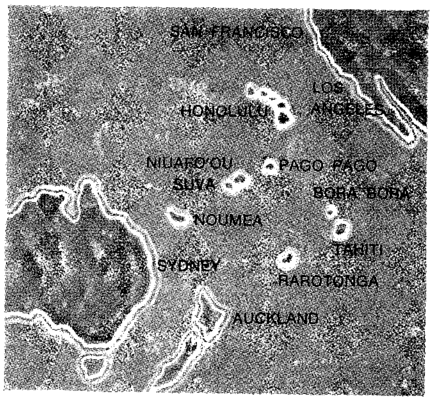

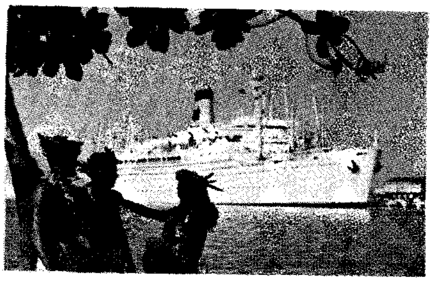

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reunification with the North is just a sham.

For example, in a recent speech, General Tran Do frequently referred to "a force of thirty-one million" (the population of North and South Vietnam combined), which he maintained was "morally and physically supported by the whole [Communist] bloc," and, in mentioning the large American buildup, he said, "Objectively speaking, the Americans are no stronger than we. They are very rich but not stronger. We do have the capability to defeat them. We have defeated two hundred and fifty thousand troops; in the coming round we will certainly defeat three hundred thousand or four hundred thousand men easily, because the *whole* nation has concentrated her forces here. . . . We can say openly that we certainly have the right and duty, on a national scale, to help South Vietnam defeat the enemy, to help morally and physically. We can say this bluntly and overtly. [The North Vietnamese had previously denied they were sending men South.] . . . Can we not be expected to bring in our men while the enemy brings in his? Especially when we still have four hundred thousand men available there [in North Vietnam]?" The whole tenor of General Do's speech was that the war would be long and painful. "If we are not determined to fight for a long time and to achieve repeated successes, we can become doubtful," he said. "To fight the Americans, we cannot be doubtful. If we do not fight them, they will look for us and fight us. If we do not defeat them, they will defeat us. . . . Thus, we have to fortify our confidence in the ability to employ brute force to accomplish our purposes. . . . The Americans are really stubborn, they are really cunning. They see that they are not able to win by military means, that they can be defeated militarily, so they turn to diplomatic maneuvers to obtain what they cannot seize with their forces. . . . All we can say is that the present situation is not favorable for peace talks. . . . Many people in the world are advising us to accept the conditions offered by the Americans. . . . We must not be hypnotized by the peace mirage. . . ."

General Vinh, who in his Reunification jobs works under the direction of Le Duan, the Lao Dong Party's First Secretary and one of the leading candidates for successor to Ho Chi Minh, has made occasional visits to South Vietnam; he was there at least once last year and is believed to have been back since. He, too, has repeatedly

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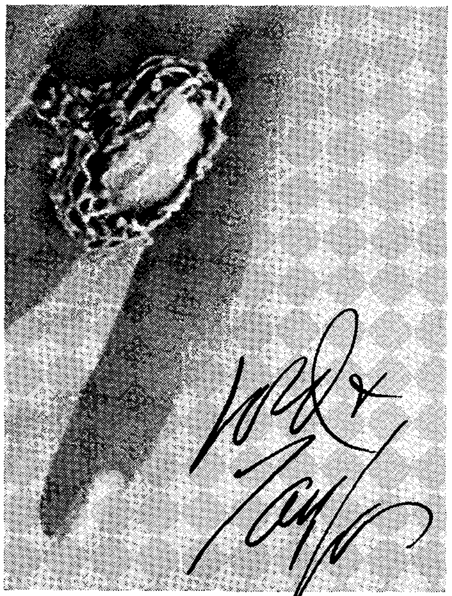
talked of the need to win "a final and decisive victory," but he has also set the stage for the expected period of "fighting and negotiating at the same time." The time is not yet ripe for negotiations, he has said, but he has also pointed out that "fighting while negotiating is aimed at opening another front, with a view to making the puppet army more disintegrated." Once the fighting in the war has become "indecisive," Vinh has said, the simultaneous fighting and negotiating period begins, and "in fighting while negotiating, the side which fights more strongly will compel the adversary to accept its conditions." In a point-blank declaration of who will call the tune on negotiations, Vinh adds, "The Party Central Committee entrusts the Politburo with the task of deciding on the time for negotiations," and, once that is done, he has said, "We will take advantage of the opportunity offered by negotiations to step up our military attacks, political struggle, and military proselytizing." As one of the "conditions" the Communists will impose, according to Vinh, "the puppet forces must be concentrated in barracks [and] the American troops must be stationed on the wharves."

General Thanh, the field commander, has spent less time theorizing and more time analyzing the war in his speeches, and he is skilled both at exhortation and at making bold and rash statements. In a recent analysis of the campaigns of 1966, he called on his combined N.V.A. and Vietcong forces, plus the admittedly undermanned guerrillas, to defeat as many as "a million or a million and a half American troops." Thanh's figures of the number of Americans so far killed and wounded in the war are multiplied four or five times above the true totals, but he apparently has regarded such exaggeration as a necessary part of indoctrinating and encouraging his own troops. He has said, "The United States has ordered four hundred thousand coffins . . . [but] it makes no difference to us whether we stand against the enemy for two or three years, or even for eight years, of protracted war."

MUCH has been made by the Vietnamese government and by the Americans of the new Vietnamese constitution, which established a strong Presidential system but one checked and balanced by a strong National Assembly and an independent judiciary, and much has also been made of the elections that have been held in the



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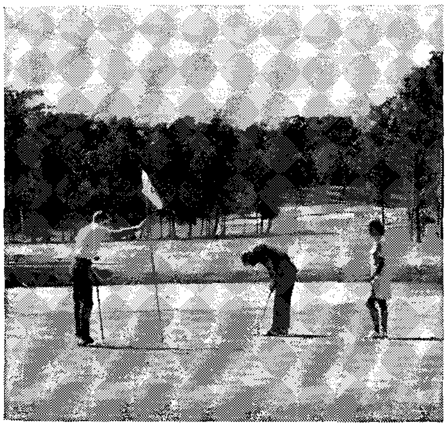

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past year—first, last September, for the Constituent Assembly, which wrote the constitution; then, in April, for village councils; and, during May and early June, for hamlet officials. The village and hamlet elections, which have just been completed, took place in about a third of the total number of twenty-five hundred villages and twelve thousand hamlets in South Vietnam—those considered to be secure, or relatively secure—and roughly eighty per cent of all of those eligible to vote did so, though the figures ranged in different areas from a little over fifty per cent to ninety-five per cent. Despite this turnout, considerable skepticism remains about the significance of the elections; many Vietnamese, and some Americans, too, feel that there was more form than substance to them, and that they were conducted more to impress foreigners—and Americans in particular—than the Vietnamese themselves. It was true that the rural voters did not show much enthusiasm, but, on the other hand, there was no reason to suppose that they would, since their faith in previous governments, as well as in the present one, has never been great, and their belief in the democratic process, based on their own sad experience, has been equally dim, principally because they have been subjected to so much corrupt influence by provincial and central-government officials and so much undercover infiltration by Vietcong agents.

In both sets of elections, the government had difficulty getting enough candidates to run—a state of affairs reflecting both lethargy and fear of Vietcong reprisals. In each village, six to twelve councilmen were elected, depending on the population; these councilmen then chose a village chief, an administrative committee, and a chief administrative officer, who in effect serves as the local representative of Saigon, while the village chief is the local boss. In many cases, provincial and district officials were barely able to fill the slates, though there were some cases in which semblances of contests took place. While the government has claimed that among the nearly nine thousand elected village-council members only some twelve hundred were former village and hamlet officials, most Vietnamese I know scoff at these figures. "The government has fancy statistics," one of them, who is intimately associated with what goes on in the countryside, told me. "The problem in the villages is still the same. No one other than old

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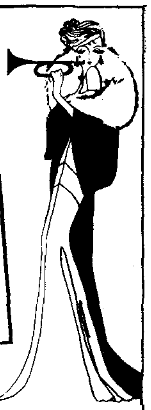

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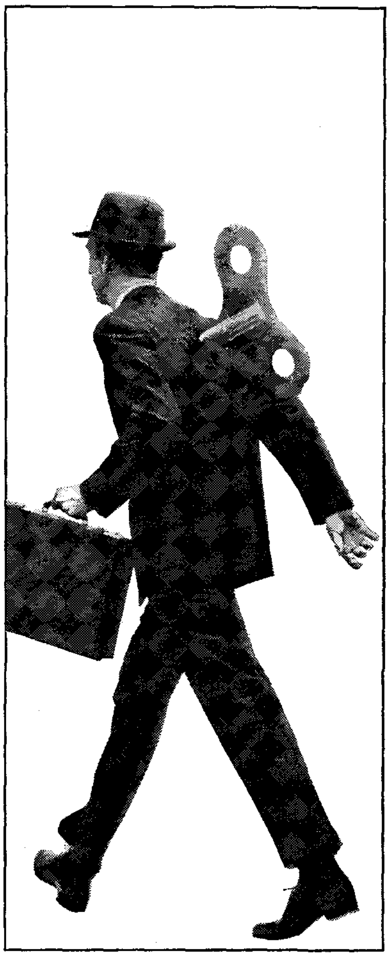

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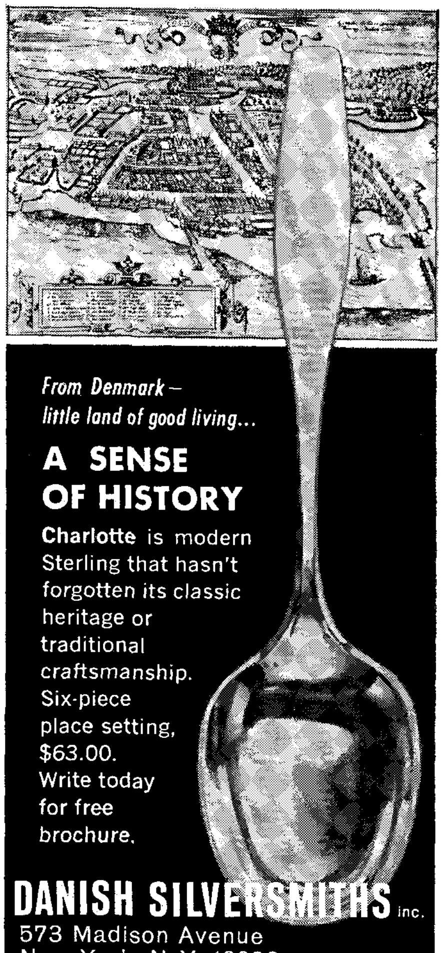
leaders or their friends dared to run. They have no foundation of support among the masses, because the masses know the winners will still all be beholden to the old guard, to the district and province officials they have dealt with for years." The government expects the councils to generate their own self-help projects, and has arranged for them to keep for this purpose forty per cent of all local taxes collected; all such taxes have always in the past been turned over to district and province chiefs, and very little money has ever trickled back down. This may work, up to a point, but many villages never collected very much anyway, and the central government may have to contribute directly to them if it wants to create any real financial freedom. With the help of the Americans, the Vietnamese also hope to furnish the villages with direct economic assistance, bypassing the provincial and district authorities. Essentially, the success of the local elections will depend on how well the central government's policies enable the new councils to stand on their own hind legs and act independently.

Although the government did its best to prevent violence during the council elections, the Vietcong assassinated twelve candidates and kidnapped thirty-one others, while killing fifteen civilian voters and eighteen soldiers; a hundred civilians and soldiers were wounded, and forty are listed as "missing." Some additional killings took place as a result of local vendettas. In the last six months, with increasingly frequent attacks on Revolutionary Development workers and police, as well as on candidates, local officials, and civilians in general, it is estimated that Vietcong terrorism has increased by fifty per cent. A recent American study pointed out, "The assassination pattern appears to be directed toward the very best and the very worst officials, against the highly popular and effective government civil servant and against the most corrupt and oppressive local official. Such a policy obviously stimulates mediocrity among civil servants. . . . Potential opposition leadership is the Vietcong's most deadly enemy. Steadily, quietly, and with a systematic ruthlessness, the Vietcong in six years have wiped out virtually a whole class of Vietnamese villagers. Many villages today are virtually depopulated of their natural leaders. . . . This loss to Vietnam is inestimable and it will take a generation or more to replace. By any definition, this is genocide." Unfortunately, if it is genocide, it is also guer-



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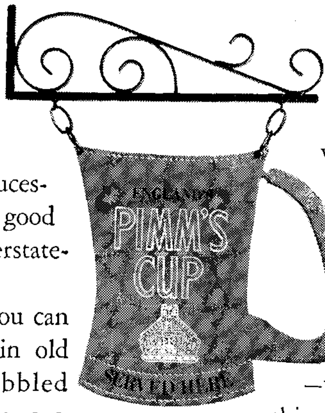

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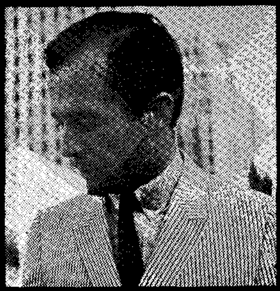

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rilla warfare in its most refined stage. There are, of course, many Vietnamese, not to mention millions of people abroad, who regard the American bombing of North Vietnam as an example of genocide at its worst.

BOTH infiltration and terror, the success of which inevitably depends on some degree of local coöperation, are intricately bound up with the ever-growing question of corruption in Vietnam, which in turn is tied to the economic situation, particularly as it affects the poor and the middle class. As Vietnam has economically become more and more dependent on American support, corruption has increased in proportion to the economic disparities caused by the American buildup and the amount of largesse dispensed. With rice production way down, and rubber and fruit production also way off—the latter to some extent because of defoliation of fruit trees in combat areas—the Vietnamese today are almost totally dependent on American aid to survive. The only widespread industry, textile production, is at a virtual standstill—a half-dozen major factories have closed down—because of foreign textile imports, which are ten times what they were only two years ago. Total Vietnamese imports, amounting to almost four hundred million dollars last year, are ten times the total of exports, and *an eighth of the imports* include such luxury items as automobiles and motorcycles, refrigerators, air-conditioners, and television sets. Most of the imported items come in through a commercial import program under which the government furnishes individual importers licenses and funds that are backed up by American dollars. Even though this may be the only way the government can obtain funds to pay its combined total of nearly a million troops and civil servants, the inevitable effect is ever-mounting inflation, and while the black-market rate for piastres has gone down from a hundred and seventy to a hundred and fifty per dollar in the last few months, food prices, except for that of rice, have continued to mount or have remained stationary, which means they are still much too high for the average person, whose purchasing power, despite some small wage increases and greater allowances for soldiers and government workers, continues to decline.

The Vietnamese government has all sorts of long- and short-term projects for developing both the agricultural and the industrial sectors of the economy. These range from extending

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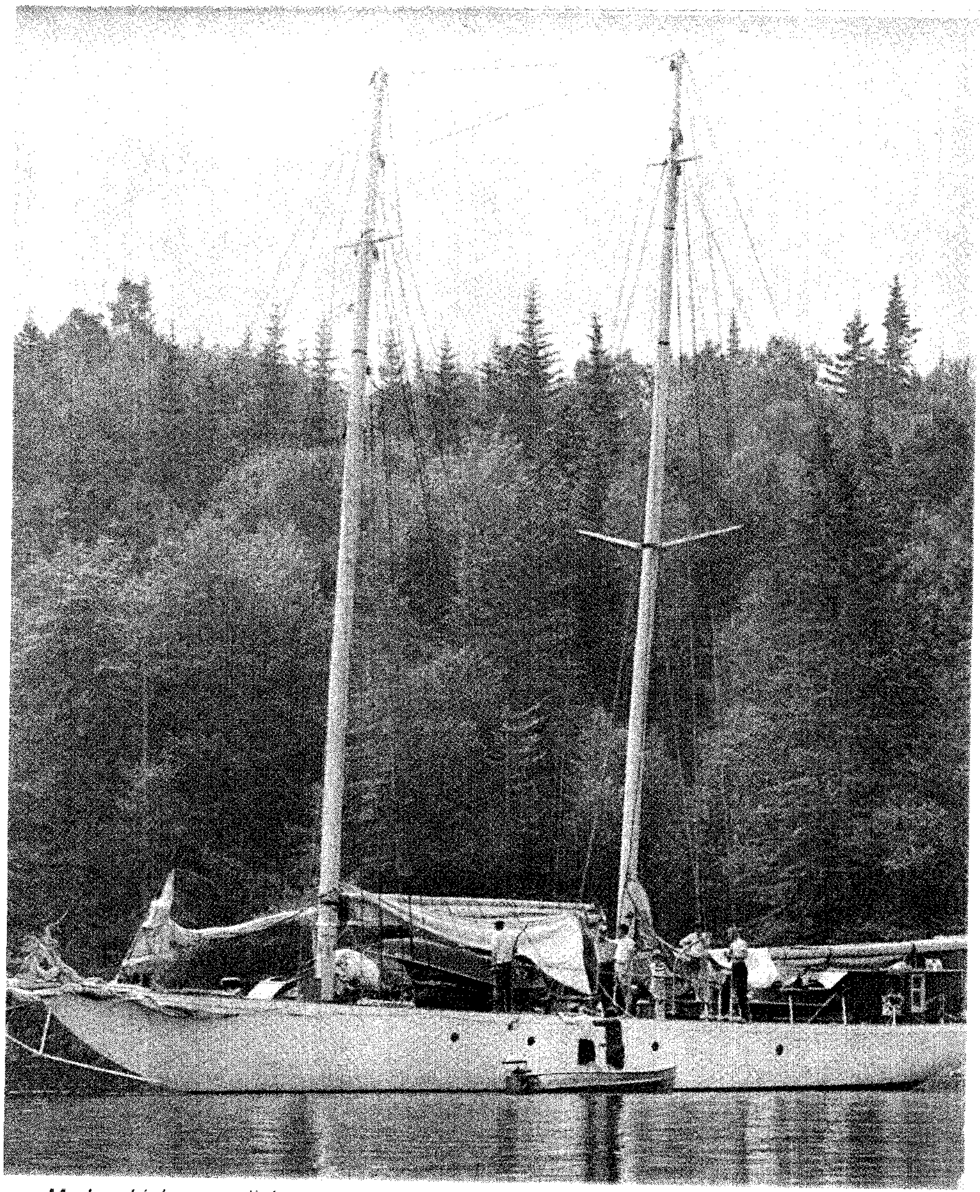

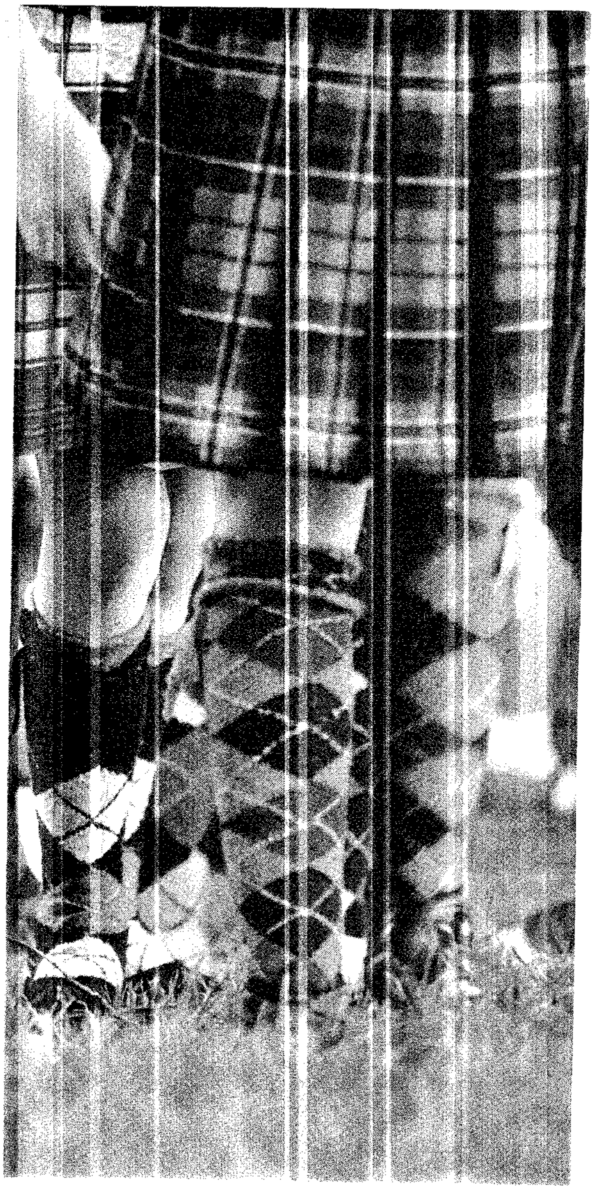

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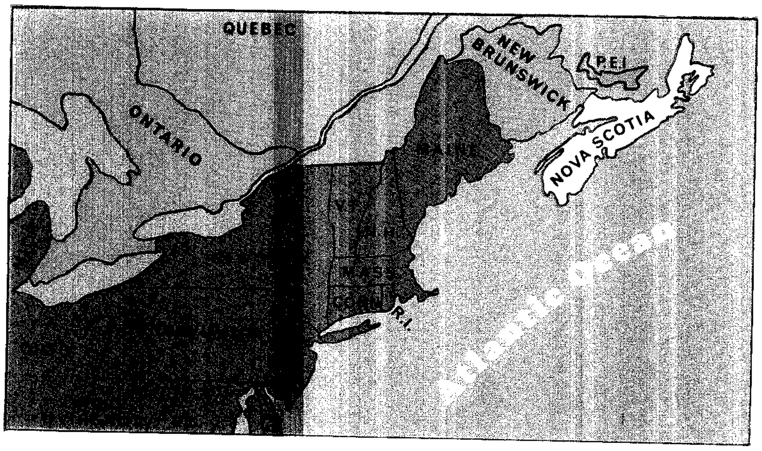
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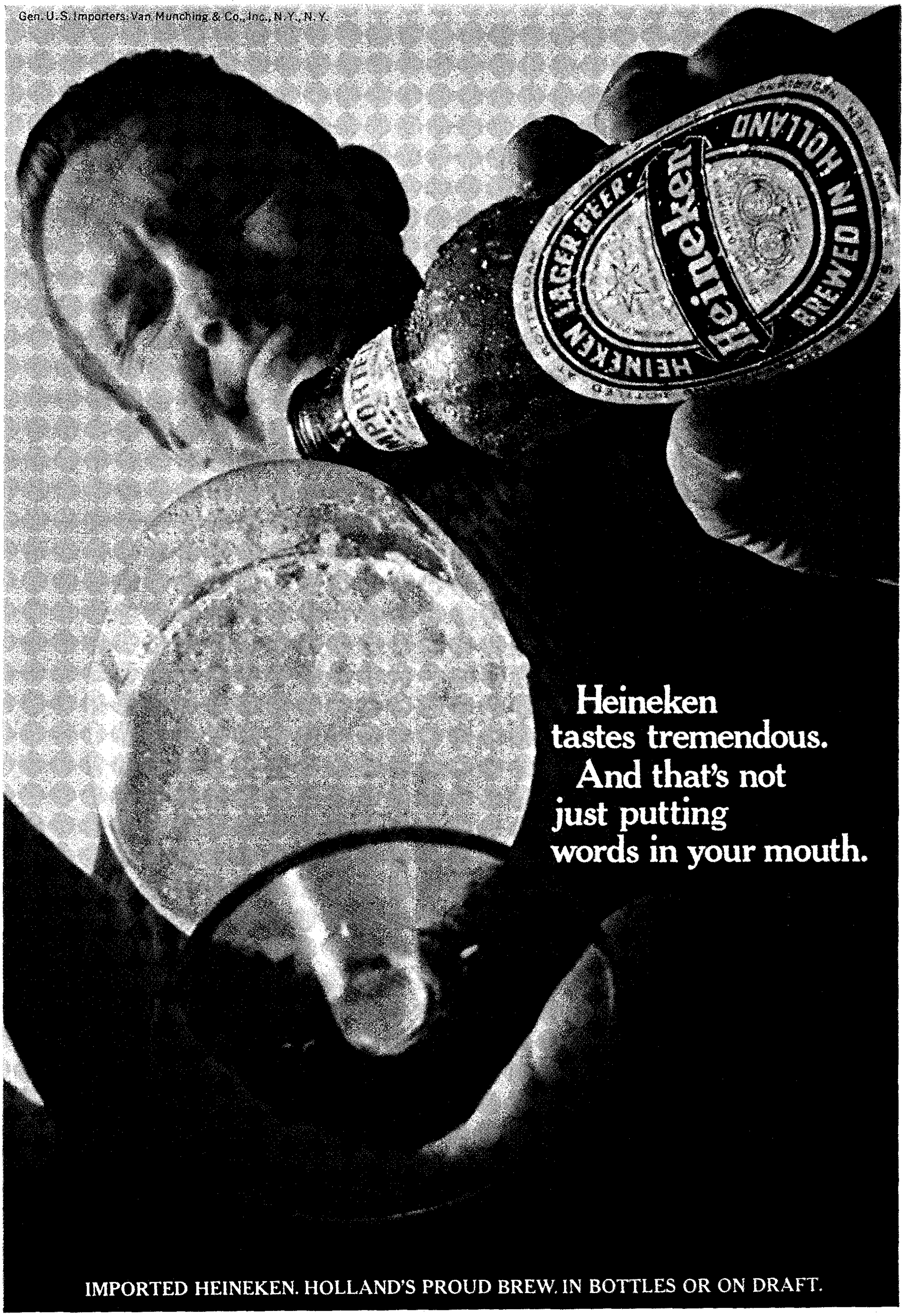
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better agricultural credit facilities to farmers and the creating of an Agricultural Development Bank to the setting up of a Financial Corporation for Industrial Development and the building of a permanent industrial complex at Cam Ranh Bay, the big new base constructed by the Americans, but it is doubtful if any of them will get very far as long as the war lasts. In the meantime, in the effort to survive and take advantage of the inflationary situation, many Vietnamese, including private businessmen and government and military officials, are reaping profits while they can and paying bribes to do it. The areas of opportunity are varied and wide, ranging from the luxury imports to real estate; a number of generals' wives have made fortunes selling or renting properties to Americans at high prices. Corruption throughout the Army is still rampant, although a recently signed decree now enables action to be taken against military offenders within a fortnight instead of over a period of months, as before. In the last few months, new fields for corruption have been developed. Two huge shipments of opium have been seized—one of twelve hundred kilos and the other of two hundred. The drug is said to have come from either France or Thailand, and it is unlikely that it could have found its way here without the help of Army, Navy, or Air Force officers. In an atmosphere like this, of cynicism and opportunism, it is no wonder that the Vietcong, themselves never loath to make or demand payoffs for goods wanted or transport privileges granted, have further extended their influence. Not only is the degree of Vietcong penetration among disillusioned nationalists much greater today than it was a year or two ago; my Vietnamese friends tell me that Vietcong agents are known to be moving in on the press, on the labor movement, on the Civil Service, on some national enterprises (such as the railways), on religious sects, and on fragmented political parties and groups.

In the coming election for President, on September 3rd, this demoralization and infiltration will inevitably be factors. Despite the apathy toward the local elections, there is already considerable interest in the vote for President and Vice-President, and in the establishment of a new national government following the appointment, by the new Chief Executive, of a Prime Minister. Part of this interest has to do with the basic question of whether there will be another military government or a civilian one, and part of it stems from the

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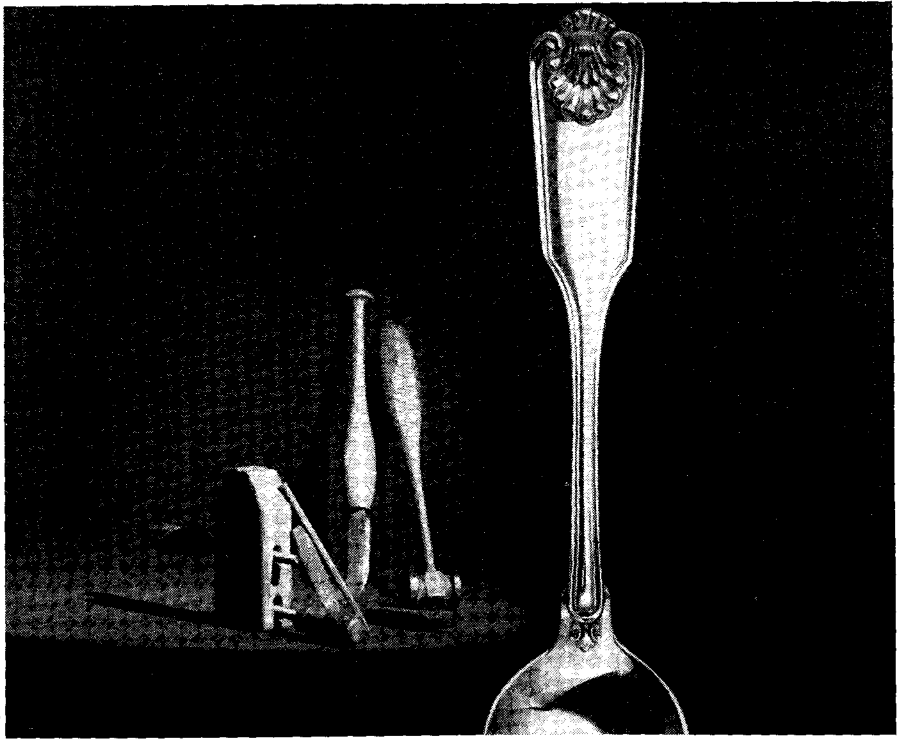

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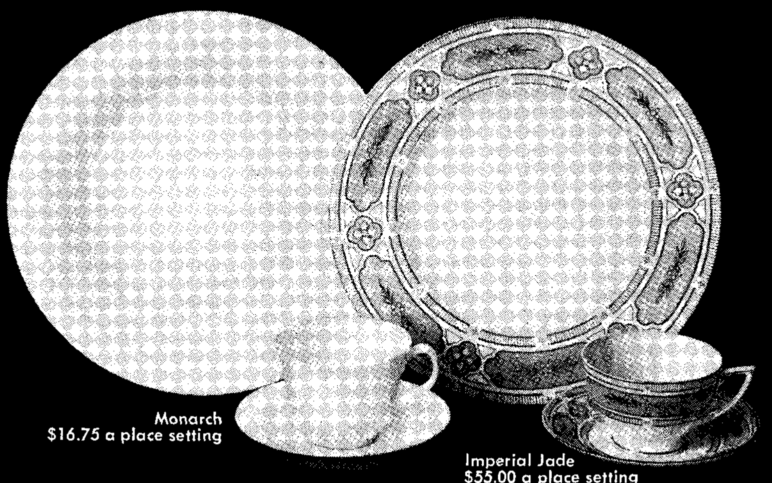

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larger questions of war and peace—of what steps the new President and his aides may take either to prosecute the war or to move toward (or at least not away from) negotiations. These are matters that mean more to the average Vietnamese than the personalities of the individual candidates. Almost every Vietnamese I have asked cites, as the things he is principally concerned about, the end of corruption and high prices and a satisfactory end to the war. There undoubtedly will be many people who will vote as individuals on these issues, but pressure groups and blocs will continue to play important and probably decisive roles. The most significant of these groups is still undeniably the military, but the military is by no means a unified bloc. The new election law, which was also written by the Constituent Assembly, specifically states that any military man who wants to run must take off his uniform and go on leave. Currently brewing is a bitter fight not only between the military and the civilian candidates but between at least two military factions.

These two factions are represented by Prime Minister Nguyen Cao Ky, who as an Air Vice-Marshal is still head of the Air Force, and Chief of State Nguyen Van Thieu, who is a three-star Army general. Both men, members of the ruling military Directory that has run South Vietnam for the last two years, have announced their candidacies, despite efforts of other military men, and of some Americans as well, to avert a fight between them. Ky and Thieu have never been close, although they have managed to get along for two years, because they couldn't do without each other. Both men over recent months have played a rather childish Alphonse-Gaston game regarding the declarations of their respective candidacies. Ky has on several occasions maintained that if Thieu wanted to run he would not, and Thieu has indicated that he would support Ky if he decided to run. One day, Ky would indicate that he was not available because his wife didn't want him to run and because he wanted to go back to the Air Force, and the next day he would evince a willingness to run if the circumstances demanded it. Thieu was more reserved, and his policy was to let the more flamboyant, often immature Ky defeat himself by his rash statements, invariably made to the press while travelling around the country. As Ky began managing to restrain his off-the-cuff braggadocio, and as he increasingly impressed the Americans with his

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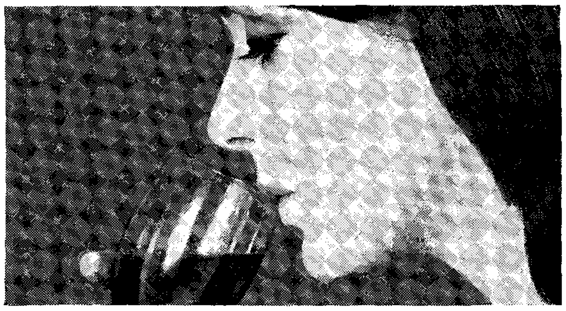
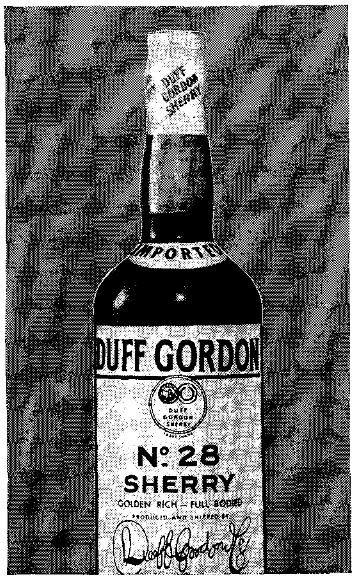
potential qualities of leadership, Thieu moved out of his shell. Ky kept saying that he and Thieu would decide the issue between themselves. Thieu, on the contrary, said that the Armed Forces Council, which is composed of some hundred officers, ought to decide. Since Ky had a larger popular following and Thieu had the edge in the Council, this drew the battle lines more sharply. Late in March, just before Thieu went into the hospital for an operation, Ky in effect threw down the gauntlet to Thieu at a meeting of the ten generals who belong to the Directory, formally offering to step aside if Thieu wished to run. At this point, Thieu realized he was being boxed in, that the sentiment in the country was running against a military choice by the military, and that he no longer could count on the strength he had assumed earlier, either among the generals in the Directory or among the members of the Armed Forces Council. While Thieu was in the hospital, Ky's friends, including some officers, met with him and urged him to announce his candidacy, which he was still reluctant to do, pointing out that he had made a promise to Thieu. It was now apparent that each man was trying to force the other into making a final public declaration of his nonavailability. Early in May, General Cao Van Vien, who is both Minister of Defense and Chief of Staff and one of the few apolitical general officers around, announced, after some encouragement from the Americans, that since soldiers were not avowed members of any political party, "the armed forces of the Republic shall not nominate anybody to represent the military in the coming Presidential election." Some took this as a further effort to eliminate Thieu, while others suggested it paved the way for both men to run as individuals, if they wished. A week later, on May 12th, Ky announced that he would run. He issued his statement from his country headquarters at Dalat, a resort town north of Saigon, and when asked to comment on a statement by Thieu a few days earlier to the effect he might still run, Ky replied, "Chairman Thieu has the right to run, like any other citizen."

On May 19th, I had an interview with Thieu, and for the first time he said point-blank that he would run. He said he had made the decision as a patriot, after considering all aspects of the matter and consulting friends about whether he would be able to rally a broad front of popular opinion in the fight against Communism. He did not





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feel that, with both Ky and himself running, the military vote would be split and factionalism encouraged. In fact, he said, it would be worse if there were only one military candidate, because the people would think that candidate was being shoved down their throats. It was not necessary for a military man to be President, he added, but it was important for both civilian and military leaders to support one another. If an Army man declared his unwillingness to coöperate with a civilian President, that was wrong, he went on—in what amounted to a swipe at Ky, who, in an off-the-record speech to his cadet classmates a few days before, had reportedly inveighed against the acceptance of a civilian government, especially one that might be willing to dicker with the Communists, and who later, at a luncheon meeting with thirty members of the National Assembly, had declared that if he ran he would have all the prestige and means he needed, since he had a built-in organization, partly military and partly civilian, and he cited the success of the village elections as a point in his favor.

At this time, there were already eight declared civilian candidates. The first to declare was the venerable Phan Khac Suu, the head of the Constituent Assembly and a former Chief of State during two of the short-lived post-1963 regimes. Suu, a Southerner and a former member of the Cao Dai religious sect as well as a veteran nationalist, is a generally respected but not overly admired man—he has never been known for his firm opinions about anything. His more outspoken running mate, as candidate for Vice-President, is Dr. Phan Quang Dan, a Northerner and also a longtime nationalist, who, like Suu, was jailed under Diem, and who balances the ticket regionally and gives it more verve. Another candidate with a national reputation, who announced soon after Suu, is Ha Thuc Ky (no relation to the Premier), a member of the old Dai Viet nationalist party and a former Minister of the Interior. In the weeks that followed, a lesser-known candidate of one branch of the Vietnam Quoc Dan Dang, the other old nationalist party, announced his candidacy, as did two businessmen, one woman leader, a Saigon lawyer, and a publisher, Pham Van Tuoi, who declared that he wanted to run because "new people have to enter politics in order to make them relevant to the present times."

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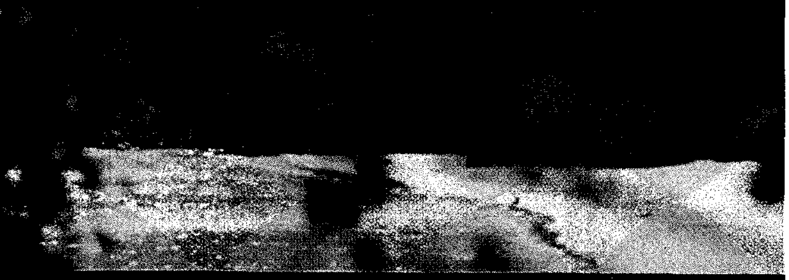

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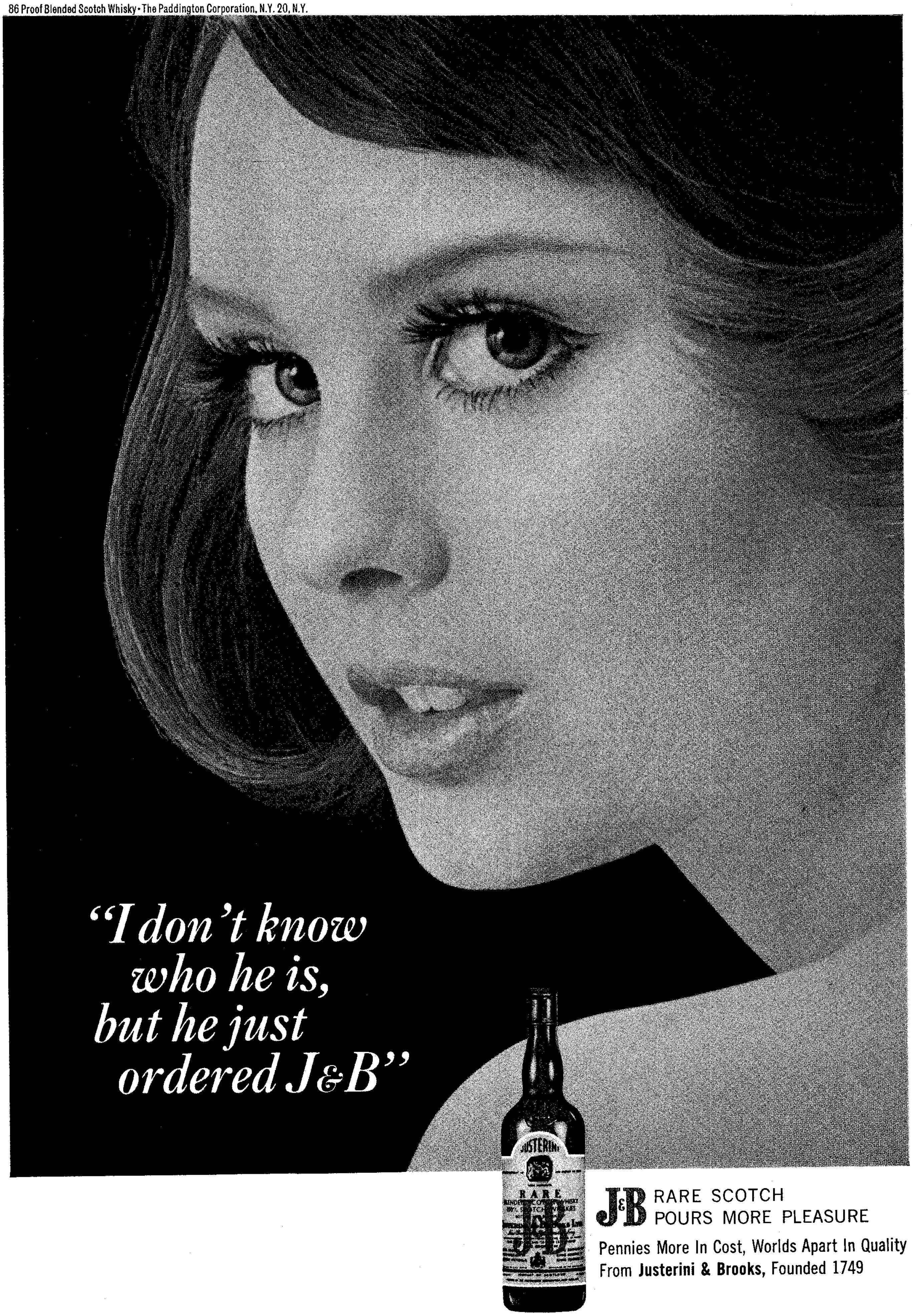
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his availability known. This is Tran Van Huong, former Prime Minister under Suu, and twice mayor of Saigon. Huong, who is respected by everyone for his honesty and integrity, is actually the key to the whole situation at the moment. He was wooed by Thieu and by Ky, particularly by the latter, either to run as Vice-President, a proposal that he peremptorily rejected as an insult because he is a much older man, or to accept the Prime Ministership, which he still might do. There is a certain irony in the military's wooing of Huong, inasmuch as his last incumbency as Prime Minister, almost three years ago, came to an end when he was forced out of office by General Nguyen Khanh, with the help of the Buddhists, after which Khanh was overthrown by the Army's "young Turks," among whom Ky was prominent. The irony is compounded by the fact that Huong is now also being wooed by the radical Buddhist wing headed by the monk Thich Tri Quang, the leader of last year's abortive struggle against the military, and against the Ky government especially, in Danang and Hué. The Tri Quang wing of the Buddhist movement, with headquarters now in Cholon, is reasserting itself politically for the first time in many months, and is in a more commanding position than its right-wing opposition, headed by Thich Tam Chau, in Saigon, which supports Ky. Since he is still violently anti-Ky as well as anti-Tam Chau, Tri Quang will support anyone he thinks has a chance to beat Ky, and Huong has that chance. The Buddhists thus are now in something of a balance-of-power position, and they may further reëmerge politically by running a slate of candidates for the Senate elections, scheduled for December 17th. (No date has been set yet for the election of the House of Representatives.) Within the Tri Quang group, there are some fundamental divisions. While Tri Quang and his leading associate, Thich Thien Minh, both leftists, are the guiding influences and have an entourage of younger monks working for them, three other top local Buddhist leaders are known anti-Communists. Privately, the Americans have been urged to support this anti-Communist element, which, if it wins out, conceivably could force Tri Quang and Thien Minh to leave the country for tours of Buddhist communities abroad.

The Americans are also being urged by a number of Vietnamese to resolve the conflict between Thieu and Ky and to persuade either one or the other, or preferably both, to retire from the race

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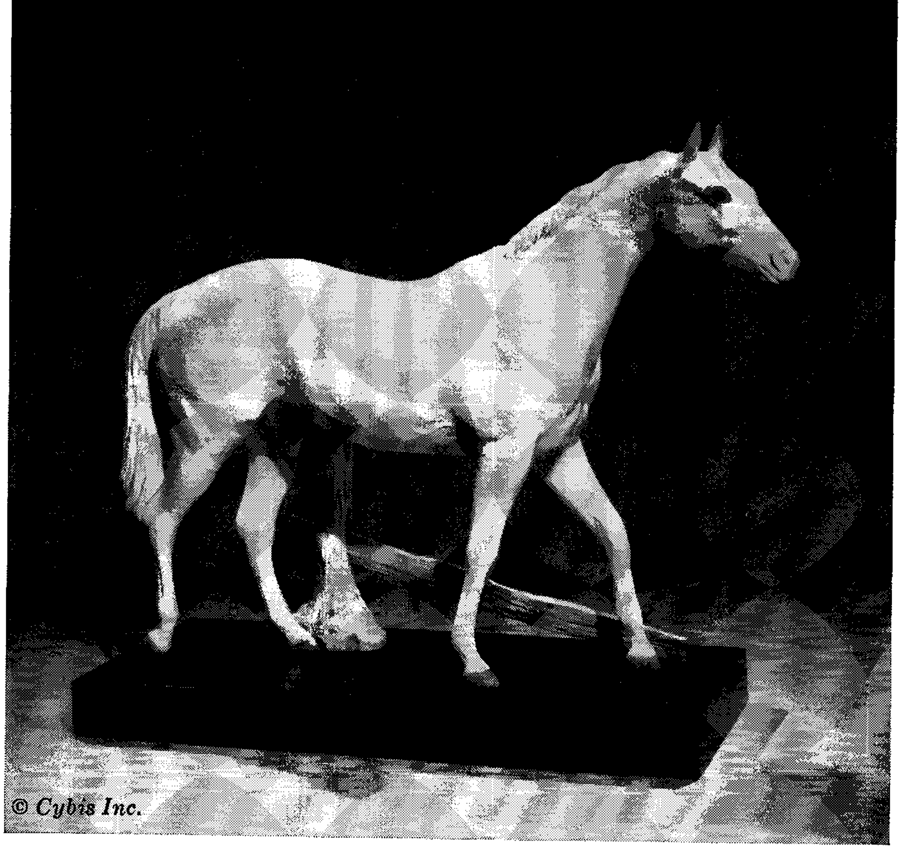

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for President. If both men quit, Huong would almost surely win. If, in a fair election, Huong ran against one of the military men and perhaps one other civilian candidate, his chances would still be good. Ideally, many Vietnamese and Americans favor a slate of Huong for President and a central-Vietnamese civilian for Vice-President, with Ky, a Northerner, staying on as Prime Minister, at least for the time being. As the election law stands now, there could, even yet, be an embarrassing plethora of candidates. A candidate needs to get only thirty signatures among the hundred and sixteen members of the Constituent Assembly and the four hundred and fifty Provincial and Municipal Council members in order to stand. To make matters more confusing, only a relative majority is required to win the election. Conceivably, then, if there were a lot of candidates, a man could win with less than ten per cent of the total vote, in which event, under the new law, he would have to forfeit his two-hundred-thousand-piastre deposit and yet would still be President.

Nobody, of course, expects such a ridiculous thing to happen, but ridiculous things have happened before in Vietnam. The possibilities of deals between now and August 3rd, when the month-long campaign officially begins, are manifold, and deals there are bound to be. At the moment, Ky and Thieu must be rated nearly even, with Ky having perhaps a slight edge, although he has shown an alarming tendency to revert to his wild-blue-yonder style by publicly saying such things as "The people know me very well, and therefore I don't have to campaign for anything." Thieu, who is living up to his reputation as the sly fox of the military politicians, is playing it cool, hoping Ky will outmaneuver and outtalk himself. Huong is playing it even cooler, expecting Thieu and Ky to destroy each other and leave the field open to him, or at least leave it open for him to make a deal with one or the other military man to be Prime Minister. The other candidates, at this moment, count for very little. Once again, the Americans are in a position to use their leverage to avert the kind of chaos that might ensue if a knock-down-drag-out fight occurred, especially among the military. If they don't intervene to settle the Thieu-Ky struggle, in particular, many Vietnamese believe there will be another military coup after the election. Some fear this anyway, if a military man is chosen, in which event either Ky or Thieu might emerge in a Nasser-like role.

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One has the feeling, over all, of a country in a dangerous state of suspension, with military and political events treated as totally separate phenomena. The gap between the two, despite platitudes about creating a political foundation to prosecute or settle the war, is widened by some of the remarks that have been made publicly. General Thieu, for example, has spoken of the need for fifty thousand or more Americans to remain here for twenty years after a peace settlement has been reached, while Tran Van Do, the Foreign Minister, pledges the removal of all foreign troops from Vietnamese soil within six months of a settlement, or less. Military men still speak of invading the North, while civilians favor the suspension of bombing in the North. Military leaders say they will never deal with the National Liberation Front directly, while civilians say they will confer with anyone on the other side if it helps the cause of peace. Meanwhile, the war goes on bloodily, and this summer of monsoon fighting threatens to be bloodier than ever. Many of the more experienced observers here are convinced that Hanoi will not move toward a settlement until after the American elections in November, 1968, and that the war in the interim will escalate further, with more North Vietnamese troops responding to more American troops, and with the dangers of the Communists' opening a second front somewhere—in Korea or Thailand, for example—also increasing. Escalation has many forms. One senses it not only in the ever-growing numbers of men and machines all over Vietnam but in sadder, more personal ways, too. On the sidewalks of the city today, roaming all day and often until the midnight curfew, one can see small girls and boys of eight or nine carrying their infant brothers or sisters on their backs because their mothers have to work in order to make ends meet for families that hardly ever meet anymore themselves.

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

•

HARRISBURG (AP)—A set of proposed federal highway safety standards meets with nearly unanimous approval from Gov. Shafer.—*Allentown (Pa.) Evening Chronicle.*

Come on, Governor! Pull yourself together!

•

Andy Williams was a suave and satisfying host, nonplussed even when he had to do a singing commercial. It was a good show.—*Vancouver Sun.*

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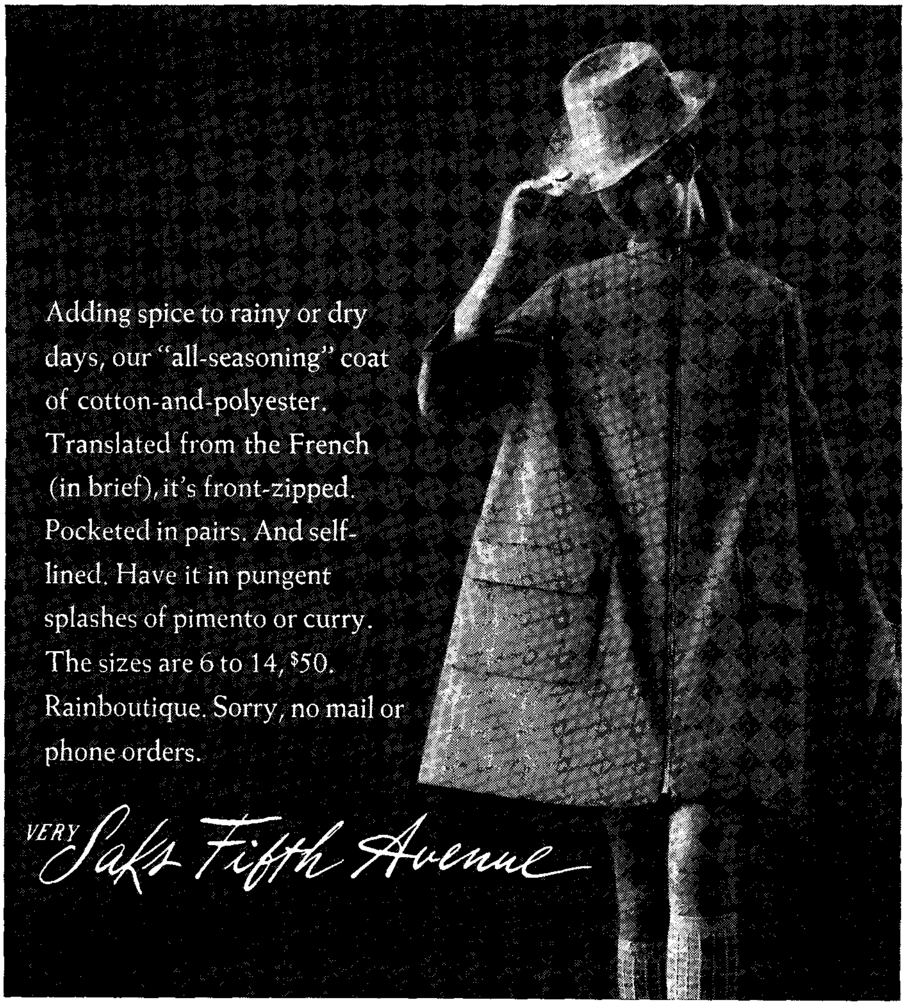
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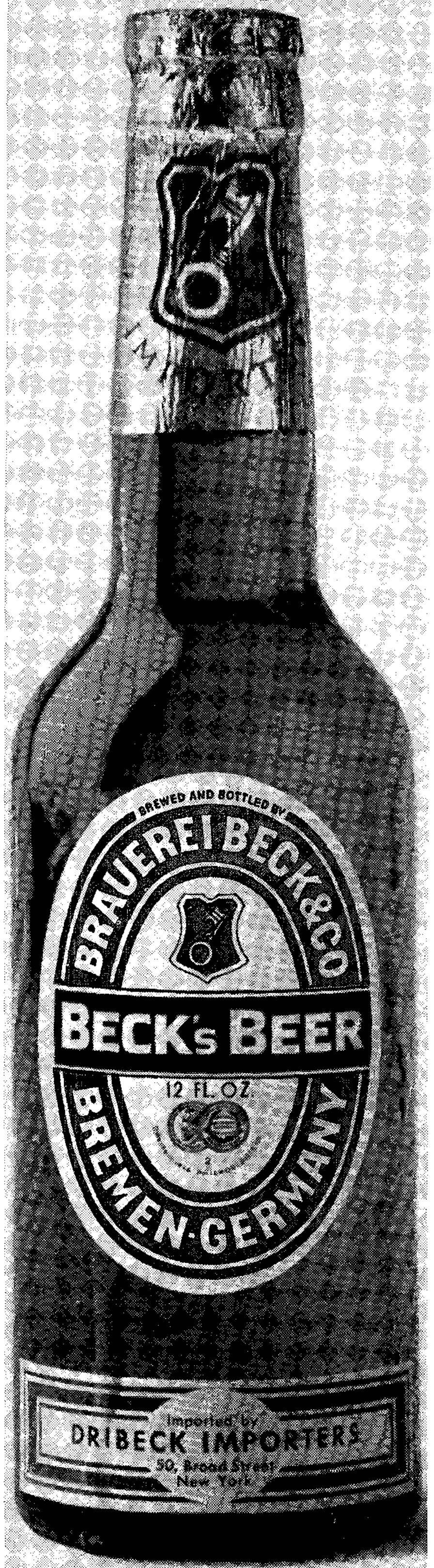

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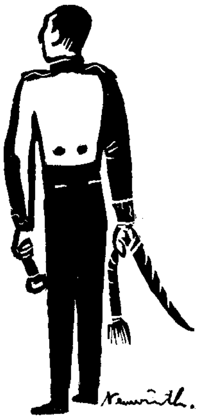
THE CURRENT CINEMA

The All-Right World

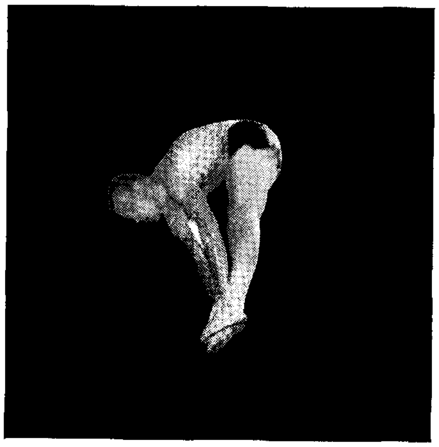
IN the middle of a world crisis, one of the cinema's happy-happy parables about internationalism seems an even more distressing hoax than usual. The star of "To Sir with Love" is Sidney Poitier; he is a firm actor, and must be a right-minded man, but one hankers for the character he played in "The Blackboard Jungle" instead of the point-making prigs he takes on now. Corner-cutting about social hostilities that are really of murderous complexity begins to be a crime against more than aesthetics. The plot—text, lesson, sampler motto—is about a Negro schoolteacher with a history of early struggles on this side of the Atlantic. Faced with a class of rising juvenile delinquents in the East End of London, he manages to instill into them by school leaving day an incredible and not very attractive gentility. "Oh, good, sir!" cry the reclaimed thugs in chorus when he suggests going to a museum. "Oh, *yes*, sir! Rhubarb, rhubarb." If they went out into jobs in the East End behaving like this, there would be a massacre. Only the movies at their most sentimental would think of attempting such a silly disinfectant feat. It would be like sending an incubator child to Calcutta without an injection. In the old days, the dream factory would have purified the kids by casting Bing Crosby and giving him a clergyman's collar and a song. Now it casts Sidney Poitier and frankly uses his color.

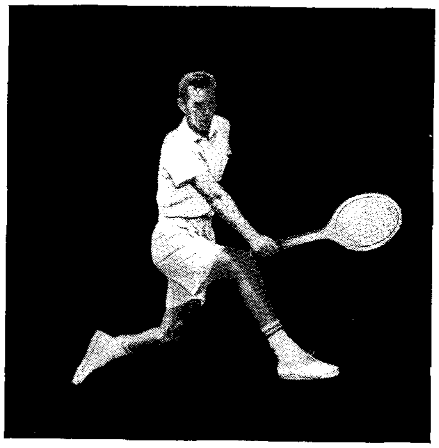


There is no sense in walking round the point. If the hero of this Pollyanna story were white, his pieties would have to be whistled off the screen and his pupils blamed for cringing. The fact that he is colored draws on resources of seriousness in audiences which the film does nothing to earn. The enormous plea is about as organic to the picture as it would have been to have made the Julie Andrews character in "The Sound of Music" a survivor of Hiroshima. The author of the book from which the film comes is E. R. Braithwaite, now the Ambassador from Guyana to the United Nations. The pat solutions seem slightly more sympathetic if they represent some defiant flight from the casuistry of international politicking. To be just, I think there are several points in the teen-agers' lines where the director (James Clavell) mistakenly rehearsed them straight instead of sarcastically.

PETER WHITEHEAD's "Wholly Communion" (awful title) is a thirty-five-minute English documentary account of a huge Beat poetry reading at the London Albert Hall, a portly Victorian dome famous for its promenade concerts, Boy Scout rallies, and an echo that hits parts of the hall like the kickback of a rifle. The film has no commentary. You are left to make your own judgments about the eerie evangelical picnic: a multitude of the faithful, the grumbly, the high-minded, and the simply high. The style begins by seeming nothing much more than a jiggly version of the roving-camera shots of TV guest shows—those zoom inserts with a baseless implication of character insight, catching people unawares at moments of boredom or footache. It takes a while to see that Peter Whitehead's method is more interesting and less knowing than this. His choices of what to shoot and how to edit are genuinely inquiring, and made with buried humor. Alexander Trocchi, a Scottish poet with a thunderous profile and a pipe, finally tells the seething hippies to shut up. "This evening is an *experiment*," he says, "and we're finding out what happens when we put five thousand people in a hall with a few poets trying to be natural." The trying sometimes seems unnaturally difficult. It is obviously a special ordeal to read your work in front of this sharp-eared lot, and even doing it in your oldest sweater can't make the Albert Hall seem much like your own pad. Only the stoned are free of the other poets' square and ancient stagefright, detected by the crowd with the usual delicate tuning of mobs to the high-frequency note of fear.

The film is less about Beat poetry than about public behavior. It is absorbed in the struggles with shyness waged by serious men not equipped to be performers, and in the responses of an audience that possesses to high degree this generation's ear for the phony. People listen, get impatient, grin, and fall amiably for a reciter of gibberish when he reveals between his sonnets of slurps and snorts a crevice of humor. A man heckles out of nowhere, and then collapses so fervently that maybe the





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heckle was a poem. A writer named Harry Fainlight struggles furiously with a speech block and the crowd's derision, his lips shivering with anger and his eyes like the ends of tunnels. Adrian Mitchell is cheered to the roof for "Tell Me Lies About Vietnam." And meantime a pretty girl in sunglasses, sitting on the floor as if she were brewing tea with ghee, makes vague movements of Indian dance to herself, *engagée* with her own limbs. Her commitment is to non-commitment, and it seems as mindless as some housewife's to a brand name of margarine; she looks a startlingly clear embodiment of the new common lag of hippie conservatism, even if she is still enough of a curio to be taken now for a dissident.

ON the same bill with "Wholly Communion," there is an American character documentary called "Vali," made in a beautiful watery color by Sheldon Rochlin, about an Australian painter and primitive who was once a showpiece of Existential Paris. She lives today in the woods above Positano, a south-Italian fishing village and artists' colony that is beginning to be overrun by the unbalanced descendants of evicted studio cats. Her earnest colloquies with herself on the sound track of the film are conducted in the chatty mutter of a child carrying on a dialogue with itself in a cot. Her eyes are painted with kohl, her cheeks rouged sugar-pink, and her amazing orange hair grows down her back like a rug airing over a balcony. A fellow redhead, Thomas Chatterton, the eighteenth-century poet who killed himself in his teens, seems to have possessed her interest for a long time, not only because of his hair but also because of his singular imaginative outlet in pastiche and literary forgery. (George Plimpton wrote once in the *Paris Review* that Vali was entranced by Irish poets in general, under the impression that they had all died young.) Her own suicidal urge has now ebbed. "When I die, it's going to be foxy-like," she says on the track. "You know, a bad heart. . . ." She speaks of herself as a fox several times in the film, murmuring confidences in her thin, quizzical Australian voice as she climbs along branches, or paints tattooist's patterns on a ceiling, or drinks tea with her quiescent Austrian husband.

Print makes Vali sound irretrievably comic and diminishes her into a scatty freak. Left to herself on film, though, she starts to exert a peculiar truthfulness. Her drawings aren't very good, but they are without derivativeness, and they seem touchingly a self-depiction:

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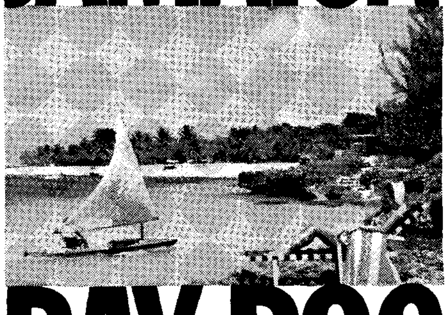

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stiff little recumbent figures with pointed chins and stylized limbs, like the replicas of dead child brides on medieval tombs, and guarded by talismanic owls. She may not be an artist, but she has an unmistakable canon of living.

ANOTHER documentary, Mark Lane's "Rush to Judgment," directed by Emile de Antonio, who made "Point of Order!," the feature about the McCarthy hearings, is no film for a foreigner to assess. But if one accepts as possible the charge that the sweet gentlemanliness of the Warren Report's style masked the attitude of a prosecuting attorney, then it seems just that the Mark Lane film should have the tone of a case for the defense. The picture is no substitute for books and documents, but it must be a helpful corollary. In the usual way of films, it arouses more attention to the character of the witnesses than to what they are saying. A few of them speak with a vehemence that seems borrowed or burnt out, but most of the evidence is arrestingly independent. A woman who worked in Ruby's night club until he kicked her—she dropped her assault-and-battery case because the police warned her off—testifies that she had standing instructions not to charge Dallas police guests for drinks and not to serve them anything but the best hooch. The pauses and puzzlement of some of the witnesses are as eloquent as their testimony. It is hard to get some of the shots out of one's mind: obdurate Western faces against lace antimacassars, old workingmen waiting to think before making an uncustomary judgment about the high-ups. "Well, I always found it peculiar," says one, "but I thought that was the way they did business." —PENELOPE GILLIATT

EDITORS' NOTE: Miss Gilliatt, on leave of absence from the London *Observer*, will be guest film critic for *The New Yorker* over the summer. Brendan Gill, our regular film critic, will resume in September.

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To ease the over crowding, the University has purchased the property on the southeast corner of Hyde and Golden Gate now occupied by the Iris Hotel. The fourth floor of the new building, designed by architects Masten and Hurd, extends four feet beyond the property lines on Hyde Street and Golden Gate Avenue. This unique feature, the architects indicate, not only will give a feeling of continuity with the existing building, but will offer a pleasing visual interplay of light and shadow, solid surfaces and glass. —*Hastings Alumni Bulletin.*

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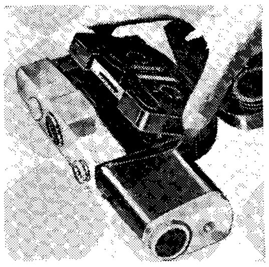

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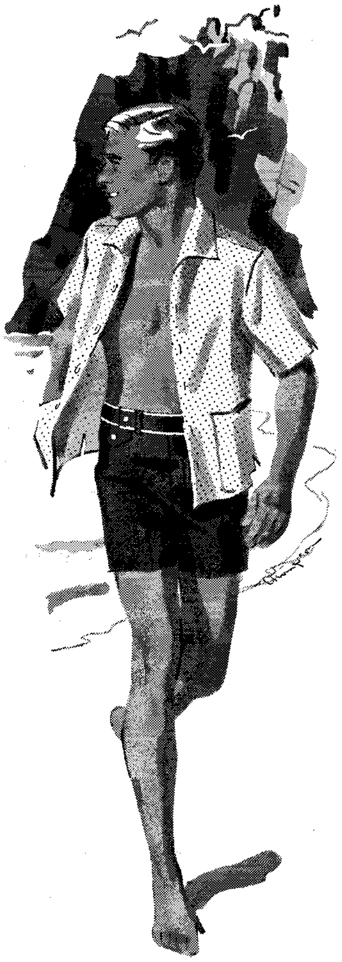

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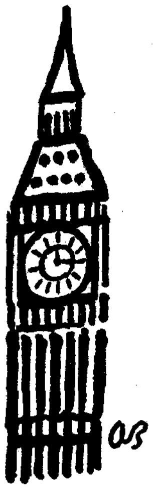
LETTER FROM LONDON

JUNE 7

SINCE Monday's dreaded news that the Middle East had impatiently begun its war, events have followed one another so swiftly that today's unanimous call from the Security Council to stop the conflict was received by people here in a confused daze of hope. In spite of the continuing grave anxiety, the tension that has been building up for the last seemingly interminable fortnight (which depressed Londoners still further by offering, along with the news, mostly lowering skies and muttering thunder—real Nasser weather, as they said, remembering that earlier summer ruined by crisis and storms) has relaxed somewhat. The Government immediately stated that Britain would take no sides in deciding the merits of the Israeli or the Arab cases and would confine itself to joining with the United States and, if possible, the Soviet Union and France to bring about a cease-fire. The Foreign Secretary, Mr. George Brown, an emotional man to whom cool neutrality about anything probably does not come easily, punctiliously stressed this policy to the packed, tensely listening House of Commons after the fighting had started. Masses of unpolitical citizens approved what he said but obviously felt that impartiality was not expected to cover what they themselves said in private. It has been clear all along that the national sympathy and hopes, and now the admiration, are overwhelmingly for Israel and her astonishing fighting men. Caution has been the prevailing note, however, in the anxious debates in the House of Commons. For once, the political parties seemed united as one—in contrast to their violent uncivil war for or against the Eden Government in the short, sharp 1956 conflagration, the ashes of which, by an odd coincidence, have just come in for a vigorous raking-over here—in soberly facing the threat to Israel's survival and the appalling possibilities that loomed up behind it.



THOUGH the pell-mell of events has now dated it and everything else, the House of Lords debate on the perilous Middle East situation last Thursday was of great dramatic interest to many British, who have inevitably been reminded of Suez during the last agitated days. It was certainly unfair to the upper house, where the calm talking is often better worth hearing than the noisier exchanges in the Commons, that the main public draw to the debate was the rare appearance of Lord Avon, the former Sir Anthony Eden, as a principal speaker on the Opposition front bench. To multitudes of the Tory faithful, Lord Avon is still the most popular figure in the Conservative hierarchy, whose only failure, they have always felt, was that the Franco-British forces were not allowed (by the United States, the United Nations, and Russia) to go on at Suez and settle things (or so they think) once and for all. It is a view that is being resurrected vigorously now by unrepentant Suez diehards. But though there was, of course, curiosity to hear what President Nasser's old opponent would have to say on the situation, everybody's main speculation was whether he would explain, attack, or, indeed, say anything at all about the portrait of himself at the time of Suez which emerged from the seven sensational extracts from Anthony Nutting's forthcoming book "No End of a Lesson," serialized by the *Times* early last month. They were like seven installments of a required advance-study syllabus—devoured with fascination by *Times* readers and everyone else who could get hold of copies—for May's later shocks and alarms from Cairo and Tel Aviv. As you may remember, Anthony Nutting was Minister of State for Foreign Affairs before he resigned over Suez, without giving the usual public statement to Parliament of his reasons for going (a promise of silence that Eden demanded of him, it turns out). He could not remain, he has now explained to the world, as a Minister in a Government whose Prime Minister had hatched with French Premier Guy Mollet and Israel their disastrous collusive action intended to topple Nasser, and had subsequently denied it in the House of Commons. Because Nutting remained loyally mum with his own angry constituents when they, too, demanded an explanation, he resigned as their Member of Parliament. It was the self-wrecking of a particularly brilliant political career, never resumed. Mr. Nutting decided to break his long silence because none of the Suez Ministers except Selwyn Lloyd, Eden's Foreign Secretary, are still in politics, and the Anglo-French conspiracy has become a well-recorded, unshining chapter of history, to which, he

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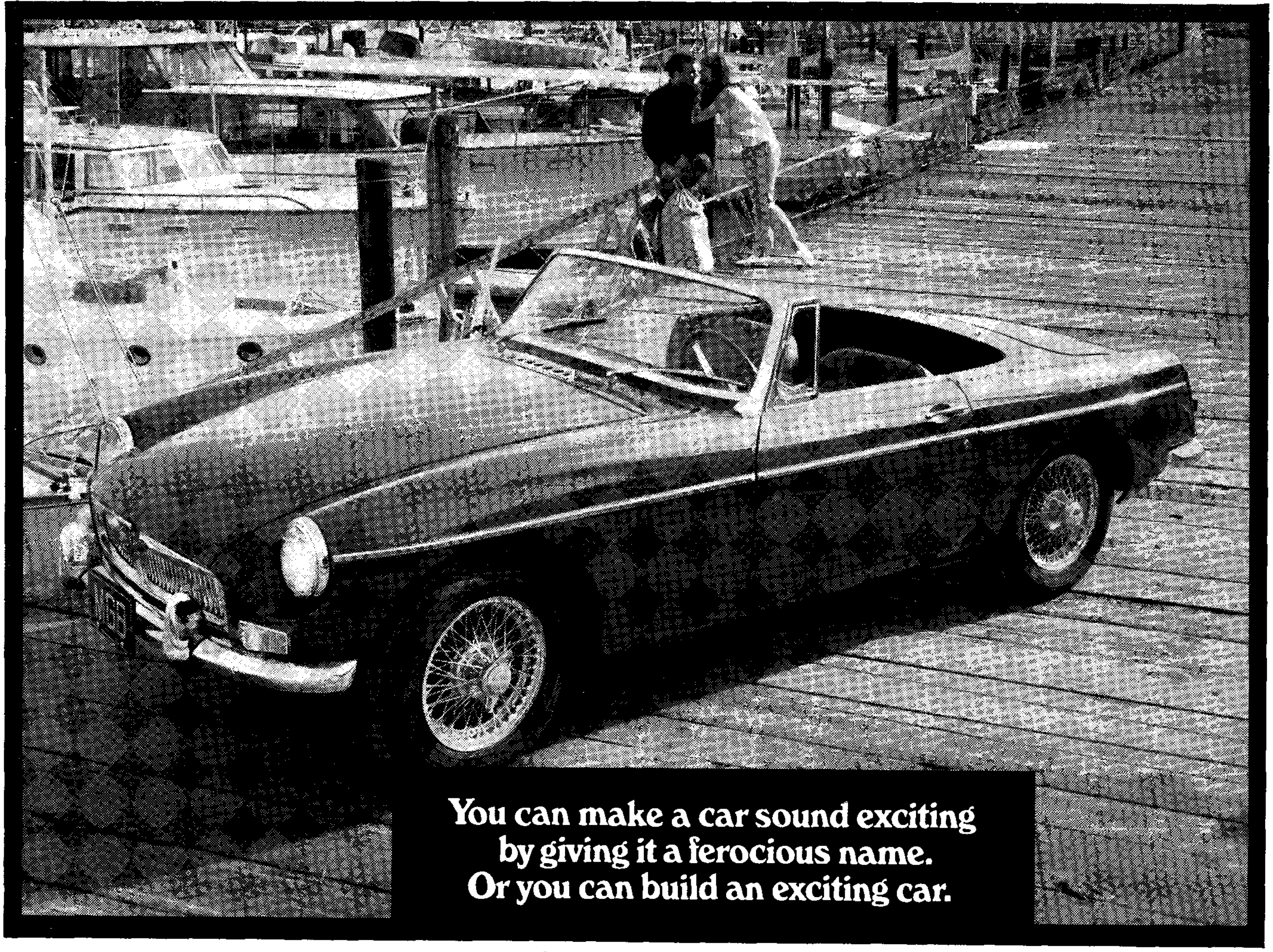
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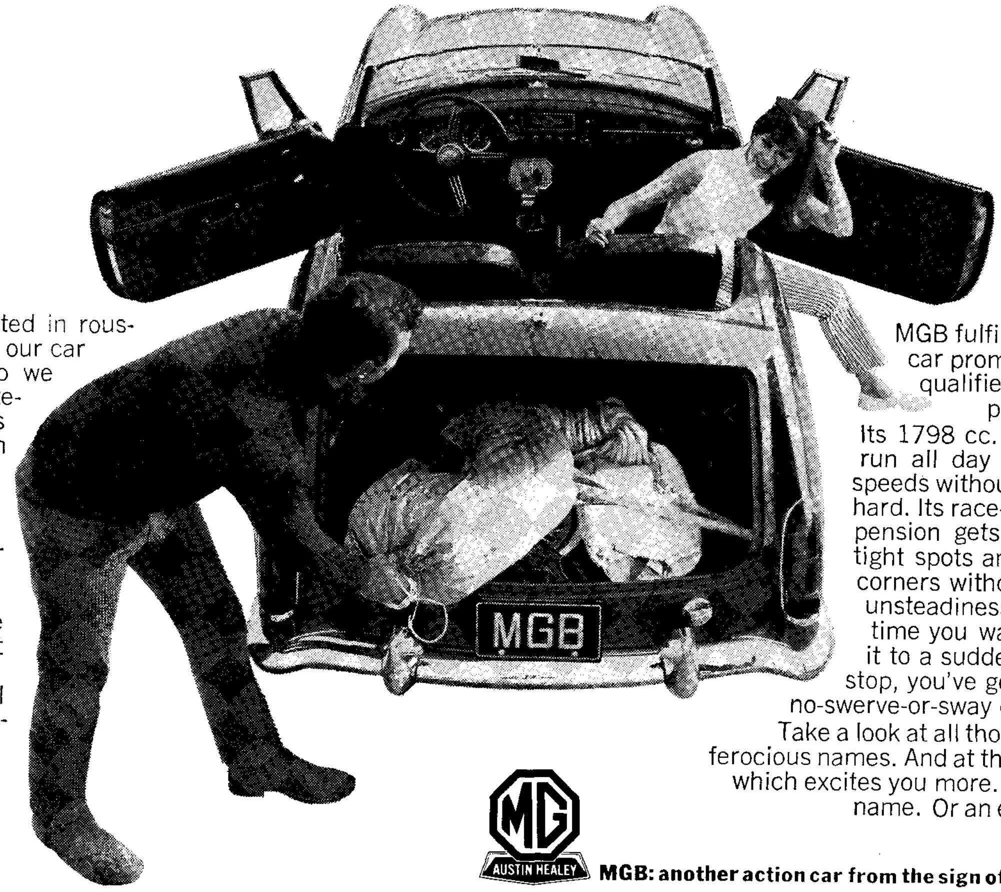

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says with his unhappy special knowledge, he was able to add some unique footnotes. His title was taken from Rudyard Kipling's astringent lines on the Boer War: "Let us admit it fairly, as a business people should. We have had no end of a lesson, it will do us no end of good." The *Times* extracts were certainly no end of a jolt to many Conservative readers, who are bitterly resentful of the extraordinary picture of the ailing Sir Anthony's suddenly becoming, according to Nutting, a totally unrecognizable stranger to those aghast younger Foreign Office men who had always admired and respected him. Eden's final, fatal stepping out of character, in Nutting's view, was his decisively telling the House of Commons in December, when the miserable affair was over and the Opposition, which smelled a collusive rat, was probing the Government hard for the truth, that "there was not foreknowledge that Israel would attack Egypt." To Parliamentarians, making an intentional false statement to the House is the worst offense of all—the one that truly shocked people and brought the public view of the Conservative Government several cynical notches lower in the Profumo affair.

The Nutting memories have seemed controversial to some and painful to all. The House of Lords was therefore expectantly packed on Thursday on its crimson benches and in the visitors' and press galleries. Selwyn Lloyd sat among the group of M.P.s who had come over from the Commons to hear his old chief speak. The cynosure of all eyes, naturally, was Lord Avon, on the Opposition front bench. Deeply sunburned, his hair rather whiter now against his brown face, he looked remarkably solid and at ease for a ghost who was expected to rise up and haunt. As it turned out, he did nothing of the kind. In this quiet interlude of worried talking before the shooting started on Black Monday, several British lines of thought, however, seemed to be voiced with special clarity in the utter silence of the upper chamber, where passionate convictions or anxieties are apt to be expressed only by a nodding of heads or a mannerly murmur of applause. The appearance of Lord Chalfont opening the debate for the Government was at least as interesting to some of the spectators as was Lord Avon's expected contribution. The other day, he was named, to the surprise of all, as the Minister who will be in day-to-day charge of the British Common Market negotiations in Brussels this summer—if the British suc-

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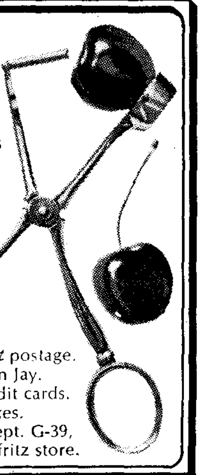

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Nancy and John Seletti aren't trying to save the world. Just a little piece of it.

About a mile outside the Korean village of Ku Am there are a few dozen young, still-tender mulberry trees growing on a small hill. Someday these trees and their succulent leaves will be the heart of a new village industry—a silk raising farm. That day is still many months off, but it doesn't stop the village men from making daily inspection treks up the steep hill, just in case. Just in case something miraculous has happened since yesterday. After all, it wouldn't be the first miracle to happen in Ku Am. Everyone in the village knows the story of Chang Sook, the daughter of the widow.

Ten years ago Chang Sook's chances of survival were as slim as she was. Her father had disappeared during the family's flight from North Korea. Her mother, a seamstress, worked a backbreaking day and most of the evening to earn $10 a month. Barely enough to keep them from starving.

But today that's all changed because an American couple named Seletti are sharing a little of their good fortune with a girl to whom a little means everything. Nancy, John and five-year-old Alexandra Seletti are New Yorkers. They're not fabulously wealthy as the villagers of Ku Am believe. But, they're not poor either. *Comfortable* probably describes them best. They have everything they really need, but give them ten minutes and they'll come up with ten things they want that $15 a month would buy. Luckily, they thought of Chang Sook first.

Through Save the Children Federation, the Seletti's $15 a month is doing a remarkable number of things. First, Chang Sook's immediate needs and future schooling are being taken care of. The family is getting help, too: Enough to enable Chang Sook's mother to start a small knit shop.

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ceed, that is, in plowing along with the talks past the obstructive "*Non*" from Paris, which, on the whole, was received with less gloom than was expected, since it is felt that other European noises are more encouraging. Most Britons would have a job identifying Lord Chalfont right away as the former Alun Gwynne Jones, the *Times'* brilliant Defence Correspondent, who was known slightly to the public for his occasional lucid appearances as a guest commentator on topical television programs. To the astonishment of Fleet Street, where titles usually go to newspaper owners rather than to working journalists, Mr. Wilson suddenly brought him into politics in 1964; made him a life peer, so that he could enter Parliament forthwith; and appointed him Minister for Disarmament, a newly created job he has now exchanged for that of disarming European qualms about British eligibility for the Common Market. His able speech on Thursday showed some of the shrewd, adaptable Welsh qualities that have brought him to the top with such uncommon celerity. The members of the public, leaning forward and listening tensely in their gallery, were doubtless able to appreciate the point made by Lord Chalfont and other speakers—that however the present explosive situation was resolved, the Middle East will continue to be a danger spot as long as it remains a cockpit for great powers with weapons and influence to peddle. Only last month, the flags were out along the Mall in honor of the austere-looking King Faisal of Saudi Arabia, who was given the full royal treatment of state drives and fêtes when he called to discuss with the British Government the situation in South Arabia and Aden—and to leave, incidentally, a huge order for British aircraft (subsequently declaring on television through his interpreter that, like his brother Arabs, the destruction of Israel was his, and presumably its, final aim). In the debate, a former Ambassador to Washington, Lord Caccia, urged that if the choice should be presented to Britain to be alone in support of any United States action in the Middle East or to back out, "we should stand up and be counted in," and there was a subdued rumble of agreement. The United Nations came in for hopeful words from some speakers and for motions of no confidence at all from others. As in the Commons and in the dismayed comment of ordinary citizens, U Thant was criticized, though frequently more in sorrow than in anger, for his haste

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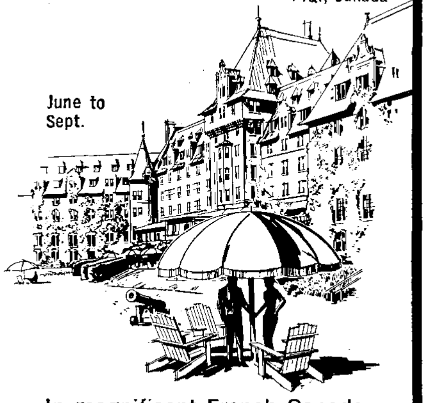

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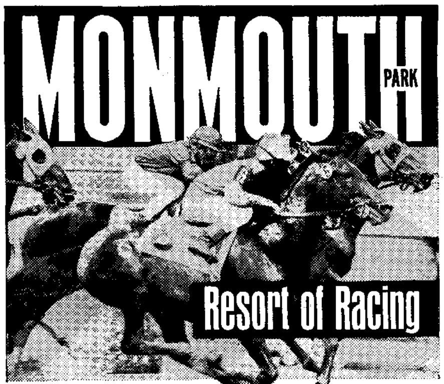

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in complying with the letter of the law by withdrawing his frail, vital buffer of men from between the confronted armies.

Lord Avon, when he arose to speak, said that he found it quite extraordinary that there had been no summoning of the Security Council before the Secretary-General acted. His speech contained, predictably enough, only an oblique passing reference to the earlier explosive situation, when he had set no such store, as many of us recalled, on the value of the Security Council. He did not feel himself reminded of ten years ago, he said, possibly to the disappointment of some of his listeners, but of thirty years ago—the age of the dictators, of which he had had such early formative experience. "We must play our part in seeing that justice is done," he declared, and sat down to the lords' muted hum of cheering, perhaps given in relief that his memories had been so unexceptional.

And on Monday, the first bright, beautiful day of real summer here in London, came the news, breaking out on the street-corner posters, at which people stared with expressionless faces as they went about their business, that the war, with its frightening potential of turning into the world's lesson to end all lessons, had begun.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

Mrs. Stringfellow went to the public library yesterday to get a copy of Virginia Woolf's "Flush," which she says is "one of several books on the reading list that I'm investigating."

Others include Shute's "On The Beach" and by Steinbeck, "Grapes of Wrath" ("full of vulgar words") and "The Pearl" ("there might be nothing bad in it but it caught my eye on the list").

What worries Mrs. Stringfellow about the Virginia Woolf book is Edward Albee's drama, "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf."

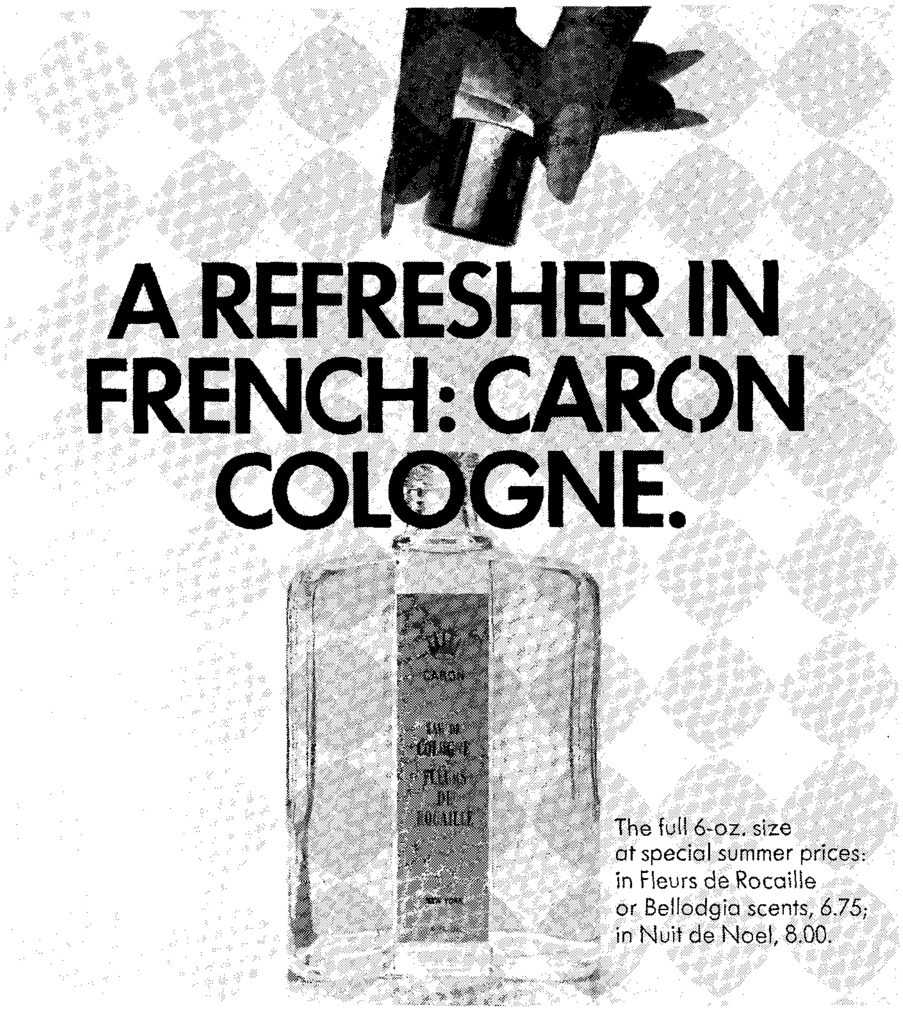
"Her (Virginia Woolf's) life's story was pretty rough," said Mrs. Stringfellow. "I didn't see the movie but I read about it in Life Magazine."—*Washington Post.*

Wait'll you *see* the movie!

•

Because Mrs. Timothy G. Lowry and her husband, who have recently returned from Mexico City, are planning to travel up the Amazon river to Brazil and the Lost City of the Incas in Peru this month, and Mrs. Andrew C. Hamilton and her husband are on an expedition to Antarctica, they will not be able to attend the meeting today of the senior board of Evanston Infant Welfare.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Well, the kids can sweat it out for a little while.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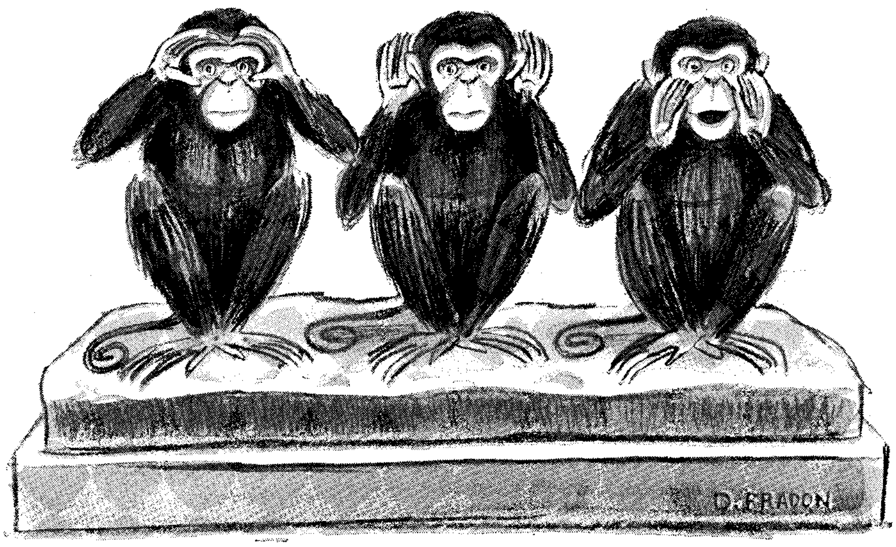
INDIAN AFFAIRS, NEW STYLE

I'VE been spending a bit more than a month in Santa Fe, New Mexico, visiting a fairly new school, which specializes in art instruction for American Indians—and in addition I've been doing a modest amount of touring among the reservations round about—and the combined experience has been almost equally stimulating, revealing, confusing, disquieting, and exasperating, frequently all at once. The school, the Institute of American Indian Art, a dependency of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, which is itself a branch of the Department of the Interior, is on Cerrillos Road, toward the outskirts of Santa Fe. It is small but still completely adequate for the living and classroom requirements of the five hundred young students, men and women, who it is expected will eventually be housed there. (The age range is from around sixteen to twenty-two—the last two years of high school through the first two of college—and the complement now is around three hundred, and climbing.) The aspect of the place, in a quiet way, is academic, with its twenty or more buff-colored, low-roofed, adobe-type buildings, most of them one-storied, scattered about a reasonably spacious grassed campus. Its conventional appearance, however, conceals what is in many respects a revolutionary approach to the whole business of introducing the younger generation of American Indians to the intricacies, the complexities, and—above all—the cultural possibilities of modern life. The emphasis at the Institute is, as the name suggests, on the arts, and for once—though courses on these crafts are offered, too—the focus is not wholly, or even mainly, on the dreary round of basketry, ceramics, rug- and blanket-weaving, and all the other small skills that have been for so long set aside, rather smugly on our part, as the traditional provinces of the Indian. Instead, the young aspirants are offered instruction in pretty much all the contemporary plastic techniques, from the representational to the most advanced Abstract and Expressionist styles. The same attitude prevails toward music, drama, literature, and dance, and the instruction is all of unusually high calibre. The faculty itself is in large part Indian. Louis Ballard, a Cherokee from Oklahoma and a composer of distinction, heads the music department. Otellie Loloma, a Hopi, is in the ceramics department, and Josephine Wapp, a Comanche—both are well known in their fields—teaches beadwork and weaving, and the others, such as Fritz Scholder, a member of the little Mission tribe of Southern California, who teaches painting, are also accomplished performers in their areas.

Almost all the arts programs are split down the middle, so to speak, between conservative and radical, and Scholder, a small, compactly built, cheerful man who favors the advanced painting styles, says that when he undertook the job he was afraid, because of his long experience with the accepted attitudes toward Indian art, that he might encounter some resistance from members of the faculty who were on the conservative side. There was none, however, and the cheering fact seems to be that despite the wildly mixed backgrounds and places of origin of both faculty and students, plus the fateful tribal insularity of the Indians themselves and the clash of aesthetic convictions, there has been very little evidence of clannishness or ill-feeling at the Institute during its short career. (It was founded in 1962, by the federal government.) Instead, the main impression one gets is of a happy outcome happily arrived at: the school is open to any accredited American Indian from anywhere in the United States, and it's as if the Indians everywhere had just been waiting for a chance to show their communal strength artistically, and—both students and faculty—were determined to let nothing stand in the way of this opportunity. Thus, a sense of dedication is apparent that can become heady stuff for the visitor. (James McGrath, the young, energetic assistant director of the arts program, who in 1961 helped, along with a few others—among them Otellie Loloma and Lloyd Kiva New, then, as now, the director of the Institute—to organize the undertaking, told me that in addition to handling his considerable other duties he spends at least a couple of weekends a month visiting the reservations within driving range. Most other members of the staff do a good deal of similar proselytizing.) One gets, indeed, a feeling at times of being overwhelmed in a sea of enthusiasm, and for this reason I found myself (if I may venture far afield) being frequently reminded of a visit I made a few years ago in Italy, to the headquarters of an organization called UNLA, in the little mountain town of Roggiano Gravina. "UNLA" is an abbreviation of the rather grandiloquent title Unione per la Lotta contro l'Analfabetismo, or Union for the Fight Against Illiteracy. It is a largely volunteer affair, made up of small teaching units scattered among the poorer Italian villages and offering free instruction, usually at night, to the farmers and peasants; the occasion at Roggiano Gravina was a seasonal convocation of the instructors to discuss problems, methods, and procedures. Here, too, the level of enthusiasm, and consequently of vociferation, at the long common tables where we all ate, set against the feebleness of my command of Italian, sometimes made things decidedly wearing.



The impetus at UNLA was provided by the American Quakers, who had started the whole thing, which was taken over soon after by the Italian government. The Institute, on the other hand, is largely the result of the purposefulness and the dedication (that word again) of Lloyd New, who was in on the project from the start—a project that primarily is an attempt to unloose the artistically inclined young Indian from his ancestral tribal practices and at least expose him to modern in-

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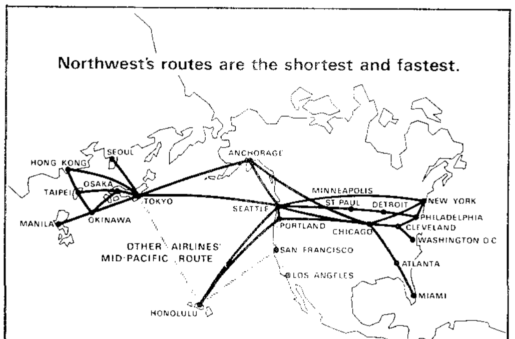

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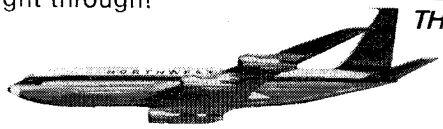

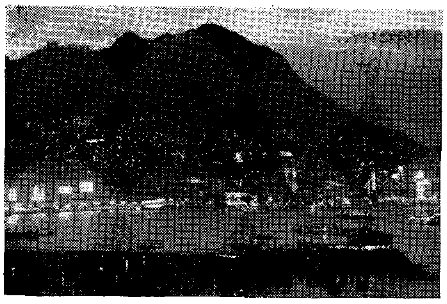

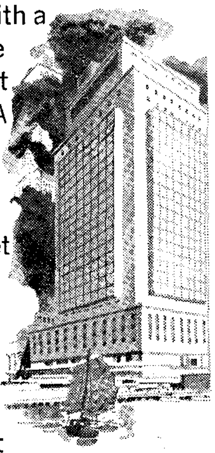

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ternational techniques. I was amazed to see how readily and with what assurance the students—young ones, really, in respect to artistic maturity—responded to the challenge, especially in the abstract field, for this is not only the most sophisticated field of art techniques but the one in which our own younger art students flounder. It wasn't until I had wandered about among the reservations in New Mexico and neighboring regions a little and had studied the work—mostly traditional, of course—in the museum collections in Santa Fe and other places that a solution of this mystery occurred to me. Specifically, it came while I was studying the magnificent array of prize-winning rugs on display in Window Rock, New Mexico, the "capital" of the Navajo nation—looking, even more particularly, at an unusually and dazzlingly variegated compilation of pure black-and-white slanting triangular forms. To a considerable degree, it was parallel in style to the eye-teasing illusionism of the Op Art of today, and it brought me up short with a sudden realization: Why, I thought, in a sense the Indian is a *natural-born* Abstractionist! The students at the Institute, though they may think they are breaking with tradition in taking out after people like Josef Albers, Larry Rivers, and Hans Hofmann (the men whose influences I found to be strongest), are really not venturing that far out at all. One has only to look at the examples of old Navajo weaving, Hopi and Pima basketry, and such, to realize that the background of the artists is basically non-representational to begin with. More than that, they are, in a way of speaking, stuck with it. Growing up, pinned down as they are on their isolated reservations, they see almost nothing of the magazine illustrations, posters, parlor prints, and other examples of naturalistic art, mostly of extremely poor quality, that our young people are brought up on and that they have to break away from before they can progress to freer methods. In contrast, as I say, the young Indian is a natural Abstractionist, and I cannot resist a corollary speculation: Does this explain why, for the most part, the students at the Institute who have elected representational courses do relatively so poorly? Is it because they, in their turn, have as a result found themselves cast adrift, uneasily, from *their* traditional procedures?

In this connection, I can't help remembering my visit to the San Xavier Reservation, a small Papago village, not far west of Tucson, that can boast a glitteringly gold-and-white, pains-

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takingly restored eighteenth-century Baroque church and a village so sunk in poverty that it is almost beyond description. This was on a Saturday, so no classes were in session in the mission school, which is on a patio beside the church. But I looked in there on the chance, and found the two nuns who are the teachers tidying up. They were quite young, with that almost transparently, slightly coquettish unworldly air that so many nuns have, and when I noticed a row of crayon drawings thumbtacked to the walls just above the blackboards and moved toward them, mentioning my errand, one of the sisters, the drawing teacher, made as if to bar my way. It was done jokingly, but she did seem distressed, and with reason, for the drawings were terrible. "There must be something wrong with me as a teacher! They do such wonderful basketwork!" she cried. She was speaking of the parents as well as the children, and she probably was right. The fault may have been that the best she could think of was to set the children to copying reproductions of religious paintings that were highly moralistic but scarcely inspiriting; the basketry of the Papagos is abstract to the core.

The most fascinating, and the most farfetched, of my speculations about the relation of the Indians to abstract art occurred when I found myself wondering what would have been the effect on the development of modern painting in its beginning, Cubist phases if Picasso and Braque had stumbled on American Indian art instead of African in their search for ways of breaking out of the timeworn methods of portrayal. Even before the turn of the century, artists had been exploring in one direction or another, Monet and Pissarro studying the Chinese, others of the Impressionists studying the Japanese, and so on. But the sheer genius of the artists had to be a factor in the developments, too, and it was the impact of "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon," its rightness, that set the direction thenceforth. But what if Picasso instead had turned to the Indians—to the almost overwhelmingly animistic totems of the Northwestern tribes, or to the swift, cursive, cave-painting-like sketches of the Plains Indians—and if Braque and he had developed one of these concepts further? The outcome would surely have been more dramatic. It might, too, have resulted in a closer linkage between primitive and modern art—if I am not trying too hard to find analogies. At any rate, aren't the ceremonial sand paintings of the Navajos—made painstakingly, only to be danced

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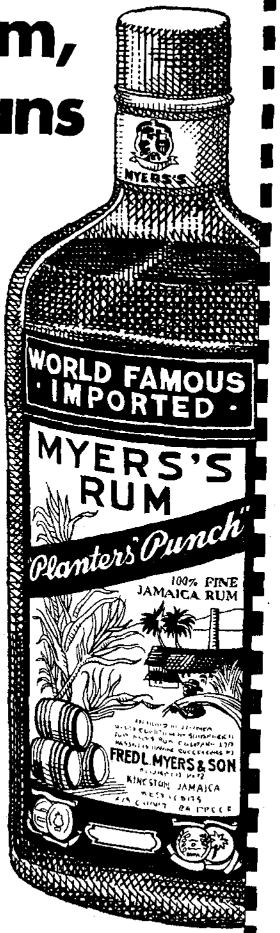

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on once and then immediately swept away—to be considered examples of "instant" art far antedating our efforts in that direction?

PHYSICALLY, the Institute, as I have said, is quite spacious. The lodgings in the dormitories I happened to visit are largely units of two bedrooms and a shared study room, occupied by four students—a far more commodious arrangement than many of our overcrowded colleges can afford to offer nowadays. There are a good-sized gymnasium, an auditorium, and a small but well-equipped theatre for the students majoring in dramaturgy; there are kilns for the sculptors and batteries of potter's wheels for the ceramists, who keep them spinning merrily. The painters are the most favored of all, for in addition to facilities for sketch classes they have been assigned three or four sizable halls, which have been cut up by four- or five-foot-high plywood partitions into tiny cubicles, or "studios," in each of which an artist deploys his easel and stool and painting equipment, and where, in the immemorial manner of beginning painters, he can use the partitions as pinup space for detail drawings, photographs, and such, as well as reproductions of favorite paintings. It was from a survey of these, as much as from the students' painting styles, that I deduced the influences I have mentioned. Tuition (to round out the practical details) is free—for four hours apiece of academic and artistic training five days a week: a tough schedule—and so are board and lodging. The student, or more often the tribe, has to finance everything else—clothing, entertainment, and the almost sacrosanct occasional trip home to the reservation.

This, to a girl or a boy from the Yakima or Blackfoot Reservations, on or near the Canadian border, or from one of the East Coast tribes, can be expensive. The trips are made, though, if only once in a while. The ties binding the Indian, even the most modern one, to his village or pueblo are strong, and are made stronger here by the fact that the funds for his schooling happen to be supplied by the tribe. Some entrants are chosen by their teachers on the reservations, and later screened by the ruling functionaries of the tribes, some by Indian Affairs workers, social workers, and guidance counsellors—a chancy method, for the perceptiveness, or the lack of it, of these judges is pivotal. But it is the best one that has been worked out so far. Certainly, once entered at the Institute, the young students are given every opportunity to express themselves, and the supply of paints and other materials is abundant. As I was talking to Fritz Scholder, in his office at one end of the painting section, he opened a cupboard, and I was confronted by such a welter of paint tubes, opened and unopened, that I couldn't help exclaiming.

Scholder, a slim, neatly built, articulate man, and a practiced Expressionist painter himself, was casual about that. "Oh, yes, we pretty much let the kids help themselves," he told me. "After all, they're learning." He refused to be disturbed, at least openly, by the bewilderingly abrupt changes of styles and artistic allegiances some of the students sometimes go through, but I myself felt a little doubtful about this, not knowing—after so short a period of observation—whether it represented healthy experimentation or plain aimlessness. At any rate, some of the changes occur almost before one's eyes; one fellow, a tall, handsome young Apache, whom I'd first seen painting large, dark, moody, cloudily Abstract Expressionist pictures, switched suddenly—while I was still there—to much smaller, tighter, and more sharply constructed pieces, while a girl I encountered at about the same time was reversing this transition.

There is little point in offering detailed critiques, in view of the number of artists involved and the sizable annual turnover. A few, though, I think should be mentioned, for their ability to match inventiveness with real authority of approach. I was interested especially in works by Earl Eder, a Sioux, and Ted Palmenteer, a Colville Indian from northeastern Washington (both now graduates of the Institute but still represented there), because of their ingenuity in combining traditional materials with modern designs. Eder uses, instead of the conventional canvas and rectangular wooden support, a circular affair made, like a warrior's shield, of rawhide, fastened over a framework of laced-together sapling branches, sometimes with a dangling feather for good measure; Palmenteer bases his designs on beads strung in intersecting patterns of stretched rawhide thongs and similar ancient Indian materials. Both men are Abstractionists, and the charm of their work, to me, lies in how deftly their materials and methods are made to complement each other. And Tommy Montoya, a San Juan Indian from northern New Mexico, also a recent graduate, works in a sweeping hard-

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edge abstraction that demonstrates the linkage between Pueblo Indian design and Kandinsky. As for the younger students, I liked the works of Barbara Goodluck, a Navajo (who was shifting, when I was there, from small, flowing, mutedly blue abstract landscapes to much larger ones, higher in tonality), as well as Connie Redstar's angular, hard-edge abstractions and Carl Tubby's equally strictly patterned canvases.

Given my small knowledge of the school's range of output, I feel safer, though, in generalities. Thus, I was impressed by the noticeable air of impersonality in the greater part of the work. This is most evident in the paintings, in which the human figure appears rarely, and then usually in a misty, monitory way. The same impersonality is evident in both the prose and the poetry of the students; the emphasis again is less on celebrations of love or hatred or other human emotions than on paeans to nature and its votive spirits. Certain tribal, or I might better say racial, differences may be discerned, too. (Ethnically and historically, the Indians do fall into definite racial categories, and I think that these are reflected in their art.) In general, it seemed to me, the Northwestern Indians tended toward broader, heavier patterns and the ones from the Southwest tended toward the more geometric. I found it endlessly interesting to study—I may, I admit, be overemphasizing here—the apparently compulsive welling-up of older impulses in the midst of the urge to move into the newer, international styles.

LLOYD KIVA NEW, the director of the Institute, is a slow-moving, slow-speaking, self-contained man of fifty-one. But his mild, deliberate manner must conceal a good deal of determination, devotion, and drive, for he not only conceived the broad framework of the Institute's art curriculum, itself a revolutionary notion, but saw the project through, very much as he had planned it at the start. A Cherokee from Oklahoma, he is one of seven sons of a more than usually large Indian family, and when he says he grew up in poverty he unquestionably means it. Indeed, he told me, he teetered more than once on the verge of delinquency until he discovered that his medium was art and not one of the trades that were more easily open to him but which he kept drifting away from. His mother encouraged him throughout. "If it hadn't been for her," he said, in what must have been a rare outburst of emotion, "I don't know what I'd be

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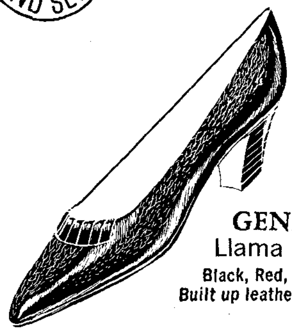

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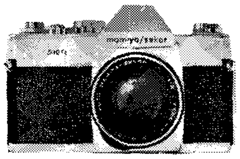
now. A garage mechanic?" As it was, before undertaking the directorship of the Institute he became an extremely successful industrial designer.

Thus, by virtue of his own background, New is fully aware of the accidents of circumstance and the gambles that are among the intangibles in the life of the young Indian. He understands, too, the obstacles that sheer lack of money can present, and when he remarks, in his writings, that "the one common denominator in the lives of the Indians on the reservations is poverty," there is no doubt that he knows what he is talking about. The outsider does not realize the full implications until he has visited around a bit, and I might observe that anyone who gets involved with the American Indians in any but the most superficial fashion can hardly avoid being so overwhelmed by a sense of shame because of our persecution of them—from the dispersals and displacements of tribe after tribe as we drove them westward before us, through the endless series of torn-up treaties, to the chillingly brutal "kill-'em-all" attitudes of the eighteen-seventies—that it is difficult to think or write about them, or even about the Institute, with complete objectivity. One tends to fall into futile, post-facto polemics, and, rather than do that, I shall merely point out that the poverty and the consequent degradation of the majority of pueblos and reservation villages are real, as is their isolation—due, in most part, I think, to woefully inadequate roads as well as a general lack of telephonic and other electronic links. Indeed, their isolation is so nearly complete that the Institute has slyly introduced an extracurricular course of what might be called "social indoctrination," to familiarize the young students with the behaviors they may expect to encounter in the outside world after they graduate. (The aims of the Institute, under New, are realistic: far from trying to flood the nation with practitioners of the fine arts, he wants to send out graduates capable of working confidently in such fields as modern commercial design, illustrating, textiles, and so on, and in all these fields uncouth behavior can be a barrier to success.) At all events, the kind of indoctrination I am speaking of is carried out in a skillfully unobtrusive way. Again, in a sidelong fashion, I am reminded of Roggiano Gravina. The people at UNLA were confronted with a special problem: What was the point of taking a peasant from a remote, locked-in hill village and teaching him to read and write if he was then to be returned to



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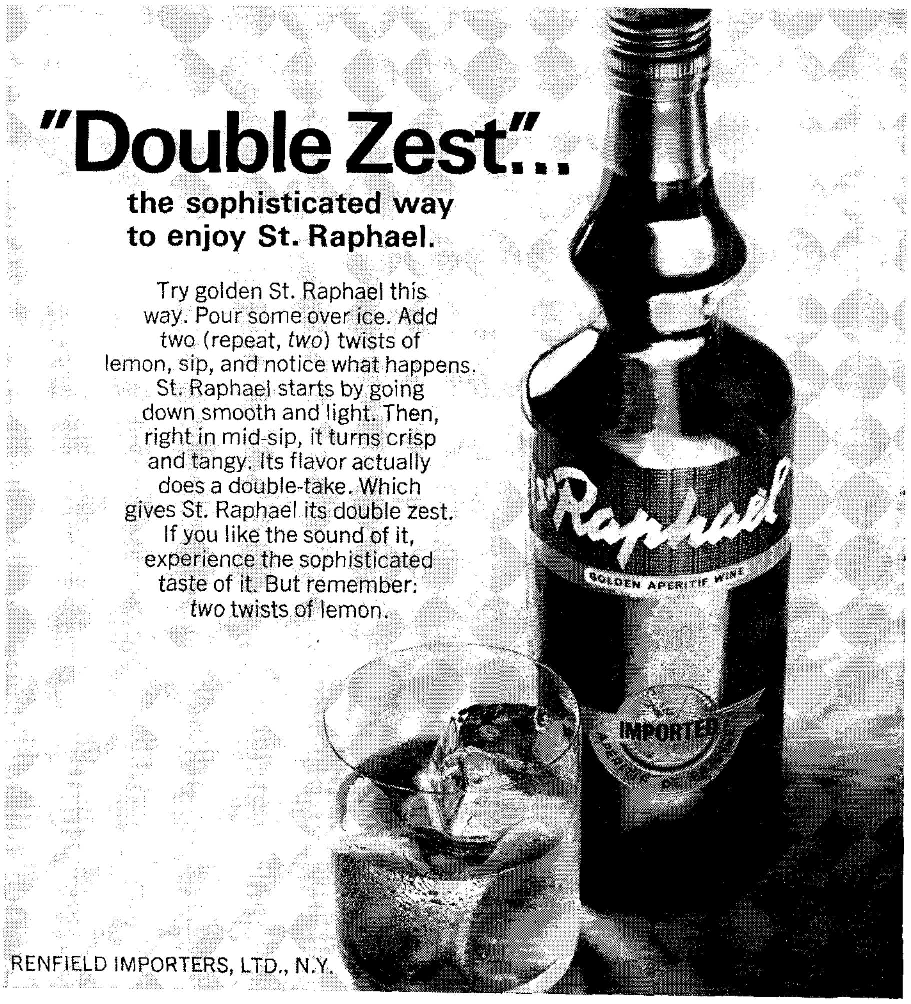

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his village and left there with no way of using his new talents? As a result, the UNLA program has been expanded to include courses in a variety of crafts, such as plumbing, electrical work, and mechanics. In the case of the Indians, a corollary problem presented itself: What was the use of teaching the young people the skills of applied and other arts if, because of their elementary behavioral educations, they might only make fools of themselves in the world their training would lead them into?

The "guidance" course that is included in the curriculum is so subtly conceived that for some time I didn't apprehend its purpose. One day, I went, with some twenty members of the staff, to a buffet lunch in a private room in a cafeteria not far from the Institute. It was a weekly lunch for the faculty, but after the meal we were favored with brief addresses by a half-dozen students, who talked about the courses they were taking. Most of these had to do with aspects of the social graces, such as table-setting, how to accept or turn down a date, how to behave in a movie theatre or restaurant—all, touchingly, things that our teenagers would pick up more or less in stride. Later in the afternoon, I went to a rally in the gymnasium, where a bevy of lively little drum majorettes in fringed buckskin skirts and short jackets were leading a crew of students in pep talks and cheering, as a sendoff for the basketball team, which was about to leave for Window Rock, where it was to take on the Navajos. Not until later on did I learn that both functions, apart from their recreational value, are designed to accustom the students to appearing in public and to bolster their poise and self-confidence.

But then almost anything one discovers about the American Indian is two-edged and comes with built-in contradictions. Is he savage, ruthless, barbaric in warfare? Well, the very word "Hopi" means "peaceful ones," and the religious rites of the Pimas and Papagos required so lengthy a period of purification (sixty days) for any warrior who had killed an enemy in battle that the formalities rendered the tribesmen, ironically, just about useless to our cavalry as allies. Oliver La Farge remarks in his history of the Indians that "to do well in battle" among some tribes "was almost a nuisance." Are they shiftless, lazy? Well, in one sense they are. Drunkenness—real, abject, middle-of-the-day drunkenness—is one of the great problems on the reservations, which leads to a secondary prob-

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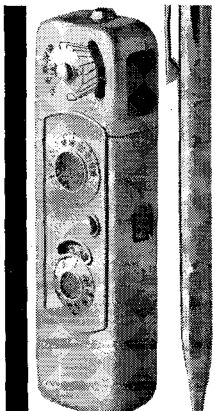

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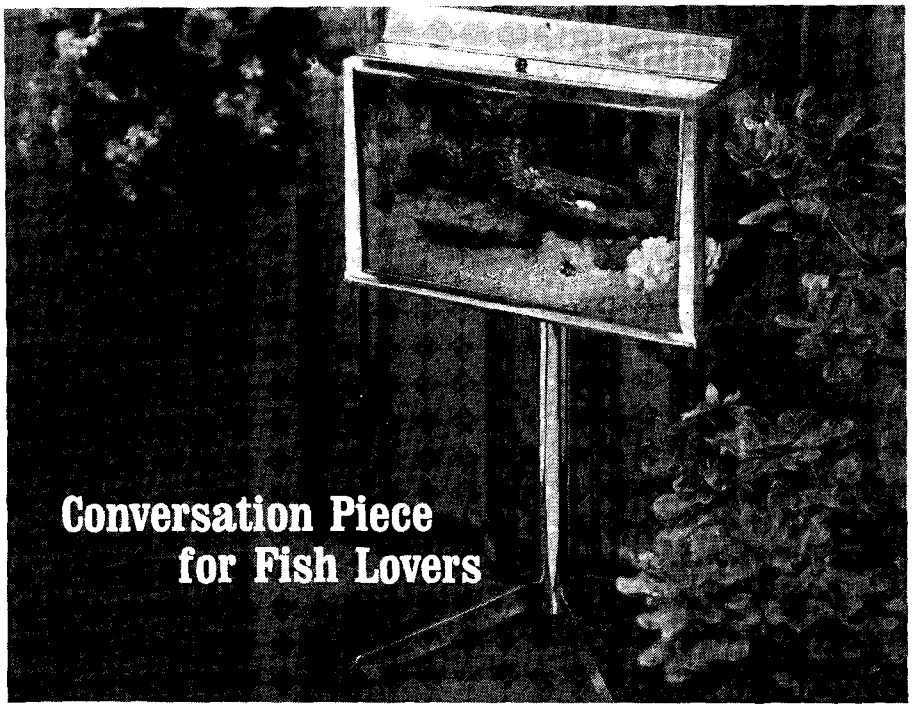
lem: absenteeism in the schools, for children whose fathers are incapacitated are kept home to help out with the chores. On the other hand, the reason the Indians are concentrated in the Southwest is that the land there was so unproductive that no white man wanted it. Yet the Indians, brilliantly, have managed to make use of it. Again, the concept of the Indian as stern, hawk-nosed, and high-cheekboned is contradicted on numerous counts by several of the Southwestern Indians, who are round-faced and a little pudgy. As for their supposed lack of humor, I shall cite a Sunday excursion with Otellie Loloma and James McGrath to the Santo Domingo Reservation, forty miles outside Santa Fe.

Santo Domingo is a small, one-village reservation, and, typically, a shabby conglomeration of adobe or wood shacks and unpaved lanes and alleys scattered around a central square, also unpaved and layered with a couple of inches of fine dust, more than usually volatile because of the drought in the Southwest at the time. It was a day of no special significance on the Indian calendar. No ritual dances were in progress, no ceremonies, so McGrath and I were probably the only non-Indians there. But the eternal tendency of the Indians to congregate and hold some sort of communal get-together had asserted itself. Drums were beating here and there, and there were clusters of villagers all around the square; across it a crowd was bickering vociferously, and at the far end, kicking up clouds of dust, a dozen men, most of them in tribal costume, were stomping away in what looked like a primitive Virginia reel. It was some time, though, before I sensed that there was something wrong about the whole performance, and if it hadn't been for Mrs. Loloma I would never have known what it was. Mrs. Loloma, a full-blooded Hopi, who wears her hair in a ponytail and is as cute as a button—who, besides, is one of the foremost ceramists in the country—supplied the explanation. Having nothing much else to do on that particular Sunday, the Santo Domingos, en masse and for no apparent reason, had decided to be Navajos. (Or did a visiting delegation of Navajos inspire the idea? We never found out.) Now, however, a number of the goings on that had seemed decidedly odd before became understandable. The profusion of blankets, for instance. Nearly everyone was draped in blankets, though the day was sunny and warm; this was in imitation of the Navajos, who are famous for



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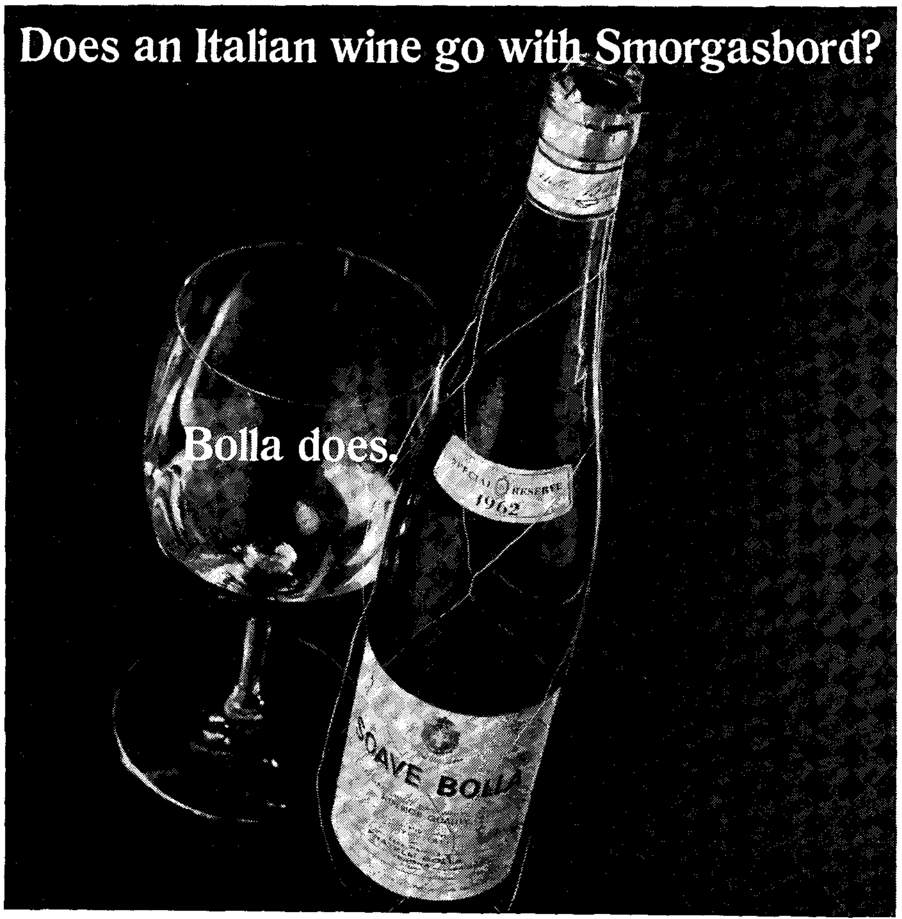

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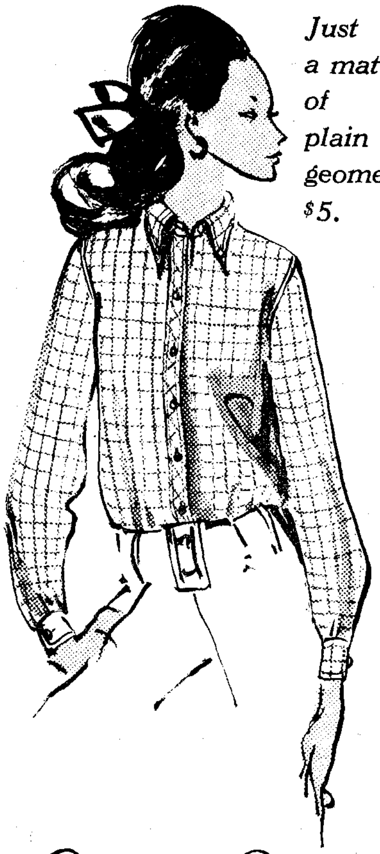
their weaving. So it was, too, we judged, with the broad black hats so many men were wearing—another Navajo characteristic, like the long-skirted, flowery dresses of the women—and we soon figured out that the apparently bickering crowd across the square was really putting on an elaborate make-believe trading session, likewise in imitation of the Navajos, who have a great reputation as shrewd bargainers. As for the bursts and ripples of laughter that ran continually around the square, this in itself was not unusual. Far from conforming to the popular image of them as stern, stolid creatures, Indians laugh freely. But there was more than normal merriment today. It was, we decided, in appreciation of some especially beguiling characterization of the Navajos. The ones who got the best laughs were a family of four—man, wife, and two children—who, blanketed in profusion, adangle with silver, and in all other respects in full Navajo regalia, were parading solemnly about the square. The man even sported what looked like a large black mustache—something I was told only a Navajo would ever think of growing.

It was in the hall of textile design at the Institute, though, that I encountered the perfect example of the built-in contradiction I have been talking about. There, smack in the midst of a group of students working on patterns based on Op, Abstract Expressionist, and other new modes, I came upon a young man putting the finishing touches on a pair of child-sized tasselled deer-hide moccasins. They were simply exquisite, from the leather, which was dove white and unbelievably soft, to the quilled ornamentation, which was intricate and clearly traditional, and—a special feature—each moccasin bore a small leather disc, glittering with beadwork, fastened, spurlike, to the heel. The young man was the son of Mrs. Wapp, the Comanche who is an instructor at the Institute. He said he had got to thinking about these old-style moccasins and how beautiful they were, and had learned that his grandmother was, as far as anyone knew, the only person alive who knew how to make them. "So," he said, "I decided to learn from her how to make them, and then make a pair myself." He was going to give them to a niece, and the episode demonstrates, I think, that, captivated as the Indians are by the lures of modernism, they are still deeply rooted in the traditions of their own past. It's a combination that might very well lead to interesting results artistically.

—ROBERT M. COATES



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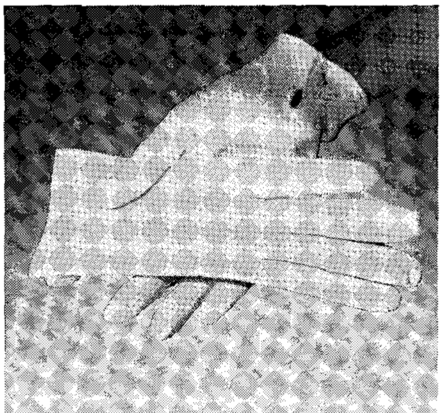

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THE RACE TRACK

Filly Flier

IT would be safe to say that no racing season goes by without the appearance of at least one brilliant three-year-old filly. At the moment, to my thinking, Furl Sail fills the bill. Following up her victory in the one-mile Acorn Stakes a couple of weeks earlier, she won the mile-and-a-furlong Mother Goose, the second of the classic trilogy for her age and sex, at Aqueduct last weekend. Away winging, she led throughout by lengths, and although she was under pressure at the end, she went under the wire three lengths ahead of Quillo Queen and Muse, who were noses apart. The time was 1:49⅗—the fastest for the event since it has been run at Aqueduct.

Furl Sail, a strapping bay by Revoked out of Windsail, has such a symmetrical conformation that you don't notice at first how big she really is. She was bred and is owned by Mrs. Edwin K. Thomas, who, with her husband, has raised thoroughbreds for many years on their farm near Paris, Kentucky, selling some and racing others. They've done all right with Furl Sail. Last year, she won five of her eight starts and $36,837 in prize money, and so far this season she's won eight out of ten, including the Thelma Stakes, the Fair Grounds Oaks, La Troienne Stakes, the Betsy Ross Handicap, and, of course, the Acorn and the Mother Goose, for a total of $178,299. Now she'll try for the Coaching Club American Oaks, at a mile and a quarter and with a purse in six figures, at the Big A a week from Saturday. She might win it, too, and sweep the series—something that's never yet been done. She is trained by seventy-seven-year-old John Winans, who also rides her in her morning workouts. He says exercise boys can't gallop her the way he wants; besides, she's hard to handle. Winans, who rode at the half-milers for more than thirty years, says he's never ridden such a horse before, much less trained one.

Speaking of riders, Baeza had another big day in the saddle, with four winners, the last of which was Poker, in the race that followed the Mother Goose. In this one, Indulto, the favorite, sulked again and refused to leave the starting gate. Eddie Neloy, who saddled Poker, had another winner by proxy out in Chicago—Disciplinarian, who beat six other three-year-olds by as many lengths in the Swaps Handicap at Arlington Park.

THAT big chestnut horse Ginger Fizz may be something more than just useful over grass courses. Winner of a division of the Brandywine Turf Handicap on the opening day at Delaware Park last month, he popped up at Aqueduct last week and beat a baker's dozen runners in the Edgemere Handicap. He has returned to Delaware, however, skipping the Bowling Green Handicap this weekend, which may be one of the big events on the grass this season. Not only will it have a sizable purse but it will be Buckpasser's début on a turf course preparatory to his trip to France for the Grand Prix de Saint-Cloud on July 2nd. According to the clockers, he has been training well; in fact, his last gallop of a mile and a half at Belmont pleased Neloy very much. Not unexpectedly, Assagai, who was tops on the grass last season, is coming out for the Bowling Green. He's fit and ready, but I'm stringing along with Buckpasser.

TRUE to the old saying that they all get beat if you run them often enough, Kaskaskia, winner of the Juvenile, the Youthful, and three other races, wasn't among the first three in the Christiana Stakes at Delaware Park last Saturday. Potomac ran a fast five and a half furlongs to win it from Clever Foot in a photo finish, with Subpet third. Farther afield, Air Rights, who was eventually placed second in that harum-scarum Jersey Derby on Memorial Day, led all the way in the Michigan Derby at Detroit's Hazel Park.

I REGRET to report that Cool Reception, the Canadian colt who ran so gallantly in the Belmont Stakes, finishing second to Damascus in spite of a fractured cannon bone, had to be destroyed. An operation to save him for the stud had been successful, but in trying to get on his feet as he was coming out of the anesthetic he shattered the bone so badly that there was nothing else the veterinarians could do. That's racing luck for you.

—AUDAX MINOR

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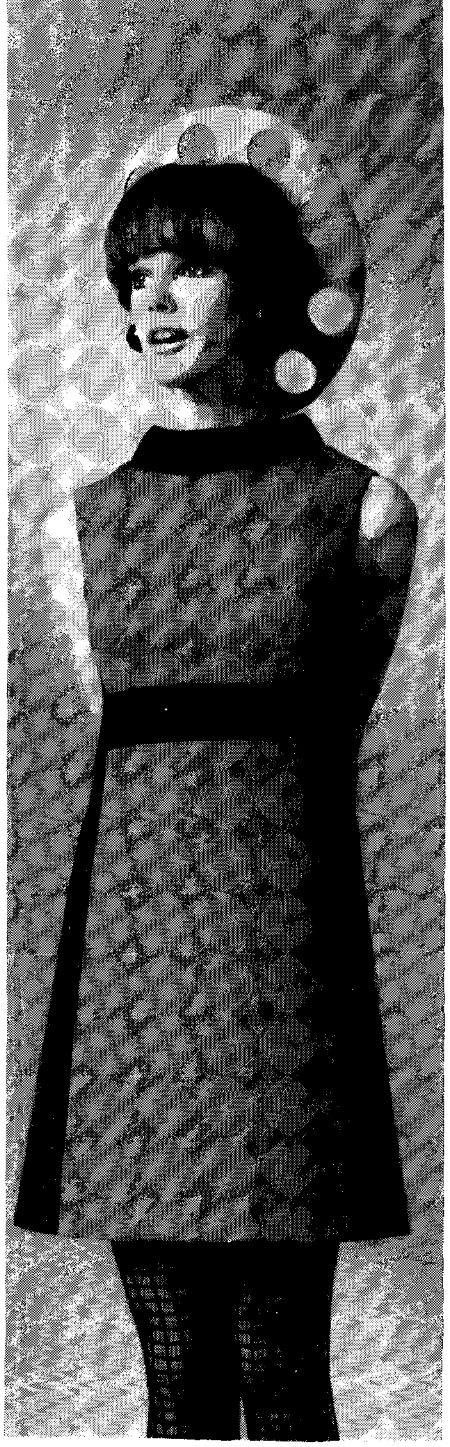

LETTER FROM ISRAEL

JUNE 9

IN the years since 1948, when Israel fought its war of independence against Egypt, Jordan, Syria, Lebanon, and Iraq, the Israeli government had to prepare for, among other undesirable contingencies, what the defense establishment referred to as *Mikre Hakol* (the Eventuality of Everybody)—a concerted attack upon Israel by all the Arab countries along its uneven, militarily and geographically unsound frontier. Until two weeks ago, the possibility of *Mikre Hakol* seemed quite remote. Then, by an incredible series of overlapping miscalculations by almost everyone involved in the Middle East, Israel was brought to the brink of annihilation, the United Nations—which, in a sense, had been born as a peace-keeping force in Palestine in 1949—was about to dissolve as even a useful forum over the same question in 1967, and the Soviet Union and the United States narrowly missed a nuclear confrontation. The rapidity with which Israel won the war (for such a small country there could be, in fact, no such thing as winning slowly) seems to have bailed out the great powers and the U.N. (although a statement by French Foreign Minister Couve de Murville, on June 7th, to the effect that France had foreseen the satisfactory outcome of events was greeted with hoots in the French Assembly, and British Foreign Minister George Brown found it necessary to remark, on the same day, in Parliament, "I deplore this tendency to giggle whenever the United Nations' authority is mentioned"). The war for Israel was a costly one, brought on in part by the refusal of the Western nations, in a kind of displaced intellectual racism, to take any statements—including racist threats—made by the Arab nations seriously. Israel won, at great risk and with great sacrifice, alone. This time, it would not, for the sake of the good will of its friends (whose good faith had been tested and found wanting in events at the Gulf of Aqaba), subject itself to the same risks and sacrifices again. The victory would, with tact and statesmanship, lead to that coöperative revival of the Middle East which had always been one of the dreams of Zionism. Israel has much to offer the Arab states; and for Israel itself peace would mean an end to the strain of maintaining a constant posture of defense, of being forced to trade at a distance of thousands of miles instead of with its immediate and natural neighbors, and of being economically dependent on help from Jews in the Diaspora. But it is impossible to negotiate with someone who does not know where his own self-interest lies, and the radical regimes of Cairo and Damascus would have to negotiate reasonably, recognizing at last the existence of the Israeli state, or go. It is also impossible to inhabit a geographical absurdity. The Gaza Strip, which leads like a boarding ramp into Israel along the southwest coast; the wedge of Jordan that protrudes into Israel from Jenin to the Dead Sea (and that made possible the shelling of Tel Aviv on Israel's west coast from a point well beyond its eastern border); the division of Jerusalem, which leaves its civilian population virtually indefensible; and the Syrian positions above Galilee, which made impossible any accommodation over water rights (and which made the shelling of Israeli settlements, farmers, and fishermen such a common occurrence that for nineteen years northern Israelis have referred to mortar fire as "Syrian rainfall")—in all these cases the boundaries would have to be redrawn. The Israelis would have to contribute to, and the Arab nations coöperate in, a resettlement of Arab refugees. But a simple (and, as recent events have proved, meaningless) guarantee by the United Nations would not do this time. All parties would have to work out the conditions under which they could live together and return from a twenty-year siege to their domestic concerns. To this end, Israel did not settle for a simple military victory, as it had in the campaigns of 1948 and 1956. It persisted to the point of virtual annihilation of the Arab professional armies. The victory would bring—by force or by reason—stability in the Middle East. It could even, by preëmpting the news and capturing the popular imagination for a while, take some of the pressure off conflicts in other areas, notably Vietnam. The West, without risking a soldier—without even, in fact, honoring one of its firmest commitments—had shared in a resounding victory over a Russian-supported totalitarian regime. The balance of power, or even the *idea* of the balance of power, and the relationship of the great powers to the small had been altered in ways that have yet to be fully explored; the United States might have some new room, and Russia some new incentives, to negotiate. (The fact that the Russians should have been supporting the Arab countries at all was one of the historical ironies of the situation. The Arabs had originally opposed the establishment of a Jewish state in Palestine not out of anti-Jewish fanaticism but out of the Arab chieftains' reasoned fear of what effect the sight of prospering Socialist coöperatives might have on their feudal sheikhdoms and caliphates. Russia, expecting an ally, had been one of the first nations to recognize the State of Israel. Now the prospering immigrants found themselves viewed as colonialists, and the Arab regimes were using the arms of Moscow and some of the rhetoric of revolution.)

R. MacMillan

All this, of course, has been altered by the outcome of the Eventuality of Everybody. The speed and thoroughness with which this outcome was achieved make it seem in retrospect like a foregone conclusion. It was not. Even the fact that war should come, with anyone, in any form at all, at least so soon, did not seem, in the days preceding June 5th, anything like a certainty.

THURSDAY, June 1st: An American Jew of German descent who now makes his home in New York arrived at Lod Airport, in Tel Aviv, and got into a battered old taxi, which was already carrying a few passengers, for the ride to Jerusalem. His daughter was spending her junior year abroad at the Hebrew University, and he was going to try to persuade her to come home. He thought he recognized a pattern to events, and he was afraid. He had been merely depressed by previous violations of international guarantees to Israel—free passage through the Suez Canal, for example, or free access to the Old City of Jerusalem—but the blockade of the Strait of Tiran had made it impossible for him to sleep. While the great powers temporized and rationalized, he felt that a little country's territory and morale were being worn away. It reminded him exactly, he said, of the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia. Foreseeing, as he thought, its inevitable

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Wininger emptied his shag bag and Sinatra took out a shiny new 5 iron. He took a few practice swings and then addressed the ball. He swung smoothly, and the ball dribbled along the ground. The next one floated 160 down the middle.

Now Sinatra will never be club champ. And he still may skull a shot every so often. But he's getting there, 'cause Dino only gives him three shots a side now. And if changing to First Flight isn't the reason why, do you think Frank Sinatra would let us get away with all the things we just said about him?

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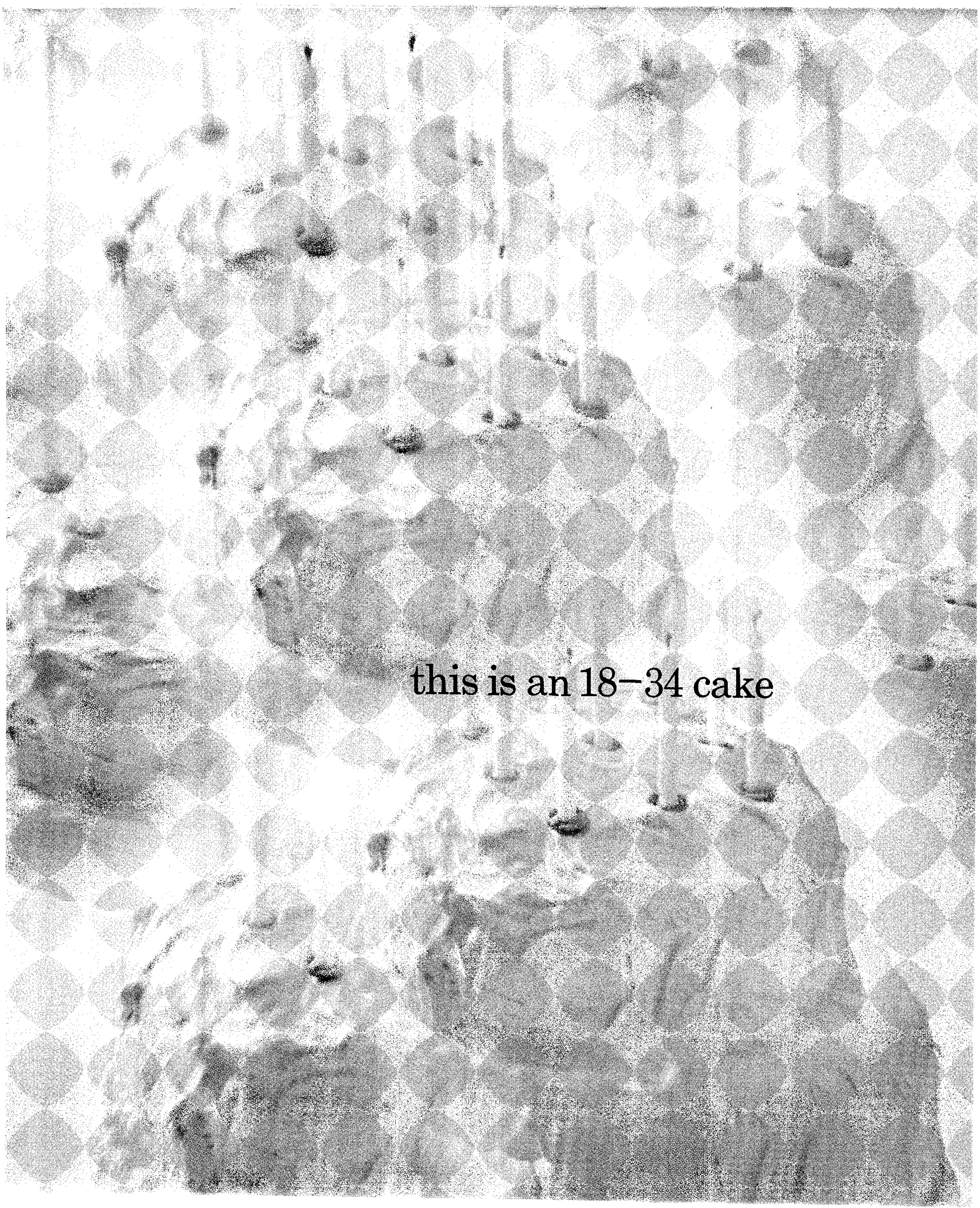
consequences, he wanted his daughter home. The taxi picked up several passengers along the road (which was nearly deserted but still lined with the carapaces of armored cars destroyed in 1948), and on the outskirts of Jerusalem the worried gentleman got out.

The city itself resembled, on that Thursday before the war, a sunny, sparsely populated colony for the infirm. Even the taxi-driver wore a leather glove concealing an artificial hand, and most of the pedestrians (there were few cars) were either old or lame or very young and scruffy and truant-looking. The King David Hotel was nearly empty, except for some journalists and a few indomitable tourists. Avram Zvi, the large, middle-aged manager of the King David, engaged his guests in merry conversation, and new arrivals at the reception desk were offered rooms overlooking the Old City ("There you have the view") or overlooking the Y.M.C.A. on the Israeli side ("There it is more safe"). The entrance to the Y.M.C.A.—the scene of bitter fighting in 1948—was concealed by sandbags, but aside from these, and from the strange emptiness of the streets, Jerusalem had made no obvious preparations for a state of war. From some windows, the sound of radios tuned to Kol Yisroel, the Voice of Israel, drifted over the city. Since the early stages of mobilization, Kol Yisroel had been broadcasting only Israeli songs, Hebrew news, and (recognizing that few Israelis over twenty-five speak the national language perfectly) two news programs each day in French, Rumanian, Yiddish, English, Hungarian, Russian, and Ladino. On Thursday, June 1st, Kol Yisroel announced in eight languages that the Mapai Party of Premier Levi Eshkol had at last formed an emergency Cabinet with the Gahal Party and with Ben Gurion's Rafi Party (although BiGi himself, as the Israelis call him, had remained aloof), and that the Rafi Party's General Moshe Dayan had been appointed Minister of Defense.

FRIDAY, June 2nd, in Tel Aviv was listless and stiflingly dull. The city was uncrowded, but it seemed as though everyone might merely be taking a siesta. In fact, quite a number of people were off at the beaches and swimming pools. Several international journalists, having exhausted their color stories about a proud, encircled people unafraid in the face of overwhelming odds, or the economic impossibility of maintaining a civilian army on perpetual alert, were preparing to go home. It began to seem that even the appointment of Dayan had been only a bit of stage business in the little off-Hot Line theatrical productions to which the small nations seemed now to be reduced. It appeared that Nasser's production had all the angels, and that even *lack* of initiative had passed out of the hands of Israel to London, Paris, and Washington. The oppressive sense that nothing at all was going to happen created the feeling that access to the world's attention was being closed along with passage through the Gulf of Aqaba. Israel seemed about to drop out of the news.

At the Chaim Weizmann Institute, in Rehovoth, on Friday night, however, people seemed both more active and less sanguine than in Tel Aviv. The Orthodox rabbis in Jerusalem had announced that for the Army the obligations of the Sabbath were temporarily suspended, and some of the inhabitants of Rehovoth felt that war might begin the following morning. (The rabbis had earlier suspended their campaign against autopsies, and this sort of concession had led some people to expect war on every Sabbath since the beginning of the crisis.) The Weizmann Institute—whose cornerstone was laid to the sound of distant gunfire in 1946—has become over the years a kind of dream haven for pure science, an intellectual aerie amid green lawns, orange groves, and bougainvillaea between Jerusalem and Tel Aviv. Agricultural research at the Institute had contributed vitally to Israel's unprecedented programs for reclamation of the soil. Theoretical research in nuclear physics and chemistry had succeeded so well that scientists were turning their attention to newer fields, like high-energy physics and research with RNA. One of the country's crowning and yet most characteristic achievements, the Institute had for weeks been on an emergency footing. (For one thing, a prevailing myth among the Arab nations that an atomic bomb was housed there made it a prime target for enemy bombing.) Of forty-three men at work on constructing a new building for the Institute, forty had been called up into the Army. Those members of the scientific staff who had not been called up as soldiers or military advisers, or put to work on special scientific projects related to mobilization, were busy taping windows or wrapping up sensitive or explosive instruments against the threat of attack. The children of the community were



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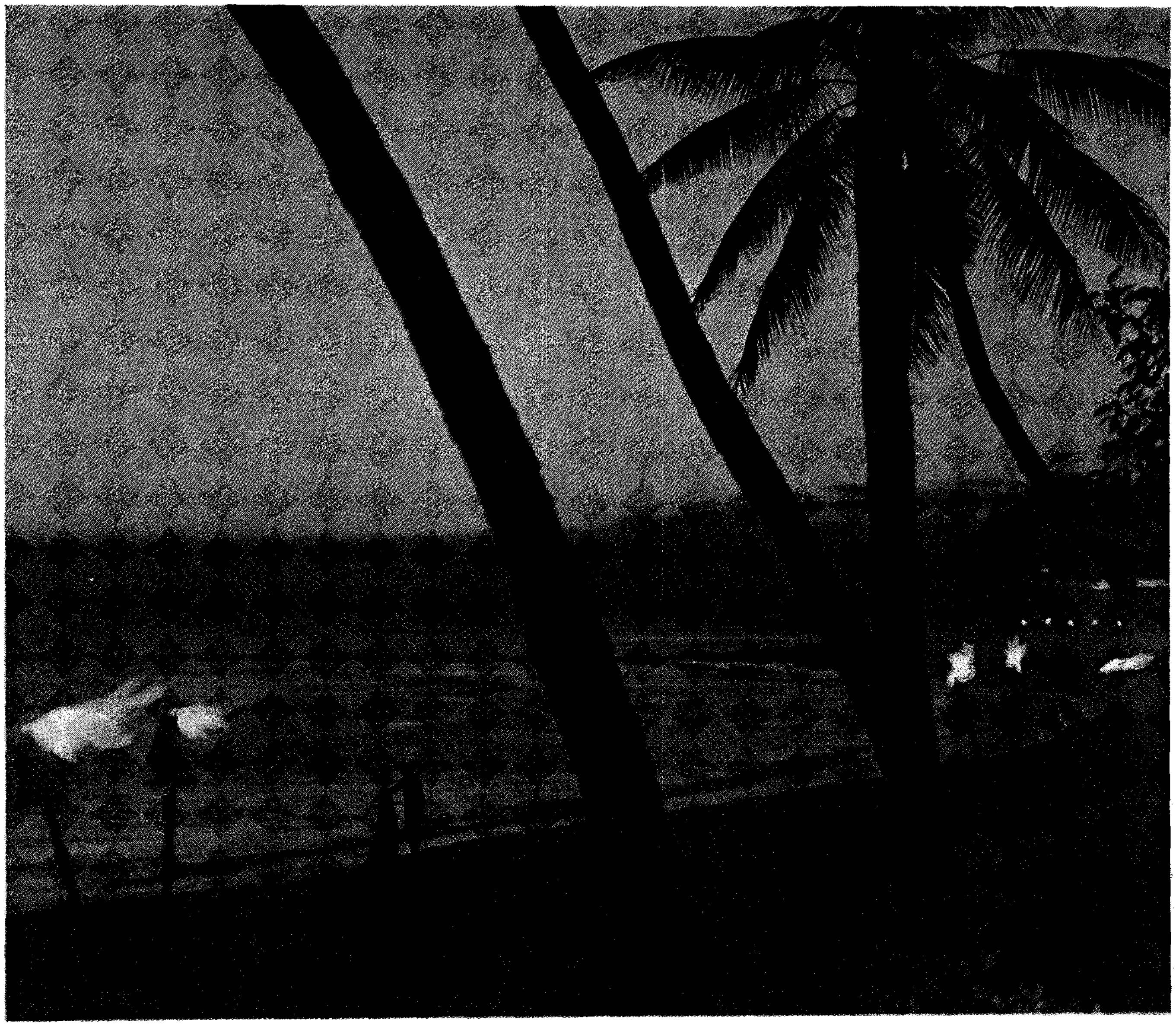

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taking first-aid courses. Research biologists who had taken medical degrees but never actually treated patients were setting up emergency clinics. Sandbags and supports for basement ceilings were being put up in all the buildings of the Institute. In addition to their other work, scientists with walkie-talkies strapped to their waists took part in patrolling the Institute's grounds at night.

WAR, of course, did not break out on Saturday morning. Instead, wives and children took advantage of the Sabbath to join their men for picnics at the front. In effect, the front in a country of Israel's size was everywhere. But border *kibbutzim* like Nir Yitzhak and Shalom Karem, at the edge of the Negev and the Gaza Strip, were particularly full of families reclining with picnic baskets under the trees near the webby, shapeless tents in which the soldiers had been living for two weeks. The station wagons parked by the side of the road, and the tanned, rangy aspect of the men, made it look as though there had been an unlikely suburban commute from Scarsdale to the land of Owen Wister. The men—masons from Beersheba, bank tellers from Haifa, curtain manufacturers from Tel Aviv—were all dressed in highly personal variations on the Army uniform. In an army where no officer may order his men to charge, but only to follow him, there is a great deal of informality. "Tell my mother I am beautiful in my uniform," a soldier helping the civilians of Nir Yitzhak harvest peaches said to a visitor from home. But, without any actual battle eagerness, the general attitude seemed to be "What are they waiting for?" and "Let's get it over with."

On Saturday afternoon, in Tel Aviv, Moshe Dayan held a press conference in which he apologized for having nothing to announce. He answered every question urbanely, with a crooked smile, looking confident and slightly sinister. He remarked that he would be "glad and surprised" if a diplomatic solution to the blockade could be found, and, in answer to a question about disposing of Egypt once and for all, he said, "I don't think in war there is any such thing as 'once and for all.' I don't think 'once and for all' can be applied to war." Although Dayan had been able to infuse with all the drama of his person an interview that contained no news at all, the fact remained that there was no news and no clear way out, and that patience was wearing thin.

That evening at Rehovoth, some friends gathered for coffee in the living

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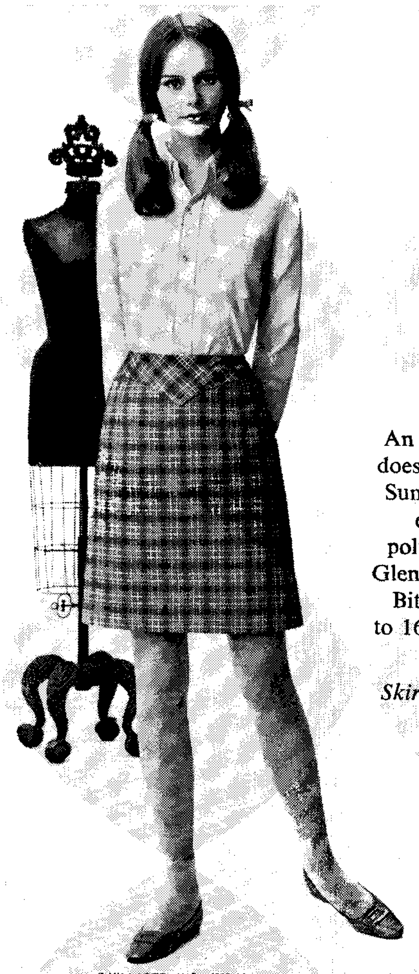

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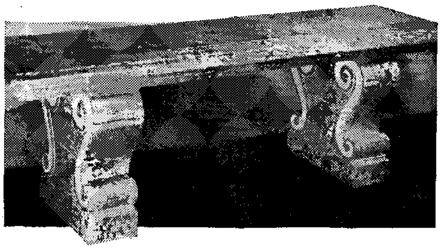

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room of David Samuel, grandson of the first British High Commissioner for Palestine, and himself a professor of nuclear chemistry at the Institute. Three friends—Amos de Shalit, Michael Feldman, and Gideon Yekutieli—were professors there as well. One, Peter Hansen, was a young English research chemist, doing post-doctoral work at the Institute, who had chosen, for the duration of the crisis, against his embassy's advice, to stay. Hansen said he had read in a column by an English correspondent that if Dayan had not been appointed he would have been brought to power by a military coup. Everyone laughed. "How can they say a military coup?" said Mrs. Yekutieli. "When an entire country has been called into the Army, a military coup would be an election." There was a discussion of the restlessness of several men who had not been called up: a frogman, a paratrooper, and a middle-aged pilot. (The pilot subsequently offered his services as a crop duster.) Mrs. Samuel said that she thought an insufficiently hearty welcome was being accorded the volunteers who were coming into Israel from other countries to fight, to give blood, or to work. She felt there should at least be a poster to greet them at the airport. "It could be a tourist poster also," someone suggested. " 'See Israel While It Still Exists.' "

ON Sunday, June 4th, a number of soldiers—a tenth of the Army, according to some estimates—were given a day's leave, and several of the North African soldiers (sometimes referred to euphemistically as the Southern French) took advantage of their leave to return for a day to their families in the port of Elath. Elath seemed confident that war would not break out there. In the first place, people said, the port was now too strongly fortified, and, in the second, at the first sign of trouble the soldiers would blow up the neighboring port of Aqaba, Jordan's only outlet to the sea. In tents all along the beach, near the empty resort hotels, was the remnant of an international collection of waifs and strays with long hair and guitars whom one now finds in so many unlikely places, and who had long been making Elath a beatnik nomad's rendezvous. When they needed food, they scrounged it from the local citizens or from the Army. When they needed money, they presented themselves in the morning at a café called Leon's, where they were recruited to dig trenches or to work for a day in King Solomon's Mines. At night, they gathered in a discothèque

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called the Half Past Midnight (where there were also several African students who had been stranded in Elath when their passage home through the Gulf had been postponed by the blockade). Asked why the nomads had not taken the advice of their various embassies and left the port, a long-haired guitar player from Stuttgart looked up cheerfully and said, "*Was? Wenn es grad lustig wird?*" (Soldiers emplaning on a civilian flight from Elath to Tel Aviv were asked to check their guns in the cargo section.)

On Sunday night, at Rehovoth, the professors' wives were just completing their course in how to render assistance at the Kaplan Hospital if war should break out. The cement walls of the still uncompleted building in which they met were lined with stretchers and sawhorses to put the stretchers on. The women were issued forms, in duplicate, on which they could check off a doctor's diagnosis, and thereby save him the time of writing things down himself. The lecturer, normally a gynecologist, warned the women that even to a seasoned medical man a casualty of war looks different from any other sort of patient. After the first four hours, he assured them, they would get used to it. He reviewed the forms with them, the ways of ascertaining the wounded man's identity (the pockets of civilian casualties, who did not, of course, have dog tags, would have to be searched), and he went down the checklist for gravity of wounds—mild, medium, serious, mortal. There were several questions about the word "mortal." The doctor had used the wrong word in Hebrew—one meaning "mortal" in the sense of "human being." The matter was soon cleared up. One of the women crouched on the floor with her hands locked behind her head to show the position her daughter in kindergarten had been taught to adopt in case of bombing. " 'This is how the bunny sits,' she told me," the woman said. " 'See the bunny ears?' "

Late Sunday night, the Army informed the civilian guard at Rehovoth that they might let up on the security watch.

ON Monday, June 5th, at 8 A.M., the air-raid sirens went off all over Israel, and everyone knew that the country was at war. In one of the bomb shelters at the Institute, five languages were being spoken, with absolute calm, by scientists, children, visitors, and maids. A few minutes later, the all clear sounded, and every-

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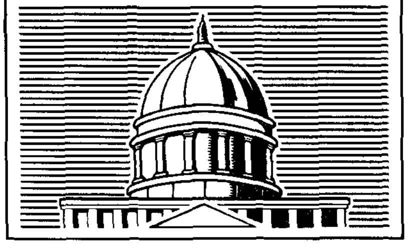

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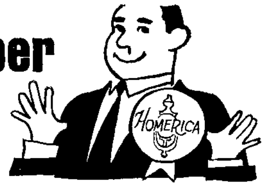

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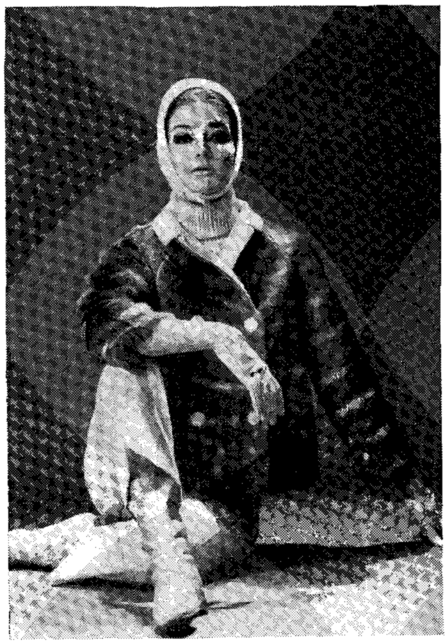

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one went to work, as though it were an ordinary day. General Dayan's voice came over the radio, speaking to the troops and announcing that tank battles were taking place at that moment in the Negev. "*Attaque à l'aube*," one of the scientists said as he walked to his laboratory. "That's good for us. It means that we've got the rising sun in the east behind us. In the Negev, the sun is pretty blinding."

At 10 A.M. Monday, in his office, Meyer Weisgal, the president of the Weizmann Institute, an important Zionist, a good friend of the late Chaim Weizmann, and one of the greatest fund-raisers of all time, was dictating—to his wife, Shirley—some telegrams to Americans, appealing for funds for war relief. Guns could be heard in the distance, planes were screaming overhead, and sirens, which the Weisgals ignored, went off from time to time. "Send them full-rate, Mrs. Weisgal," said Yaki, their chauffeur and handyman. "We're going to win this war." When Mr. Weisgal had finished dictating, the telegrams were taken into the next room for his secretary to type. As guns, planes, and sirens continued to sound (by this time, it was becoming nearly impossible to distinguish the alert from the all clear, so that half of Israel was undoubtedly going down into the shelters while the other half was coming out of them), Mr. Weisgal told a joke. A Jew, he said, was walking down the street, crying bitterly. A friend approached and asked him what was the matter.

"You see," said the Jew, "I am an optimist."

"An optimist?" said the friend. "Then why are you crying?"

"So," said the Jew. "You think in these times it's so easy to be an optimist?"

Someone turned on the radio, where the code names of units designated for full mobilization were being read out: Alternating Current, Pleasant Shaving, Peace and Greetings, Electric Broiler, Bitter Rice, Silver Lining, Wedding March, Gates of Salvation. There were twenty-three in all, and buses were lining the main street of Rehovoth to pick up the men called to duty.

There were more thundering sounds, and Mrs. Weisgal said, "When I think of the casualties. When I think of the mothers." The siren went off again.

"Don't listen," Mr. Weisgal said, and instructed her to read him a letter that had arrived that morning. The letter, written five days before, was about the situation in Israel. " '. . . I was afflicted by a sense of absolute despair,' " Mrs. Weisgal read aloud, " 'which has since left me.' " Everyone laughed.

Toward eleven o'clock, a man with a helmet, a briefcase, and a civil-defense armband came in. "The news is good," he said.

"What do you mean?" Mrs. Weisgal asked.

"I can't say," he said, and left.

Toward afternoon, the sirens became fewer. In a taxi gathering hitchhikers on the route to Tel Aviv, someone, apparently American, said, "There is always the Sixth Fleet, in case something happens."

"My impression is that something *has* happened," an Israeli replied mildly.

A passenger suddenly announced in Yiddish that he had four sons at the front—he was not at liberty to reveal *which* front—and that since he himself had been a member of the Palmach, the commando unit of the pre-independence Army of Israel, he had written them that he hoped they would not give him cause to be ashamed of them. Three of them had been born after the war of 1948. "*Aber zie machen gut*," he said firmly. "*Unsere kinder machen gut.*"

Tel Aviv, on the first afternoon of the war, was not much changed, except that all windows had been taped in accordance with instructions delivered over Kol Yisroel. Word had come that several *kibbutzim* along the Gaza Strip were being shelled, that Ein Gev, near the Syrian frontier, was under fire, that Haifa and Jerusalem were being attacked, and that for some reason the resort of Nethanya and the Arab village of Safad were being bombed. People seemed most worried about the civilian population of Jerusalem. An English translation of Dayan's speech to the troops was broadcast, announcing that the Arabs were being supported from Kuwait to Algeria. "I need not tell you," he added, in brief remarks to the civilian population, "that we are a small people but a courageous one. . . ."

ON Tuesday morning at five, in Tel Aviv, there was an air-raid alarm (it turned out to have been a mistake); there had been none during the night. Bus service to Jerusalem was almost normal, except that, on account of Israeli Army emplacements, buses had to make a detour of several kilometres through En Karem. On one bus, Kol Yisroel was audible, and, looking over into Jordan from the highway, one

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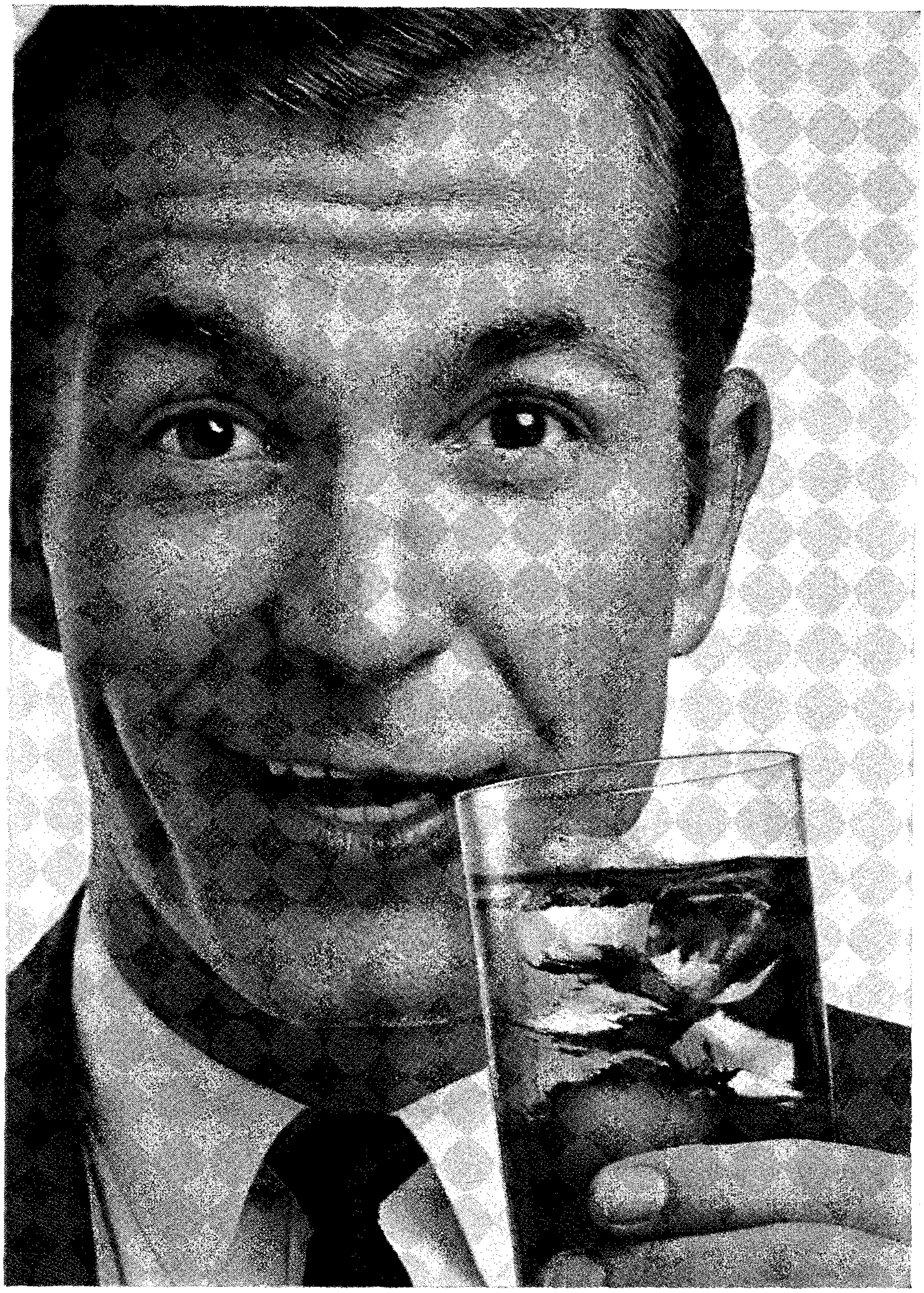

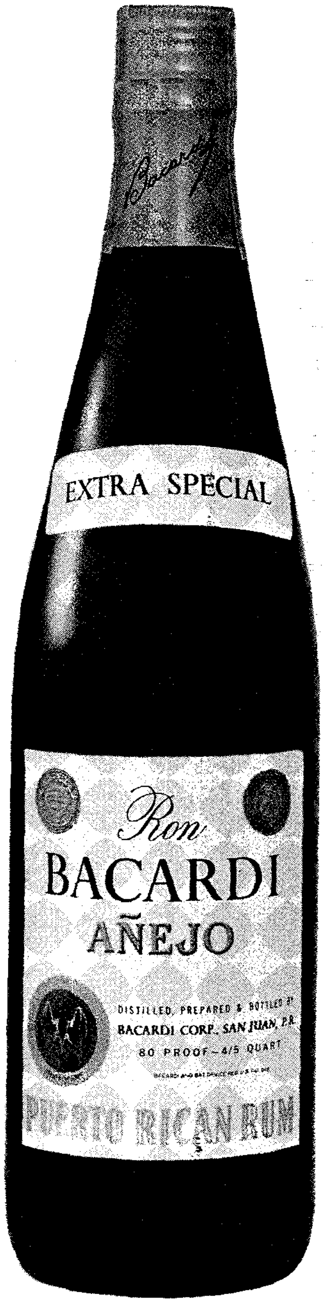
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could see smoke rising from a town on Jordan's wedge into Israel and verify the report that Israeli troops were taking Latrun. Because Jerusalem had been shelled throughout the night (the Egyptian general, who, under the terms of the Hussein-Nasser pact, had been put in charge of Jordan's Army, had often in the past expressed his belief in the shelling of civilians, since it diverted troops to their defense), and was still being shelled by day, most of the population of the city was in shelters. Israeli troops were attacking gun emplacements in the Old City, taking care to observe the order to preserve the monuments of all faiths, if possible. The King David Hotel had incurred minor damage—a tree down, a few broken windows, some slight injuries to members of the staff—but Avram Zvi, who had been called up, was now wearing a uniform and seemed enormously gratified. In the streets outside, a few helmeted civilians and some restless little boys kept telling one another to walk close to the walls and to run across streets leading toward Jordan. From several directions, there was the sound of machine-gun and mortar fire. In the early afternoon, three journalists walked into the government press office and were received with cheers. Accredited to Jordan, they had been stationed in the Old City, unable to file copy, for several days. When the Israeli troops came, they had simply walked across into the New City to file their copy there. Then they walked back again. It was announced that General Dayan had had tea on Mount Scopus that morning.

Sometime in the course of Tuesday, an Army official called a meeting of intellectuals in an office in Tel Aviv. He had invited delegates from Rehovoth, from Technion, from the Academy, and from the Hebrew University in Jerusalem. (Because of the peculiar configuration of the shelling at that hour, the professors from Jerusalem were unable to attend.) He wanted to ask their advice on a number of questions, and to brief them on the progress of the war. The war was succeeding so far beyond the most optimistic expectations that there were problems that must be faced at once. The entire Egyptian Army had been mobilized at the front when the war began, but Israel had spent the tense waiting period retraining reserves and repairing machinery, and the Egyptian Air Force had been destroyed in the first hours of Monday morning. Apparently misled by the true reports over Kol Yisroel that many Israeli border settlements had been attacked, and by

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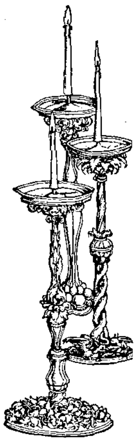
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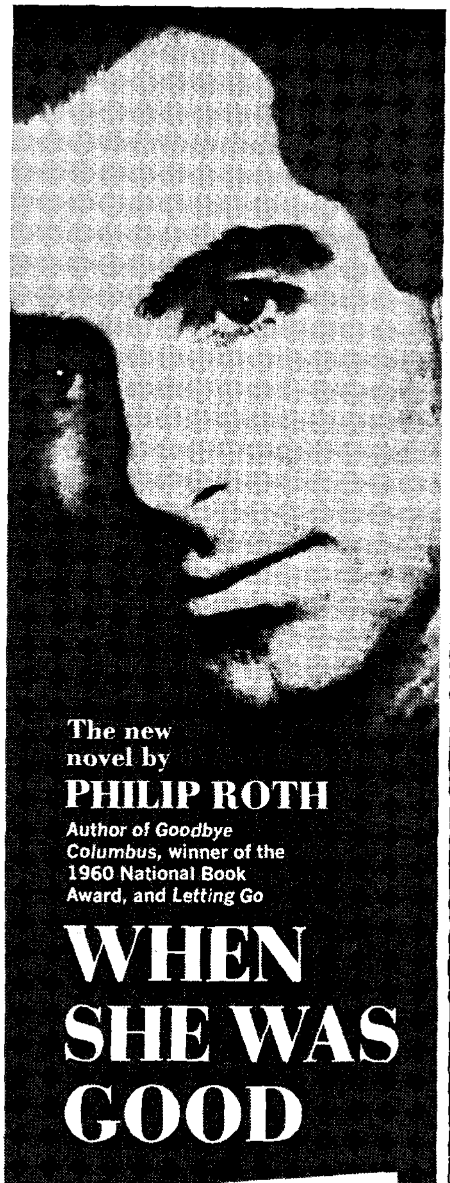

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the false reports from the Voice of Thunder in Cairo that Beersheba had been taken and that Tel Aviv was in flames, King Hussein of Jordan—to the surprise and special regret of Israel—had entered the war by noon, and in the afternoon the Jordanian Air Force was destroyed as well. The Syrians, originally the country most rabidly committed to the immediate extermination of Israel, were apparently enraged by the reconciliation between Nasser and Hussein, whom Damascus was still determined to overthrow. Syria had entered the war by degrees throughout the day, and by nightfall the Syrian Air Force was destroyed. Fighting was going well on the ground on all fronts, and the problem was where to stop. Hussein, it seemed, was powerless to forbid the shelling of Jerusalem by Jordanian troops under Egyptian command, so it would be necessary for the Israelis to take the Old City. (The Rockefeller Institute, containing the Dead Sea Scrolls, the Army spokesman announced, smiling ironically at the particular stir of interest that this aroused in his scholarly audience, had already been captured.) It was clear that Jerusalem could not be divided again. Would it be a good idea to announce plans to internationalize the Old City *before* it was completely in Israeli hands? There was another problem, he went on: Captured Egyptian documents, which had been translated only the night before, revealed that Nasser was far more seriously committed to the destruction of Israelis as *Jews*, and far more taken with the old Nazi programs, than had been supposed; plans, on the Nazi model, had been drawn up for the time after Israel's defeat. The question was whether to release these documents. What Israel wanted from this war, after all, was a lasting peace with its Arab neighbors. The two primary obstacles to this peace were the problems of Palestine and the Arab refugees. These problems could be solved. What purpose would be served in humiliating an already defeated Arab people by revealing the plans its leader may have had for destroying civilians? The question was discussed, inconclusively, for some time. Finally, the spokesman raised a question that had been puzzling the administration: What had happened to Egypt's missiles? Were the ones shown so often on parade merely dummies? He mentioned other possibilities: mechanical failure, fear of a mythical superweapon at Rehovoth, or pressure from Moscow to avoid what would have been purely

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futile destruction of cities. This led him to another matter: The Russians were not famous for their loyalty to losers, and the Arabs had lost. Was there any point in approaching the Russians now—or, at least, the Rumanians, who had declared themselves in such moderate terms? Several professors of Russian descent expressed themselves emotionally on the prospect of a *rapprochement* with their native land, but the others seemed skeptical. Certain questions, the spokesman said, in concluding the discussion (several professors present had to return to their laboratories or their military units), would simply be resolved by events, but, he said, "We will settle for nothing but peace this time."

IN the blacked-out living room of Professor David Samuel, on Tuesday, the second night of the war (which had ceased, after its first few hours of uncertainty, to seem, except at the front, anything like war in the movies), the members of the household were gathered: Professor Samuel; his wife, Rinna; Tally, a girl of eighteen, who had been studying for her baccalaureate examinations; Yoram, a boy of fifteen, who had been compulsively volunteering for every kind of service since the war broke out; and Naomi, a girl of three, who had slept on Monday night in the shelter, and who now went to bed making siren noises. Tally said that her English exam for the following morning had been cancelled—"obviously." And Yoram announced that not only had he been put in charge of any fractures that might occur if his school were bombed but he was being called out that night for courier duty. "Well, if you think I relish the idea . . ." his mother began, and then simply advised him to change his undershirt. At nine, Professor Samuel left on some errand about which no one asked, and which was to occupy him until morning.

Kol Yisroel reported, with the understatement that it was to display throughout the war, that fighting had now penetrated to the Egyptian side of the Sinai border. (In fact, Gaza had fallen, and soldiers were already beginning to find pairs and clusters of boots in the desert, which, they knew from the 1956 Sinai campaign, meant that the Egyptians were in barefoot rout.) The Jerusalem *Post* for the day, in mentioning the fact that casualties were beginning to come into Israeli hospitals, and that all of them were patient and brave, did not neglect

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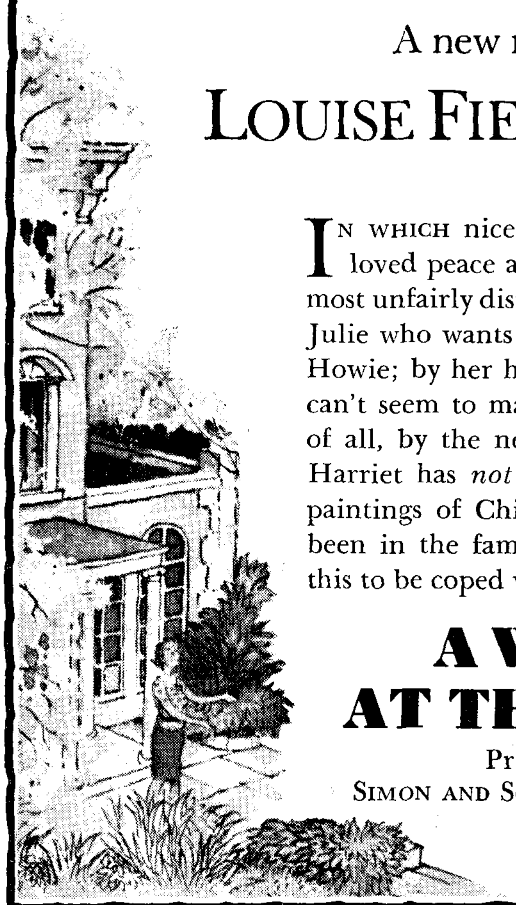

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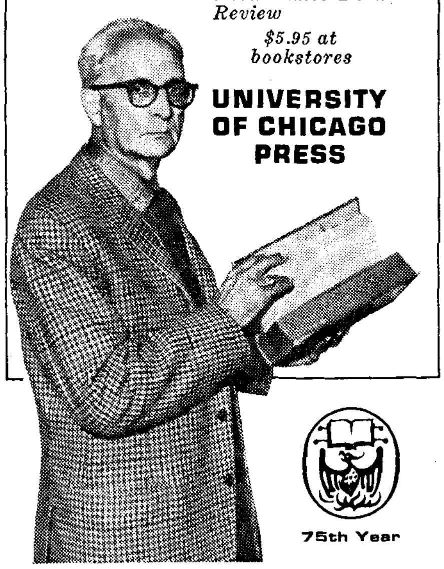

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to mention a soldier who, with one eye shot away and the other damaged, was as brave as the rest. He was a Jordanian legionnaire, the *Post* reported, and he kept repeating the only Hebrew words he knew: "We are brothers. We are brothers."

Someone mentioned that a Hebrew idiom for Arabs is "cousins," or "sons of our uncle," and that although the connotation was slightly pejorative, it need not always be that way. Someone praised the bravery, in particular, of the Jordanian legionnaires.

"I really think the reason we fight better is because we have no hinterland," Yoram said. "We can't swim to America. We simply have nowhere else to go." He left through the blacked-out doorway and went into the moonlight, to begin his courier duty. "A perfect night for bombing," he said, looking into the clear sky. But there were no alarms at all that night.

ON Wednesday morning, the casualties began pouring out of buses into the Kaplan Hospital, where the Rehovoth wives were waiting to work. Tally's class at school was called to help out, and Professor Samuel remarked as he drove her to the hospital, "I don't know what these girls are going to see there." The wounded were silent, and as each stretcher was brought in it was immediately surrounded by many volunteers of both sexes, solicitous of the comfort of the wounded man. It turned out that among those critically wounded on the previous day was the son of the gynecologist who had had difficulty with the word "mortal" three nights before. "For us, you know, the Army, it isn't an anonymous thing," someone remarked. "To us, everyone killed at the front is a tragedy."

By nightfall, Kol Yisroel reported that the Israelis had taken Sharm-el-Sheik, the shofar had long been blown at the Wailing Wall by the chief rabbi of the military, and Meyer Weisgal, sitting in his own darkened house with his wife and a group of friends, was contemplating the offers of help for the Institute he had received from patrons and scientists all over the world. Later still, Professor Samuel (doubtless like many other professors at the Institute, and like citizens all over Israel) put away a pistol, which had served him in former wars (he had been in four of them: in 1939, 1948, 1956, and 1967), and with which he had been prepared to defend his family—in that oasis of technology, in a nation of two and a half million—if the war had gone otherwise. —RENATA ADLER

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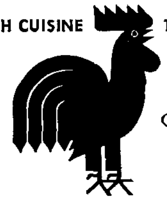

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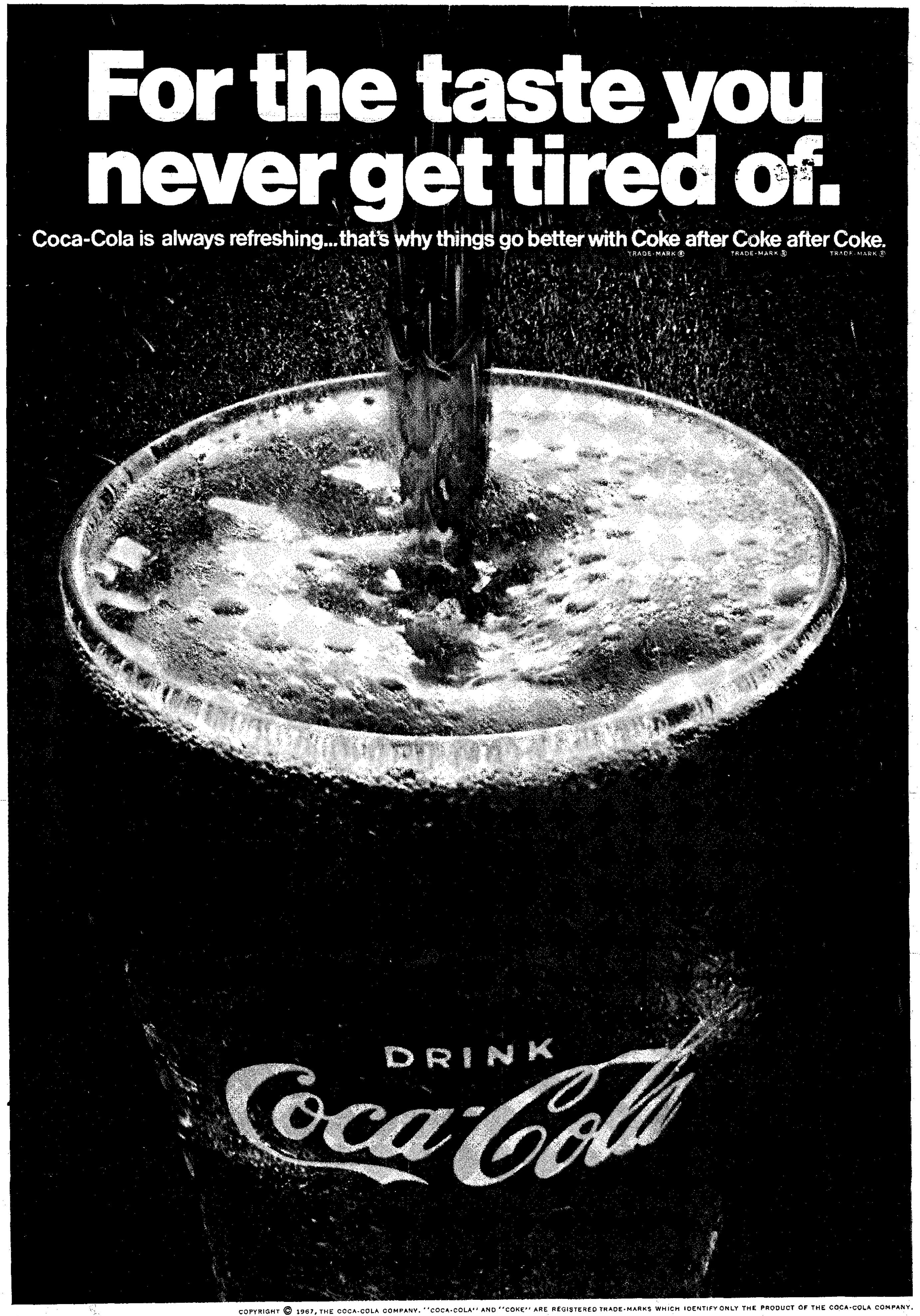
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